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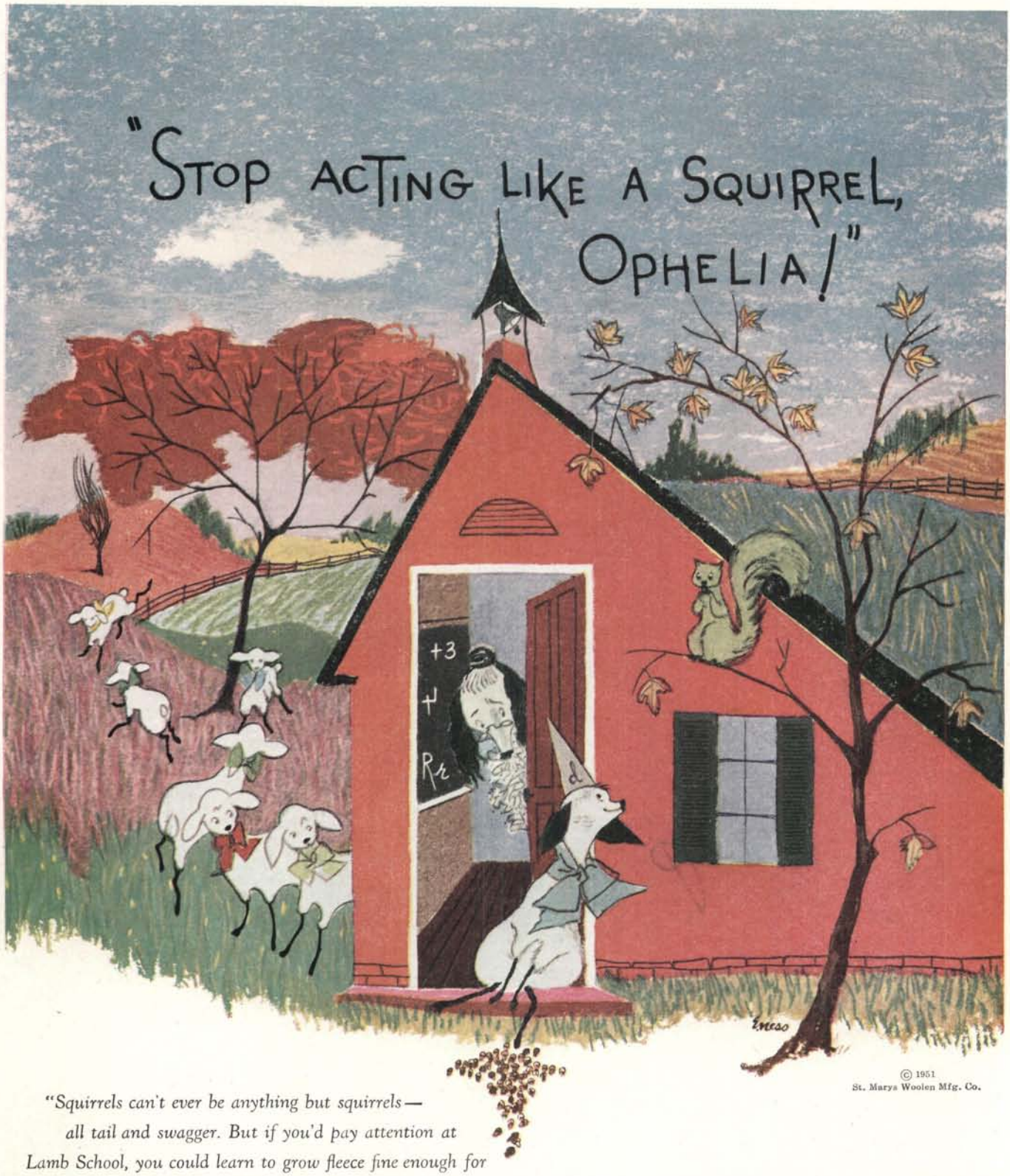

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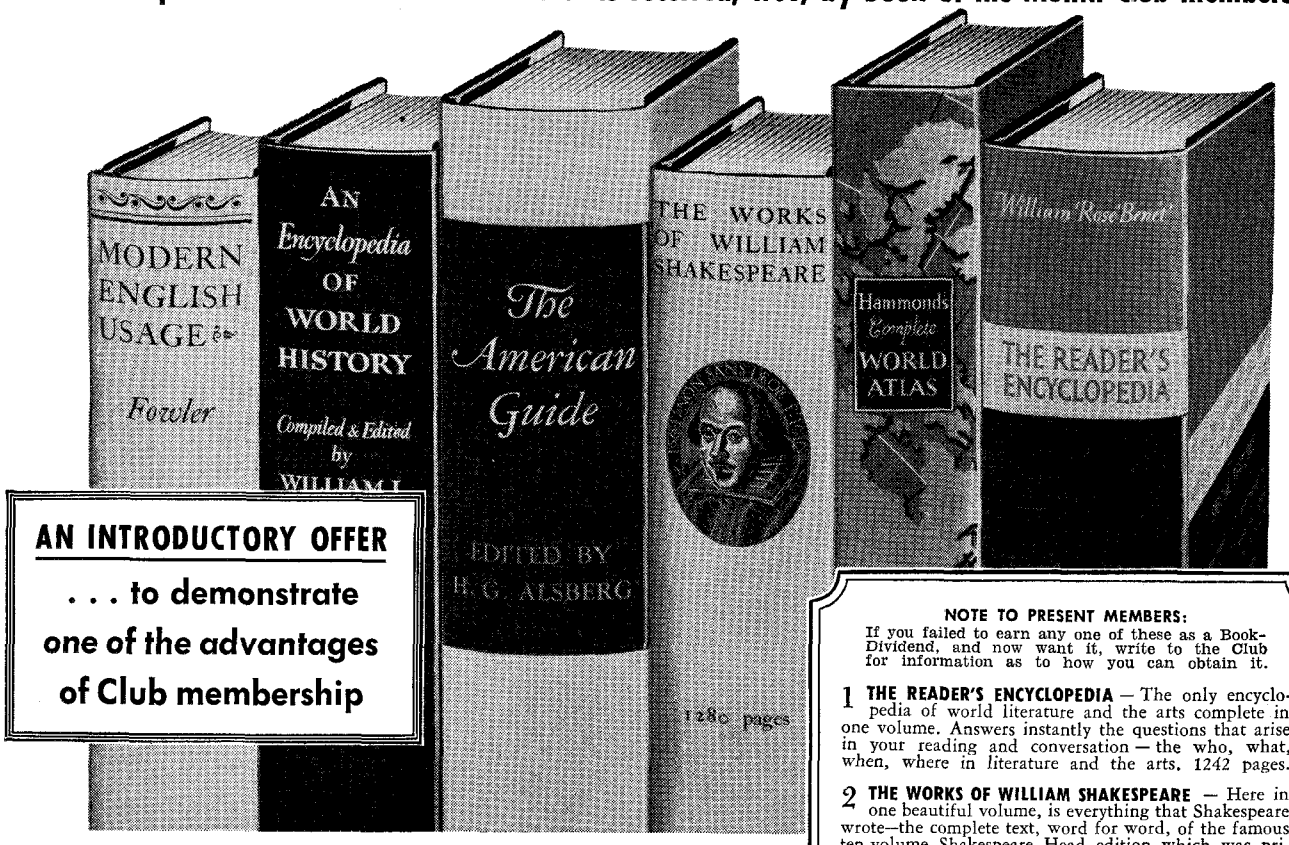

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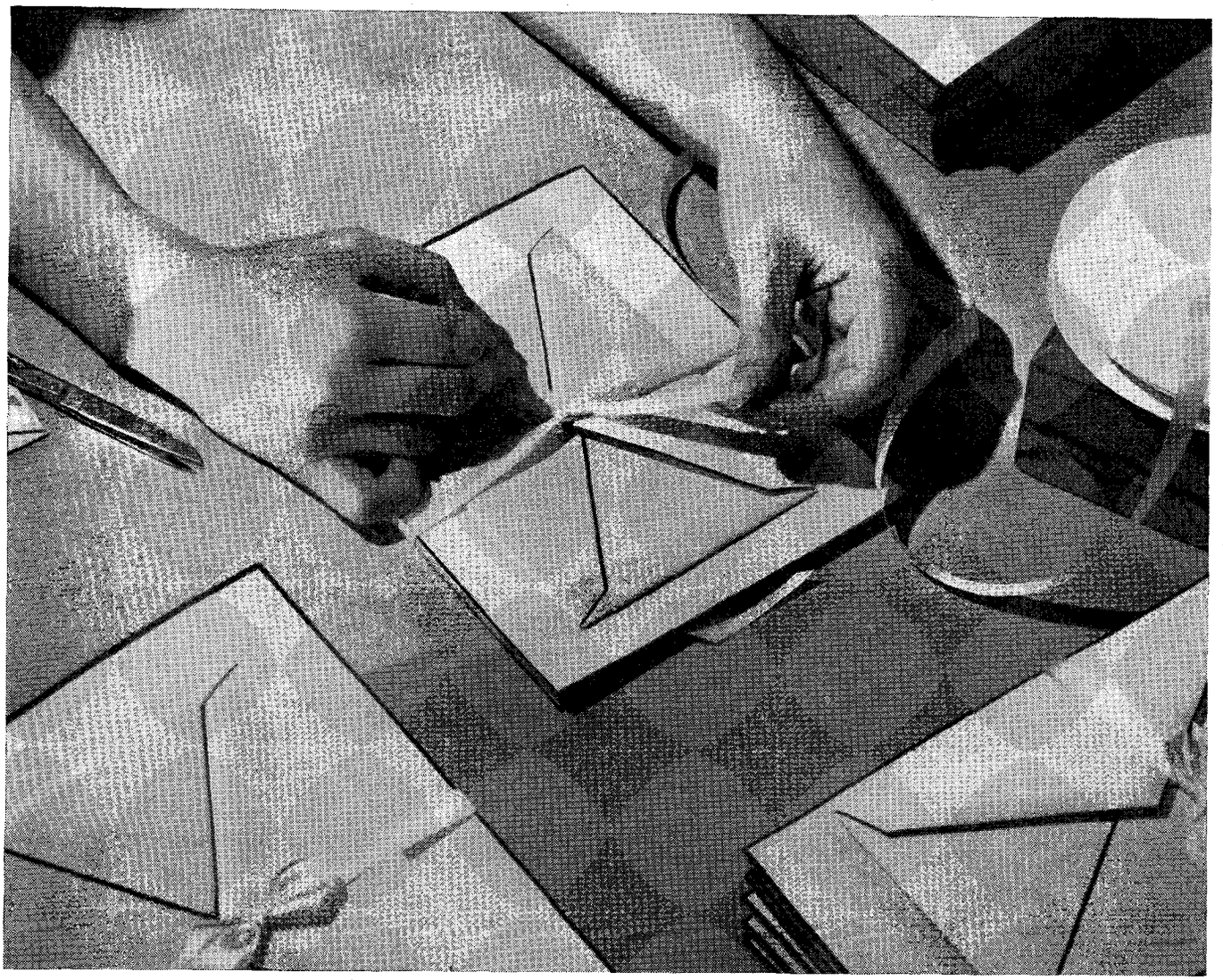

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Hong Kong

As THIS is written, the Korean talks are still under way. They are looked on in Hong Kong as a long-term thing, the idea being that they may break down for a while or continue for a while, but that the total mood in the war's new phase is one of uneasy, on-and-off parleying. That the Chinese are talking is thought here to mean that they are tired of the beating in Korea, not that they are willing to make peace on terms the UN would accept.

The Marshall mission of 1946 is still remembered. Then the Nationalist and Communist leaders used peace talks as an alternative way to pursue a war they both thought irreconcilable; each side favored such talks often, depending on how things were going. There's nothing to suggest that the Reds are behaving differently now.

It is hard to tell what the war has done to China. She has suffered hundreds of thousands of casualties without a doubt, but Chinese troops, as human beings, have always been expendable; when a conscript left home his family wrote him off and didn't expect to see him again.

The main question is how many large, comparatively good Red units have been destroyed in Korea, or perhaps what fraction of the Reds' trained specialists have been destroyed; the facts on this aren't clear yet, either in Korea or in Hong Kong. No major unit surrendered even during the quick Eighth Army counterattack of late May; literally "hordes" were killed then and before, but we don't know what part of these were good troops. Numbers of the wounded have been sent back to China, and this may have been depressing, but the effect may have been offset by propaganda — by exploitation of the war itself as a morale booster. The Reds have been working on this. They appreciate the strength of the blood-toil-tears-and-sweat line. They always base their propaganda on the notion of a long, hard struggle.

The continuing revolution

China has experienced deep changes since she got into the Korean war, though no one can tell how much these come from the fighting itself, how much from natural progress on the Red timetable. The main thing has been a broad, mangled social revolution, aimed at fulfilling the titular revolution that ended when Red armies and politicians won the Chinese mainland. This social revolution, which has been greatly powered by war propaganda and hysteria, divides at the moment, by the Reds' own words, into three parts: Agrarian Reform; Resisting America and Aiding Korea; and Suppressing Counterrevolutionaries.

Land reform is one of the best-known Red policies. It goes ahead slowly, with groundwork by *agents provocateurs*. In it the peasants are emboldened to rise against the landlords and other local powers; in the end the village social structure has been broken — and usually broken from below, by "the people's" will, though in some stubborn cases the authorities must show their hand.

Land reform, delayed for a while last year by other problems, is now running on schedule and should finish in most of China proper soon. It is a bloodthirsty, cathartic affair, and travel is limited where it is going on.

The phrase "Resist America and Aid Korea" bears a selective xenophobia that the Reds no doubt

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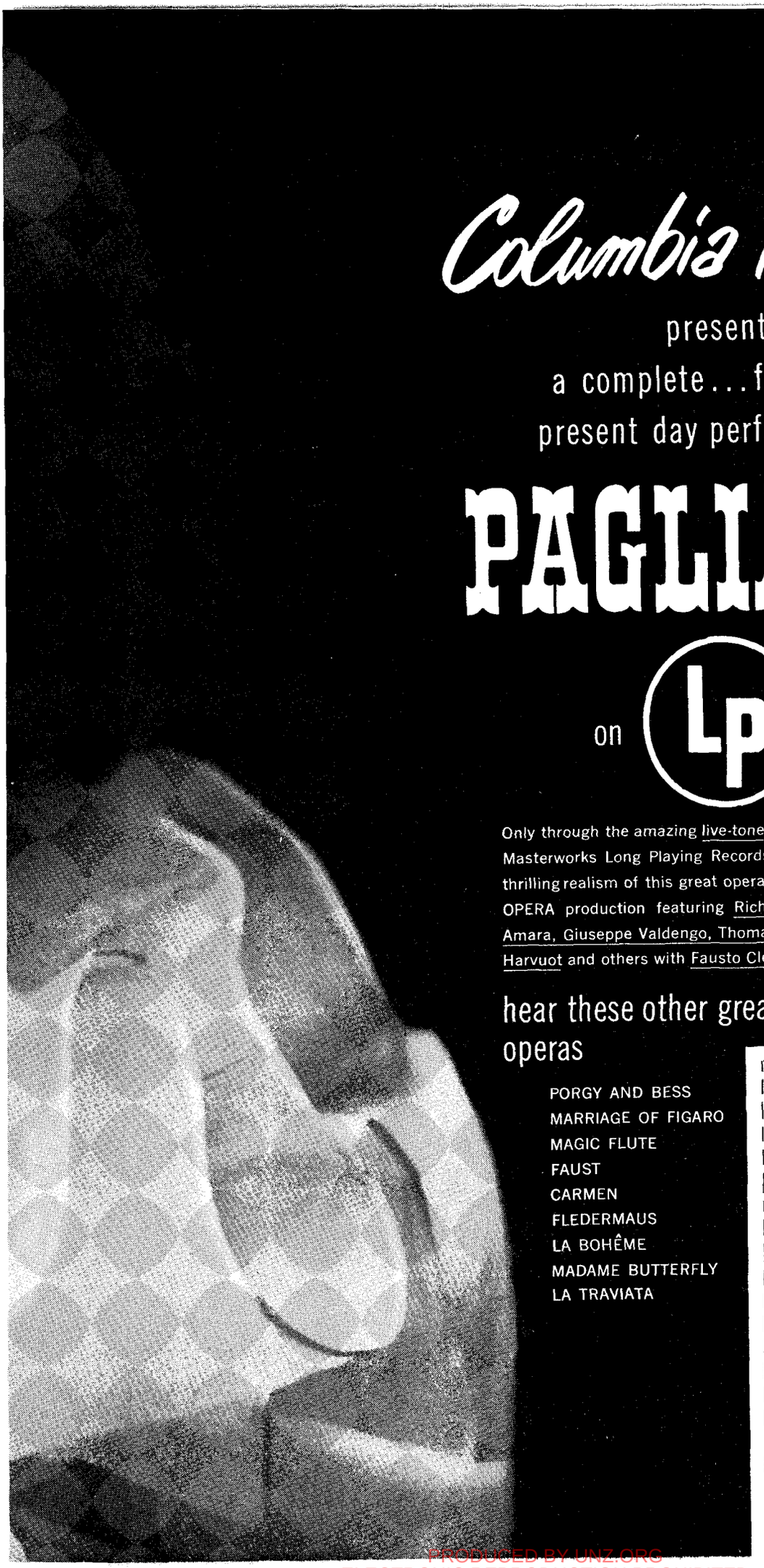

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would have pushed anyway, but that the war has quickened. The aim, apart from the war effort, is to discredit all Western influences, notably the Church missions, which have a hold on parts of Chinese life and compete with Marxism. The campaign doesn't stop at half measures. It doesn't merely seek to get missionaries out of the country; it likes first to smear them with horrible accusations. Catholic nuns, who have always taken in Chinese foundlings regardless of their state — and it was often a few hours short of death — are now being charged with mass infanticide.

Foreigners whose record in China has been selfless, and who therefore stand high, must be attacked with extra force, and the Reds don't shrink from this. Past acts like helping Chinese to study abroad, distributing relief, and even giving salary raises are painted as darkly sinister — as moves to suborn the Chinese youth for work as spies. The campaign is going full steam now; in some cities it has begun to attack foreign wording in shop signs, and to demand their removal; this is a big operation, as city shopkeepers used to hang these signs if they possibly could, for the sake of face.

Americans shouldn't be hasty to link China's antiforeignism with the standard Red "iron curtain." There is a good deal of that in it, but there is also much Chinese history. China would have no part of the West, except on her own terms, until she was forcibly opened by the British a century ago. Since then she has thrown repeated antiforeign convulsions, and one of the Reds' strong points is that they can give this trend full expression.

The Communist terror

The drive against "counterrevolutionaries" is the newest of the three major objectives of the Reds. It is a terror that strikes on non-Communist Chinese; unlike many Communist purges in the West, it has apparently not yet been applied to Party members. It has also spared, so far as we know, the most important war lords and "democratic personages" (mainly small-party men) who joined Peking during the civil war. The survival of the war lords is striking; some of them were the most benighted despots and opium traffickers of China's back country, and they changed sides out of pure expediency; in the view of many in Hong Kong they are living on borrowed time, but if so the debt hasn't been called in yet.

The terror in each place begins with a wave of wholesale denunciations, called for by the authorities and press; the names gathered are checked by official sleuths; the final lists are used for big public trials. The crowds at the trials are manipulated by Red agents, and the accused can be killed for things done years ago; the 1923 director of the Peking-Hankow Railway, for instance, has just been shot for some antistrike violence done under his regime in that year.

One of the commonest charges against "culprits" is that they have "aroused the people's wrath" — an easy thing to demonstrate in the rigged mob scenes of the trials — and must be put to death so that this wrath can be "placated." The individual is shown in these ways that he has no rights, no standing except by the Party's favor. Crowds are urged to attend the killings, and do. In such an atmosphere confessions are freely made, for lack of any other course.

One oddity of the trials is a sentence of death suspended for two years' hard labor. Convicts under this sentence can actually be put to death any time they deviate from the path of "reform"; at the end of the two years they are not promised freedom for good behavior, but a continuation of life on borrowed time. Most of them, it seems, will be forever beholden to the government for their existence. In such a spot they make ready slave labor, and many of them are being sent off to reclamation jobs in the Central Asian deserts.

The chief intent of the trials, though, it is believed in Hong Kong, is not so much to corral a labor force as to join with the land reform and the antiforeignism in destroying the old order. This order's place is being taken by a host of young people, in their twenties and late teens, whose idealism makes good putty for Red indoctrination. Except at the very top, it's likely that most responsible jobs in China are now held by these young boys and girls.

The Reds move against the guerrillas

The Reds' supposed guerrilla problem in South and West China, which was attracting so much notice a year ago, seems to have slackened, if it ever really existed. Much of the guerrilla ferment was mere banditry, an old Chinese institution, and much also was caused by undigested Nationalist troops, dumped on the countryside when their leaders fled.

The troops of General Hu Tsung-nan, for instance, were deserted in West China at the start of last year; they foraged there a long time, giving trouble to both Reds and people; they may be the chief source of guerrilla stories from that region. Anyway, whatever the nature of the guerrilla group,

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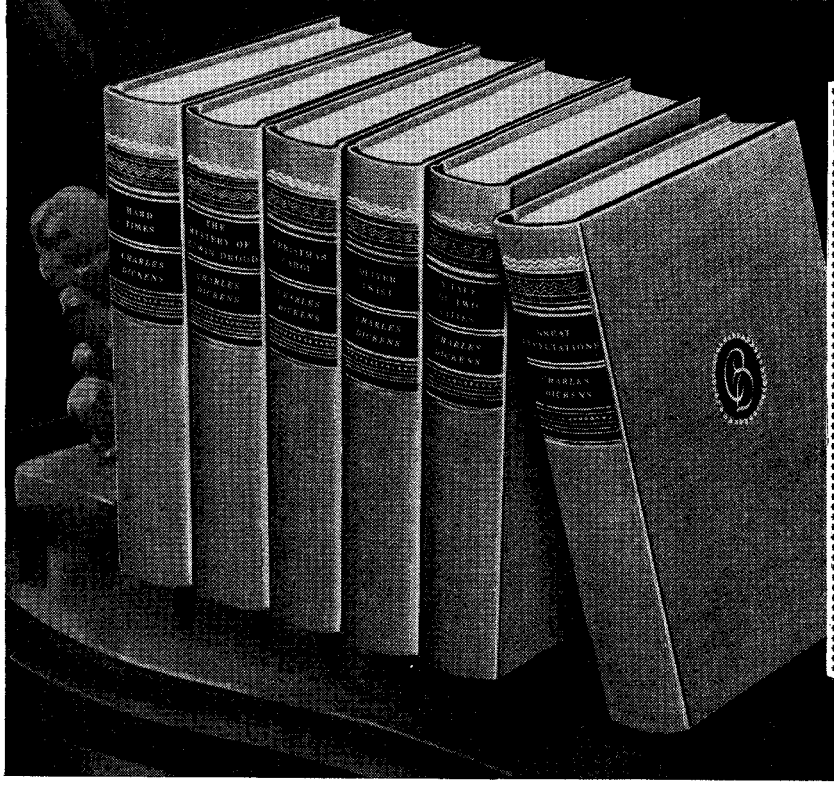

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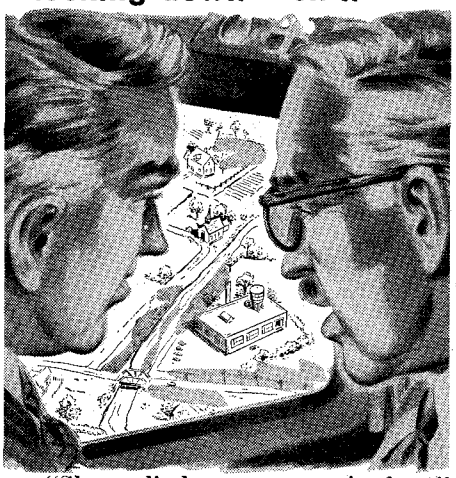

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the Reds moved against them this past spring, making a county-by-county mop-up in the worst areas, and cornering as much of the food there as possible — locking it in walled cities.

There are still many guerrillas in China, Hong Kong believes, and perhaps more and more would-be guerrillas as the Red rule gets harsher, but there is no guerrilla movement on a scale to threaten the government now. Perhaps the latter idea should be tagged as a wishful American dream, and laid aside for the present.

The American embargo

One thing that *has* hurt the Reds is the American, and later the Allied, embargoes. Chinese cotton mills recently ended a six-week shutdown from our raw-cotton embargo. It is believed they can now limp along until the new crop is ready in October (they reopened on the strength of Pakistan cotton, brought in Panamanian and other non-embargo ships to South China's Pearl River, where the Nationalist blockade doesn't reach). The new harvest is thought good for only a few months, though, and when it is used up the going will be hard.

Cotton is basic in China's economy. With the mills closed there are unemployment and trouble in the cities. Without cloth the people grow more naked. With no money blotted up by the sale of government textiles, the inflation threat gets worse. Cotton imports were the keystone of our China relief policy after the war. Besides all this, the Reds have made it a point to show they can get along without such imports. Apparently they can't, and they have taken great pains over the Pakistan cotton to hide this fact.

They have also been hurt by the withholding of metals and some heavy chemicals, notably carbon black, the shortage of which slows their rubber processing.

Though they are scattered and still unconfirmed, there are reports that the spectacular Red inflation control is weakening. Until these reports, prices had risen only faintly since over a year ago, a novelty in China. They have been kept down by taxes, grain levies, and exactions of all kinds. The newest is a forced drive for money to buy planes and guns; it is linked with the Resist America and Aid Korea program noted above.

Politics and fantasies

China continues to exude wild stories about politics — about splits in the Red high command, or a split between China and Russia, or a complete seizure of China by Russia. The truth is that we know little of these things, and readers are warned against those who pretend that they *do* know.

There are a few things we do know about China and Russia, but they are hard to make a pattern of. Among them are these facts: (1) a lot of Russian technical advisers are spread through China, even into small towns and small jobs; (2) many Chinese dislike Russians and dislike being led around by any outsider; (3) the top Chinese Reds lack knowledge of the outside world, and lack materials to guide their thinking on it, which gives Russia a hold over them; (4) China and Russia have at least one strong bond — the Japanese threat, real or imaginary, in Korea.

This threat is almost surely a big thing in relations between America, China, and Russia. Many Japanese want some return to their old place in Korea and Manchuria, and the Chinese and Russians know this. The Chinese and Russians seem also to believe that in the end America will help Japan to these goals, whether through sinister design or naïveté.

Such ideas, right or wrong, are no sudden creation. Japan has been in the heart of Asian power politics since the last century, closely studied the while by Russia and China. We Americans, for our part, have a record of doing, since V-J Day, just what we have said we wouldn't do about Japanese resurgence. All this makes for uneasiness.

Almost nothing can be learned in Hong Kong, by the way, of the true politics in Manchuria, Inner Mongolia, and Sinkiang or Chinese Turkestan, China's great northern borderlands; Russia may even be gobbling these up, as predicted in the past. Tibet, the fourth great borderland, on the mountains to the west, seems to have been brought under Red Chinese control after a year of campaigning and dickering. It has been agreed

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that China will boss the Tibetan army, and through her puppet, the Panchen Lama, will have a way of penetrating the Lama Buddhist Church, whose destruction must be the chief aim of the revolution in that quarter.

America and China

America has accepted the idea of a limited war against China in Korea, and the idea that this shall be almost our only channel of relations with Peking. We have also accepted the guardianship of Formosa. This latter has some clear advantages: Formosa is a military beachhead to Asia; a help in defending islands that lie outside it in the Pacific; a base for Chinese dissidents; and potentially a sample of how good Chinese life can be without Communism.

It also has disadvantages. We are unhappy over our inability, while sponsoring the Nationalists, to do much about their distressing internal affairs. On the other hand we are giving them the signal to keep on influencing our foreign policy through the strange inroads they have made in Washington, a real disgrace to our nation. What the Nationalists can do about China is a question for the future. At present they are showing that they can stay put, but not that they can launch a serious attack on the mainland.

Some of our allies haven't made the acceptances noted above. Great Britain shuns Formosa and won't let the Korean war become her sole way of dealing with Peking. This makes for friction. We think the British are lukewarm appeasers; they think we are dangerous hotheads. The friction seems to please both Chinese parties. The Nationalists want us in their war, lock, stock, and barrel; and if our ties with England weaken, they are more apt to get us there. The Reds are glad of any wedge between us, to prevent a heartfelt united front against them.

This is the reason, many believe, why they haven't taken Hong Kong, the British colony on their south coast, which lies at their mercy. With Hong Kong gone the British would be driven over to the American stand, or beyond it. With Hong Kong intact they must always compromise in part, and frown on American sword-rattling.

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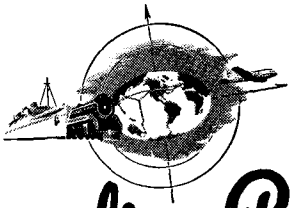

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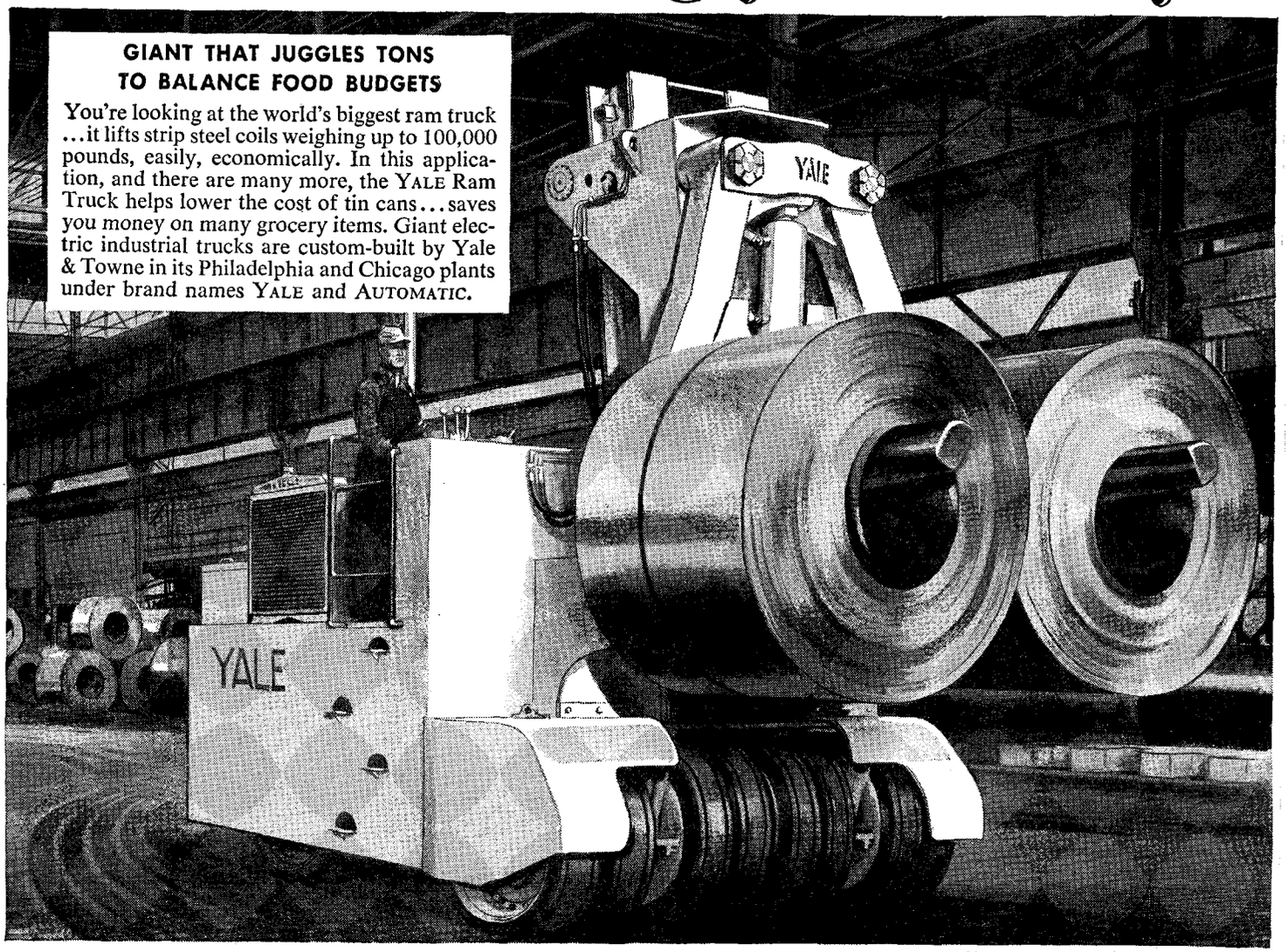

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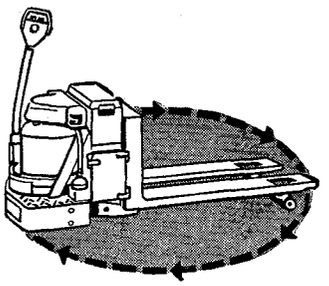

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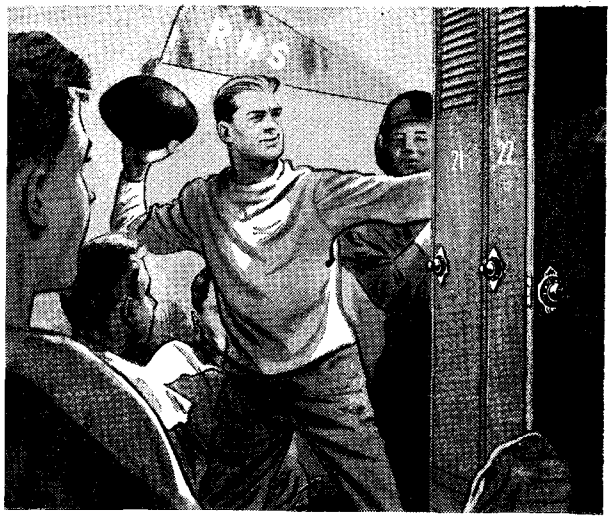

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Berlin

AMERICAN officials in Berlin like to compare the West's position there to the head of a spear pressing into the Soviet flank; and the simile, these days, is not just a public relations flourish. On the face of things, the Russians appear to be holding the initiative; but they have been steadily losing ground in the Battle of Berlin.

Take the partial Soviet blockade of westbound exports from Berlin which went into effect last June. The Russians insisted that West Berlin firms exporting certain types of manufactured goods to the West must furnish certificates showing the origin of all the raw materials used — a virtual impossibility in the case of some of the items concerned; for example, radio equipment.

This maneuver was aimed at wringing concessions from the West when the interzonal trade agreement came up for renegotiation on June 30. The semi-blockade, however, has never proved really effective; occasionally, when the pinch has become critical, commercial planes have been used to fly the disputed exports out of Berlin.

Meanwhile, this Soviet squeeze-play has stalled the negotiations for a new trade agreement. The West German representatives, following Allied instructions, have refused to resume business with the East unless West Berlin exports receive a guarantee of free movement through the Soviet zone. The Russians are well aware that a shut-down of trade from the West would have disturbing repercussions in East Germany. In fact, for the time being, trade seems to be more vital to the Russians than harassment.

ECA puts Berlin on its feet

Apart from Russian harassment, the chief obstacle to Berlin's recovery has been lack of the capital required to rebuild its shattered industry, 50 per cent of which (some estimates say 80 per cent) was dismantled by the Soviet and 10 per cent destroyed by bombing. The only Germans with capital at their disposal — the big businessmen of the West German Republic — have shown a marked reluctance to make heavy investments in Berlin, because of the added risk and the fear of getting in the black books of the Russians. In January, 1950, ECA stepped into the picture.

To date Berlin has received 95 million dollars' worth of Marshall Plan aid, plus a further 80 million for long-term investment. Three quarters of the funds spent have gone into re-equipping West Berlin's great power plant and its main export industries — electronics, clothing, and machine tools. As a result, exports to foreign countries have almost quadrupled, and industrial output has more than doubled since the blockade. Eighteen months ago, Berlin's economy was in a state of critical disintegration; today it is a going concern.

Unemployment remains a serious problem. Out of West Berlin's population of just over 2 million, 290,000 are unemployed. Aside from the over-all cause — the Russian attempt to throttle Berlin's economic life — the unemployment problem stems from a variety of factors: partial diversion of certain industries away from Berlin (before the war, for instance, three German movies out of four were made in Berlin, now one in five); loss of markets in Eastern Europe; loss of the jobs available in government when Berlin was the capital of Germany and the seat of a gigantic bureaucracy.

ECA has devoted roughly 5 million dollars a month to financing an emergency works project, which keeps 50,000 employed clearing debris and repairing the city. But full employment in Berlin can only be achieved through continued expansion of its industries, which in turn depends, inescapably, on how successfully the Allies can continue to checkmate Russia.

ECA funds for housing have been chiefly devoted to repairing buildings that were only slightly damaged, and 30,000 apartment units have been put back into commission at a cost of only $250 each. In the lowest rent bracket, there is still a shortage of housing, but not otherwise.

All in all, life in West Berlin has regained a semblance of normalcy. The shops are fairly well stocked, and the window displays on the Kurfürstendamm even achieve a kind of second-rate chic.

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NEW OIL FIELDS

EDITORIAL REPRINTED FROM The New York Times

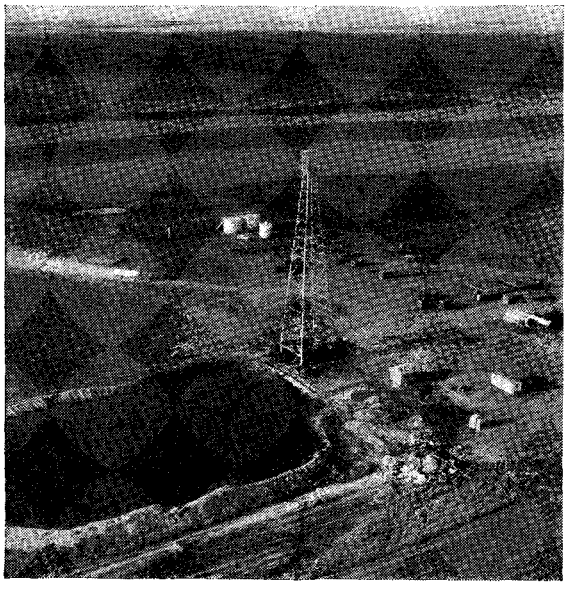
THE ROLE OF THE PROFIT MOTIVE

This editorial appeared recently in one of America's great newspapers. THE NEW YORK TIMES notes particularly the many skills and the great risks involved in the search for oil.

The development of new sources of oil is only one phase of oil company rivalry. The oil must be taken from the ground, refined into finished products, transported by pipeline, tanker, truck or tank car and marketed where and when it is needed. Every step of the way, every day, oilmen try to win more business by doing these jobs better, faster, more efficiently.

As THE NEW YORK TIMES says so emphatically:

"... the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."



IVERSON NO. 1—When this well, shown with its "slush pit," came in near Tioga in the Williston Basin, North Dakota became America's 27th oil-producing state. It was 29 years ago that a single oil company began the long search for oil in North Dakota. Today many oil companies, big and little, have leased over half the state's acreage for drilling, in the hope that the region will prove to be a major oil producer. Oil companies are getting ready to spend millions to find the answer.

"WHAT may well be the beginning of a new major domestic oil source in the northern Middle West is indicated by two recent important finds 100 miles apart, one last April in North Dakota and another in the past fortnight in Montana. For several decades this country has depended heavily, though not exclusively, upon southern and western areas—such states as Louisiana, Texas and California. If these new finds in North Dakota and Montana presage the opening of comparable rich fields they are of great importance.

"The mounting number of cars and oil heaters in this country is steadily increasing our consumption of this material, while from a global point of view the shadows over the future of oil production in the Middle East, particularly Iran, make it most desirable to increase production from more certain sources, as in this country, as rapidly as possible.

"In our gratification over these new finds we should not lose sight of the factors which made it possible for oil to be discovered at depths of 7,000 to 11,000 feet underneath the earth. The contributions of geologists, drilling technicians and related specialists are, of course, of the highest importance, for they make possible the location and then the reaching of this buried treasure. But important, too, are the enterprise and the willingness to bear risks which motivated these efforts. Wells that find oil are well publicized, but the large number which are no more than dry holes in the ground are recorded only in red ink in private ledgers.

"The men and organizations who search for oil at fantastic depths risk millions in such ventures, and frequently lose them. But they continue even after repeated disappointments because on balance profits can be made if a reasonable proportion of successes is attained. In this activity, as in many others, the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."

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In relation to Berlin salaries, the price of food is fairly high, but there are no acute shortages and the traditional Teutonic *embonpoint* is again becoming noticeable.

By comparison with the eastern sector, West Berlin is a boom town. Since there is free movement between the different sectors, East Berliners know that West Berlin has a conspicuously higher standard of living — and the news has been filtering back to millions in East Germany. This is the galling thing to the Russians — West Berlin gives the lie, visibly and dramatically, to one of the main planks of Soviet propaganda: the economic decay of the West and the economic blessings of Soviet-style "democracy."

The young refugees

The flow of refugees from the East — gratifying proof of unrest in the Communist world — has become quite a problem for West Berlin. About 4000 refugees a month have been entering the western sector, among them a remarkably high number of deserters from the German Communist Police. The "Political Refugees" — those who had to leave Soviet territory because of anti-Communist activity — receive a living allowance of 80 marks a month from the West Berlin government. The rest depend on help from private organizations.

The Russians, who set a high premium on capturing the allegiance of the young, have made some of their most determined enemies among the youth of Germany. In the summer of 1948 a group of students from the University of Berlin, situated in the Russian sector, moved over to West Berlin and asked the city government to provide them with educational facilities. It was a struggle to find buildings; a still greater struggle to get hold of acceptable textbooks; above all, a struggle to find the necessary funds — most students could only afford nominal fees, many needed scholarships.

The West Berlin government dug into its pocket, and universities in the United States helped out with books and donations. Today the Free University, its future buttressed by a grant from the Ford Foundation, is vigorously nurturing the ideal of cultural freedom on highly strategic ground.

Of its 5500 students, some 40 per cent come from East Berlin and the Russian zone, and these have to be helped out by grants of West German marks. Several East German students have been imprisoned when they have gone home on vacation, and now parents in Communist territory are liable to prosecution if their children attend the Free University. But applications for admission keep pouring in from the East.

War by radio and leaflet

By the time the Western Allies reached Berlin in 1945, the Russians were operating the city's powerful broadcasting station; and though it fell within the British sector, they managed to hang on to it. In due course the Americans set up their own station, RIAS, but for a long time they were badly handicapped by inadequate transmitters and other technical snags. After the blockade, RIAS got a new, 100-kilowatt transmitter, which can be clearly heard through most of Eastern Germany. Staffed by 700 Germans and a high command of four Americans, RIAS is on the air twenty and one-half hours a day.

In addition to fourteen daily newscasts, RIAS has a "telephone news service" which provides a three-minute bulletin to anyone who dials No. 23 (24,000 for East Berliners). Since the Korean war, there have been 1800 calls daily for the RIAS telephone newscast — more than half of them from the Soviet sector of Berlin.

Five broadcasts a day are specially prepared for listeners in East Germany. The *pièce de résistance* is a fifteen-minute spot in the evening, "Berlin Speaks to the Zone." In response to suggestions from East German listeners, who risk punishment for tuning in to RIAS, the broadcast is quietly pitched and free of any telltale sound effects.

Thanks to first-rate intelligence sources in the Russian zone, RIAS has been able to put some sensational material on the air. For a time, "Berlin Speaks to the Zone" closed each day by warning listeners that so-and-so in their community — the butcher, baker, or lawyer — was an agent of the Soviet secret police (a high-ranking Communist security officer who fled to the West supplied RIAS with the names). On several occasions RIAS has been able to forewarn Soviet zone listeners against some forthcoming police measure in which they might be caught disobeying the law.

A program will shortly be started which exposes the dirt in the private lives of SED (East zone Communist) officials and the corruption in the internal affairs of the party. One indication that RIAS is dishing out some damaging stuff is the frenzy with which the Communists are attacking it. Another proof of its effectiveness is its mail from the East zone — 130 letters a day.

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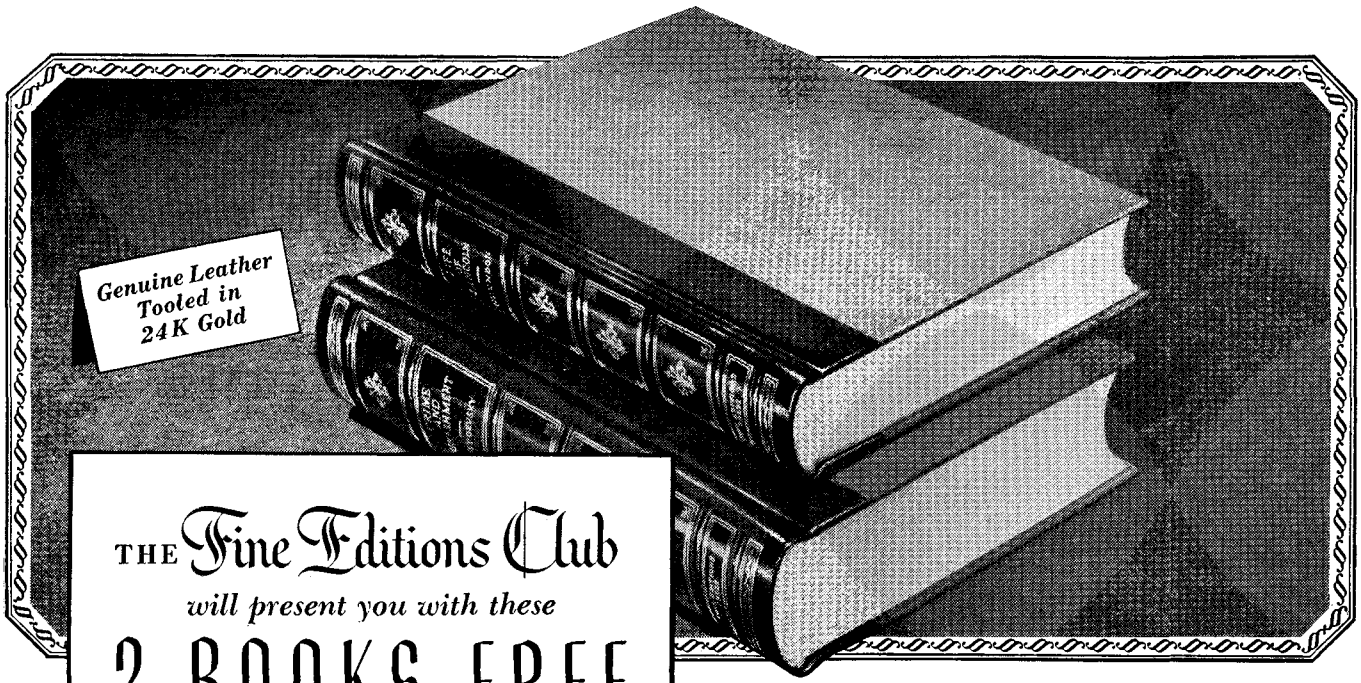

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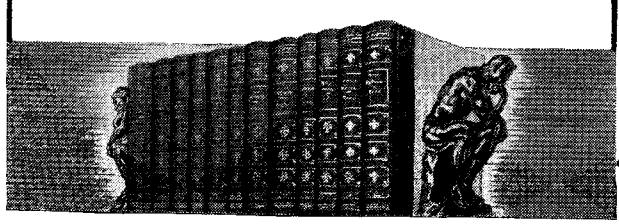

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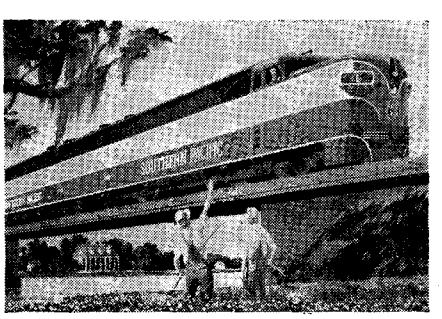

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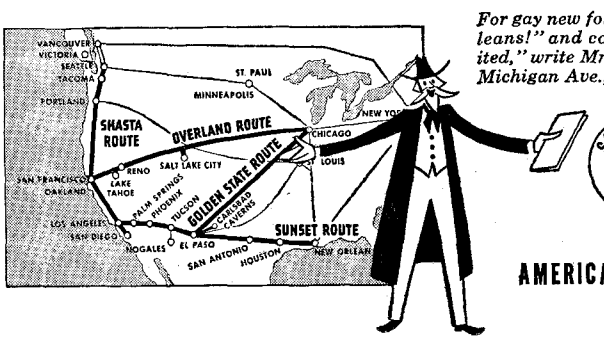

For gay new folder, "So You're Going to New Orleans!" and color book, "The New Sunset Limited," write Mr. Leroy C. Ioas, Dept. 171, 310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES **S·P**

AMERICA'S MOST MODERN TRAINS

West Berlin is also the forward base of a propaganda offensive aimed at the personnel of the Red Army. The most active group is NTS, an organization of Russian *émigrés* which was founded in Belgrade in 1931 and which now has fund-raising offices in various parts of the world. The Central Committee of NTS has its headquarters in Limburg near Frankfurt; its political program is roughly similar to that of the British Labor Party.

Operating under the guise of a welfare organization, NTS's West Berlin office helps to rescue hunted anti-Communists from East Germany and smuggles a variety of printed material into the Russian zone — *Possev*, a sixteen-page weekly; *The Soviet Army*, a four-page newspaper which is a flawless replica, in layout, typography, and headlines, of the official Red Army newspaper; and pamphlets instructing disaffected Red Army men how best they can help to undermine the Soviet regime. Some of NTS's propaganda material has found its way into the Russian zone as wrapping on German reparations goods.

The NTS people cite a variety of incidents reported by their agents in the East, which go to show that their literature is finding its mark. It is, of course, impossible to gauge the effectiveness of this kind of small-scale political warfare. Allied officials say this much: that the NTS people mean business and are doing a worth-while job. This is recognized by the Russians, who have tried twice to kidnap the director of the NTS office in West Berlin and his aide.

The West Berliners certainly miss no opportunity to demonstrate their will to resist Communism, and they are champions at staging a demonstration. When General Clay returned to dedicate the Liberty Bell, and again on last May 1 (the German Labor Day), the turnout ran to half a million.

An American returning from Germany brings back with him this paradox: in West Berlin, under the shadow of the Red Army guns at Potsdam, the chances of convincing the Russians that war won't pay — the chances of holding the Russians in check without a general war — seem more substantial than they do to people on this side of the Atlantic.

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Washington

THE struggle to ensure a community of interest with Japan will challenge American policy-making and propaganda. It will test all our diplomatic resources. Fortunately the country has in John Foster Dulles, who engineered the drafting of the treaty, a man of experience and patience and shrewdness. Mr. Dulles has done a remarkably fine job. It is a pity he is not amenable to the suggestion that he be the first Ambassador to Japan. The post needs a man of his authority and reputation.

The ratification of the treaty and the diplomacy attendant upon it will have wide repercussions in Asia. Our policy in Asia is still dualistic. Side by side with the effort to compose differences with the Chinese in Korea, there is an aid program to Chiang Kai-shek's Formosa which would widen those differences. The relatively huge sum that Chiang will receive, mainly in military assistance, will disturb China's neighbors, as well as bedevil our peace policy at Kaesong. One third of the aid to Asia is going to Formosa — a ratio which, many Asians say, will negate what we do for the Asians outside Formosa.

The Asians are heartily out of sympathy with our pro-Chiang policy, which, furthermore, has created fissures between us and our Western allies. The French, for example, insist that our Central Intelligence agents fomented the attack on Yunnan province by Chinese Nationalist troops on the loose in Burma. They fear that this might provoke a Chinese Communist invasion of Indo-China. Is it part of our China policy to harry the Chinese Communists on the mainland? It looks like it; yet this does not square with war aims which have been declared to be limited to Korea.

Nor is it possible to see in these events any reconciliation with General Ridgway's views on our long-term strategical aims vis-à-vis the Moscow–Peking axis. Certainly there is no backing in action to develop the Moscow–Peking split which General Ridgway says must be our national goal.

The misconceptions about our foreign policy which have been created by both McCarthyism and MacArthurism are probably impossible to dislodge. Nevertheless they should be set forth. It is widely held that our China diplomats "lost" China by selling Chiang Kai-shek down the river at Yalta. Yet not one member of the China service was present at Yalta. It is contended that Stalin was the spearhead of the Chinese Communist conquest of China. On the contrary, Stalin in the initial stages of the conflict supported Chiang Kai-shek. He then stayed on the sidelines, only coming to Communist support after the new regime had been set up.

No objective reader of the MacArthur testimony can avoid the conclusion that nobody lost China but Chiang Kai-shek himself. General Wedemeyer said the Communists could have been stopped at the Yangtze with broomsticks if there had been any will to resist on the part of the Nationalists.

Another misconception on the part of many people has to do with the word "victory" as General MacArthur applied it. War is supposed to lead to victory in the MacArthur lexicon. But historically that is untrue. War leads to settlement, and it is a battle that should result in victory, paving the way to ending or settling a war. Can we say, as we look around the world, that the last war was fought to victory? It was fought, thanks to the theory of unconditional surrender, to chaos. No more important misconception has arisen to mar the wise development of American policy than this misconception over victory.

Admiral Sherman's achievements

That the quest for a new Chief of Naval Operations was called the "search for another Sherman" was indicative of the high regard in which Admiral Forrest P. Sherman was held. The quest was difficult. To be sure, we have a round dozen of highly competent admirals, some of whom — for instance, Admiral Radford — are brilliant. But Admiral Sherman was a man apart. And his successor, Admiral William M. Fechteler, a sea dog with the mark of destiny on him since his Annapolis days, will profit from Sherman's handiwork. It is generally conceded that Fechteler, if not the inevitable choice, is a fine one. Radford left too many wounds in the unification fight to be acceptable.

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When Admiral Sherman died, there was real unification at the vital spot, and that was the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Admiral Sherman was primarily responsible for it. No man did more to get the services together. He took over a rebellious Navy after Admiral Denfeld was relieved as Chief of Naval Operations, and it was little short of miraculous the way he restored morale and brought order out of chaos.

Admiral Sherman had a highly developed gift of persuasion. He could melt the passion and intransigence of contending men. His gentleness and balance made extremism look foolish. This gift could not have been so successfully used, of course, without gifts of the mind. Admiral Sherman had studied geopolitics when he became Chief of Naval Operations. He could talk Mackinder and Haushofer with the academicians. How necessary, now that the world is a battleground, is this new science of geopolitics.

Particularly is knowledge of geopolitics part of the armor of the Joint Chiefs. For, as was obvious during the MacArthur hearings, the Joint Chiefs have become the vital organ in our policy-making. It is what Hanson W. Baldwin calls "undue power." It is "in part attributable to the vacuum of political leadership in the field of policy into which the Joint Chiefs moved." No more vital change is at work in our government.

It is time, therefore, that some of the public attention that used to be given to the State Department should be transferred to the Joint Chiefs. The latter are no longer, thanks to Admiral Sherman, a plural concept. That is to say, one should write: The Joint Chiefs *says* or *is*. They are an organ. Not till Admiral Sherman went to work would the Joint Chiefs agree to a single representative on the staff of the National Security Council. Now there is one. And, understandably, he is a Navy man, though the Navy, always blue-water minded, has hitherto thought of a general staff as an excrescence.

Franco and American bases

It was Admiral Sherman who initiated and at the time of his death was carrying through the aid-to-Franco policy. This has created a good deal of controversy. When Sherman left America for Spain, his purpose was enveloped in secrecy. But the reasons for his mission can be deduced from the circumstances of our strategical requirements.

All the armed services fell in with the Sherman plan. The Navy needs bases to make the Mediterranean an American lake. Mediterranean strategy owes its beginning to Secretary Forrestal, but he thought primarily in terms of the eastern Mediterranean. When he put the Sixth Fleet there, he established a half-complete design. At the eastern approach there were a number of bastions, notably Turkey. But there was no safeguard at the western entry, and this was the prime reason for Sherman's preoccupation with Spain.

The Air Force is even more base-minded than the Navy. Indeed, the crack is that the sky men, particularly in the strategical air force, would like to set up bases right under Stalin's mustache. There is still dissension about this addiction. The way to alienate peoples, say some, is to put "little Americas" in foreign countries, and some notion of the resentment can be gathered over the disputes which arise even at home — for instance, in New Hampshire — over the location of air bases. But both servicemen and their civilian department heads are the more anxious to establish more and more bases abroad because of experience with the B-36.

Spain would not be a taking-off place in the bombing designs of the Air Force. It is required as a return base for bombers based upon the eastern periphery of the Soviet Union.

That leaves the Army, with its defense system based upon European soil, where General Eisenhower is seeking to create a North Atlantic army. The going is difficult. The impediment, as General Eisenhower has explained, is that the Europeans insist upon clinging to their national sovereignty. Even the French, who are most ardent in their advocacy of a European army, are slow and hesitant. It is felt that they advanced the idea of a European army more as a way of frustrating German armament than as a goal.

There can be no doubt that our negotiations with Spain are related to the procrastination in Europe's

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defense. It must be regarded as a form of strategical reinsurance by our military authorities. If the Elbe strategy fails, then there will be the Pyrenees to fall back on. This is clearly seen in the pained comment from Europe on the Spanish development. It can no longer be said that this reaction was merely formal.

Whether, in consequence, the arrangement with Franco is premature, as the Pentagon plan to rearm the Germans was, is an open question. In these as in other matters a balance of advantage has to be sought. In this quest one is left to wonder what part the State Department played, but the feeling is that the decision was made in the Pentagon.

Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is obsessed with the fortunes of General Eisenhower. It is freely stated that one of these fine days the General will offer himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination. Exhaustive research indicates no basis for this statement. Those who know the General well are agreed upon two points: first, that he still holds that a military man should not be voted into the highest office in the land; and second, that he would not resist a draft.

This restatement of intentions is putting his supporters in something of a dilemma. Should they go ahead with an organization? Or should they simply try to get him on state tickets or, alternatively, try to line up "favorite sons"? There can be no doubt there is a widespread interest in the candidature. In 1948 General Ike was a politicians' choice, but nowadays, as he sees it, he has a popular following.

Certainly Eisenhower's influence is strong with Congress. There are few dissentients any more from the idea of the Eisenhower army in Europe and the necessity for providing that army with the financial sinews.

On the controls front, the Congress will apparently be content with the attenuated controls till there is another crisis. It is the anti-Truman feeling that is responsible for weakened controls, just as it is the anti-Acheson feeling that is responsible for the campaign to strip the State Department of administration powers over foreign aid.

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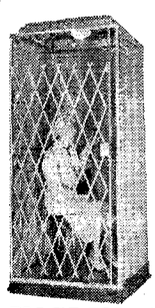

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

James Norman Hall
1887–1951

For the past ten years Walter G. Smith has lived in the household of James Norman Hall in Papeete, Tahiti, and through his kindness we are able to share with our readers this touching account of the ceremony in which the Islanders expressed their devotion to the author who had lived among them so simply and so long.

DEAR MR. WEEKS:

. . . Hall lies buried in an almost incredibly lovely spot, on the slope of a steep hill immediately behind his home, backed by a grove of ironwood (casuarina) trees, and directly overlooking Matavai Bay, where Captain Bligh brought his ship, the *Bounty*, to anchor in thirteen fathoms. More than once, standing on that hill, Hall pointed out to me almost the exact spot where Bligh dropped anchor, and always remarked, "You are now gazing on historic territory." It was his dearest wish that his remains should be interred in this beautiful spot, so hallowed with memories of his and Charles Nordhoff's masterpiece, *Mutiny on the Bounty*. I think it not farfetched or fanciful to say that in these days another Vailima has been established, and that many a pilgrim will in future years visit the hill called by the Tahitians Ferai. It belongs to the Hall family, and undoubtedly will remain in their possession.

The interment took place the morning of Saturday, July 7. Early that morning the body had been coffined. Mourners in great numbers had arrived, filling and surrounding the beach house. Hall's favorite melodies were sung by the Arué church choir, and as the body was carried out to the hearse his greatly loved Andante from Dvořák's New World Symphony was softly played from a record.

The first stage of the last journey was to the temple at Otu-aiai, a famous peninsula near by, where is situated the tomb of King Pomre. Here a short service was conducted by the local pastor. The sad journey was then resumed.

At the entrance to the steep road leading to the hill Ferai, the coffin was again removed from the hearse. The young men of the Arué Football Club had insisted that theirs should be the privilege of carrying the coffin to the actual scene of burial. Accordingly, they harnessed themselves to the casket, which they said afterwards they found surprisingly light, and marched away with slow steps up the rugged hillside. They were followed by several hundreds of mourners, all afoot, save for a few old and infirm people, all clad in white, as is the custom on this island. As it wound slowly up the hillside, here shaded by trees, there in the strong sunlight, or again in dappled luminance where the foliage was not so thick, the procession was astonishingly beautiful.

A short service was said at the graveside. The Secrétaire Général of the colony — representing the absent governor — and other high officials of the administration, as well as the British and Chinese consuls, were among those present. There were several addresses in eulogy of Hall, the most notable being that of the famous native orator, Teriieroo, chief of the district of Papenoo, who recalled Hall's services in the war of 1914–1918, spoke of his fame as an author, but particularly emphasized his constant readiness to aid the distressed and contribute generously to whatever might be for the benefit of the local inhabitants.

Singularly impressive had been the two days of outpouring of native grief and love, the display of respect and admiration for a lost friend. But to me the highest, the most poignant moment of all came the evening of the day of the burial. It had been intimated to Mrs. Hall that the choirs and the parishioners of the district of Arué and the adjacent district of Pirae, all Tahitians, wished to assemble and in song and speech take their final farewell of the departed. Accordingly these people, to the number of about eighty, almost all of the laboring class, with their pastors gathered in the beach house.

For the ensuing three and one-half hours there poured forth, as from a brook that goes on forever, address after address, in which I am told there was practically no repetition of thought or phrase, in eulogy of him to whom they were saying good-by forever. Women as well as men arose — in all to the number of about thirty — and each, in the smoothly flowing Tahitian tongue, expressed his or her feelings. These addresses were interspersed with songs, not all songs of mourning — far from it; but it was just as Hall would have had it. So rollicking became the atmosphere at one time that a young girl leaned over and whispered to me: "If Papa Hall" — he was universally known to the natives as Papa — "if Papa

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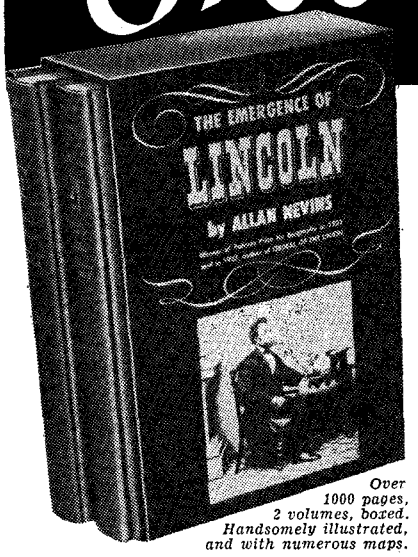

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Hall were here he would say that the Fete of July 14 had already commenced."

But if the singing became joyous in tone, not so the speech. This was uniformly grave. An address by a young workman of Arué particularly affected Mrs. Hall. As translated to me, a rough paraphrase of his main thought may be expressed in these words: "We all knew and loved Papa Hall. He was one of us in his interest in our sports and our other activities. We knew him especially as a *kind* man, a simple man, to whom the interests of the poorest were more important than those of the rich and comfortable. No one ever in vain approached him with a request for aid. These things I knew and we all knew. But today my eyes are opened. When I look upon that cushion upon which are pinned his medals and decorations from the leading governments of the world, I for the first time realize that we have had living amongst us a great man. I know now, but never knew before, that in our midst dwelt a hero."

Sincerely yours,
WALTER G. SMITH

"The Cruel Sea"

SIR:

It's not at all surprising to me that the *Atlantic* would contain writing of the rare and striking insight that I found in "The Cruel Sea," by Nicholas Monsarrat (August *Atlantic*).

What did surprise me was to read it at all, as I gave up hope of doing so years ago, realizing the small likelihood of there being a writer of sufficient ability among the group.

I have tried on several occasions to express this "Cruelty" in my paintings. It's the same cruelty that always forces us either to uncommon heights of thought or depths, whichever the case may be, but uncommon it will always be.

My home during the early part of the war was the U.S.S. *Campbell*, C.G. Over an eternity of about two years we lived much that same story. We no longer need keep it a private memory.

WILLIAM J. FRANKLIN, DN/I1, U.S.N.
Norfolk, Va.

SIR:

"The Cruel Sea" by Nicholas Monsarrat brings up a point I feel needs great emphasis at this time: namely, the absence of air cover for the convoys he writes about.

I was Medical Officer to an RAF Coastal Command Squadron operating out of the United Kingdom for three years. We were under the ultimate direction of the Royal Navy in Liverpool. Less understanding, on the part of the Royal Navy, of the value of these aircraft in killing subs could hardly be imagined.

We were hog-tied, restricted, and in many cases stupidly obstructed in a manner that can only be called Traditional. Had it not been for extremely able and ingenious commanders in many of the squadrons, the Battle of the Atlantic might well have been lost by the Royal Navy.

In 1943 the Royal Canadian Navy handed out over 300 decorations to Atlantic Heroes — total subs killed, 8. In one month of that same year my own squadron killed $7\frac{1}{2}$ subs (Admiralty confirmed). Total decorations for the year, 2.

Dead? Very, very many.

CHARLES SHEARD, M.D. FRCP (C)
Stamford, Conn.

SIR:

Would it not be considered a reasonable deduction, after reading the otherwise graphic and stirring story "The Cruel Sea," that its title is a gigantic misnomer? And that the cruelties inflicted — ascribed to the vagaries of wave and wind — derived mainly from the willful and deliberate deviltries of Man? I think so. The writer bases his thesis on insufficient reflection unless human beings are to be considered just so many corks floating upon the waters of a complete lack of self-determination and respect.

Certainly neither Masefield nor Conrad would have so carelessly given the *wrong devil* hell.

CARL SPRINCHORN
Shin Pond, Me.

"Grandmother Draws Her Will"

SIR:

I believe I am only one of many lawyers who wish to thank George W. Alger for "Grandmother Draws Her Will" (August *Atlantic*).

A medical science which can now considerably extend man's allotted threescore and ten years has presented many serious problems to the legal profession. Grandmother presents a real problem when she desires to cut off daughter Mary because of imagined rudeness, or son John because she is sure he tried to put arsenic in her tea.

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And under the tyranny of aging arteries, Grandfather frequently looks upon an attractive attendant or nurse with the eyes of youth and feels impelled to bestow upon her all his worldly goods.

We would be grateful to Mr. Alger if he would expand his article to cover such cases as these.

CLYDE TOOKER
Riverhead, N.Y.

SIR:

In his article, Mr. Alger tells of his friend who bequeathed certain personal effects "to a devoted friend, requesting her to distribute these personal effects to persons named in a letter left with the will." In the majority of states the result would be that the effects would pass with the residue of the estate and would not go either to the devoted friend or to the people named in the letter. I urge *Atlantic* readers not to try that technique without considered advice of careful counsel. It is a potent source of litigation and frustration.

ORRIN BRYAN EVANS
The Law School of the University of Southern California
Los Angeles, Cal.

"What Happened at Clark Field"

SIR:

I have read the article by Walter D. Edmonds on the fighting during the first days of the war in the Philippine Islands ("What Happened at Clark Field," July *Atlantic*). It is by far the most factual account of the action in those days that I have read. I congratulate you on its publication, and I shall eagerly await the publication of Mr. Edmonds's book.

COLONEL JOSEPH H. MOORE
Alexandria, La.

Colonel Moore, now Commanding Officer of the 137th Fighter-Bomber Wing at Alexandria, was the lieutenant who led four of his 20th Pursuit Squadron's P-40s up off Clark Field in the face of the falling bombs on December 8, 1941. — THE EDITOR

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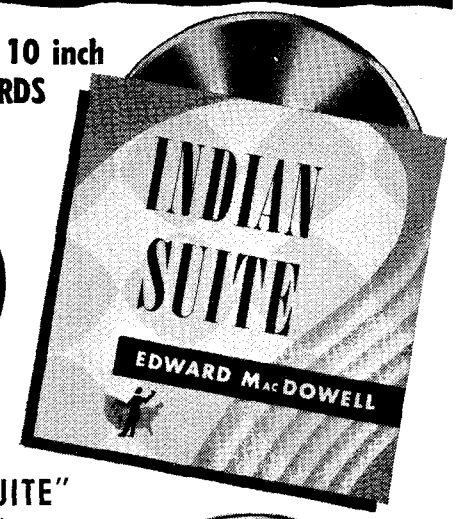

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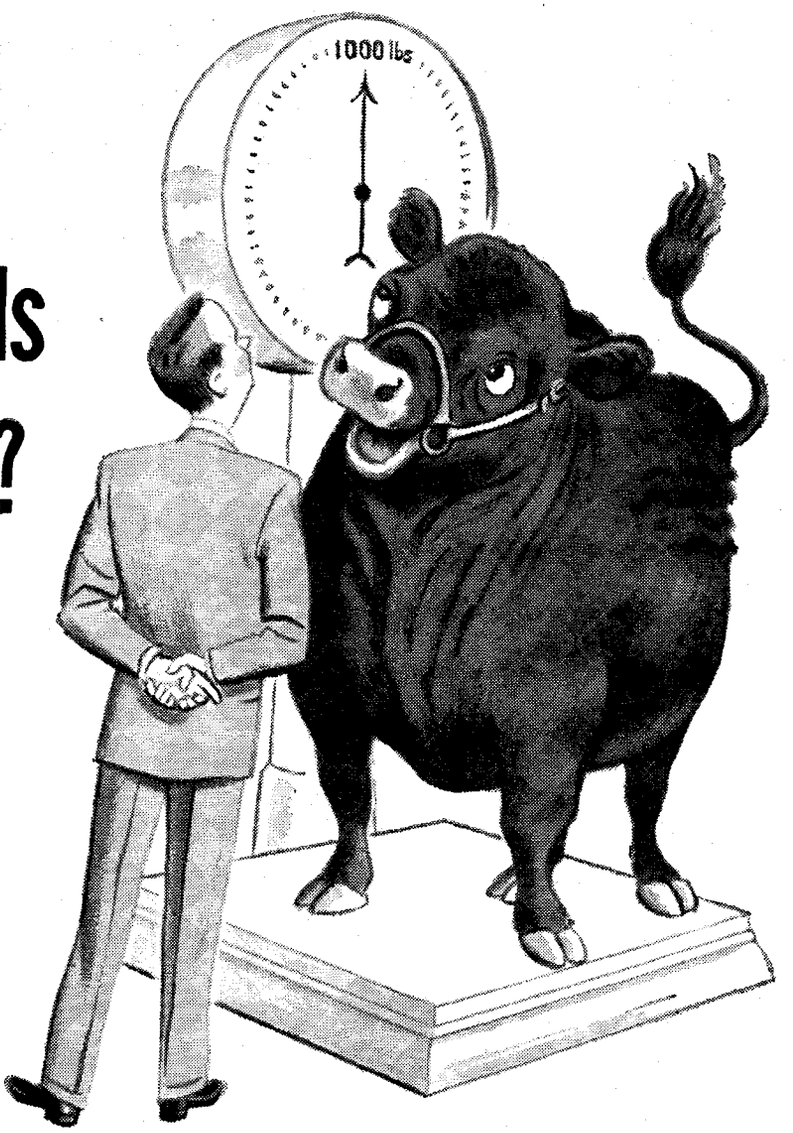

☐ 250 lbs.

☐ 150 lbs.

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Apart from the moral breakdown at West Point and the taint of professionalism in one college after another, what has big-time football been doing to the player who has gone to college in honest search of an education? ALLEN JACKSON *was a first-string guard at the University of Michigan, from which he was graduated this year. He won his letter on three consecutive championship teams and played in the Rose Bowl. Here is his account of his own experiences at a university where the slogan is: "When Michigan loses, someone has to pay."*

TOO MUCH FOOTBALL

by ALLEN JACKSON

FOOTBALL is a complicated game, and the intense competition fostered by the business practices of big-time college football causes this complication to be increased. The result is that the players, if they wish to play the game at all, must spend more time on the gridiron than they bargained for. However, any spectator will tell you there are certain benefits connected with playing college football, such as being part of a school's football tradition, learning fair play, having one's character built, traveling to different parts of the country, and being glorious. All of these compensate the athlete for the loss of school time. But after having played four years at guard for the University of Michigan, which possesses the largest college football stadium in the world, I can see that the supposed benefits of big-time football are either grossly exaggerated or completely imaginary, and it seems to me that most of the enormous amount of time I spent on the gridiron was wasted.

One of the most harmful aspects of the highly organized and regimented athleticism which is the result of a college sport having become "big time" is that the spontaneity has been taken out of the sport. In professional athletics the individual player expects to devote his whole person to his game because his livelihood depends upon consistent, "professional" performance. But the college athlete is primarily a student, not a professional, and when he is forced into the overorganization and overperfection which the big-time game demands, he can no longer decide for himself whether he should study or play football on a particular day.

Probably few of the freshmen who try out for the team realize how much of their time will eventually be exacted by football. I remember discovering with dismay, as a freshman, that if I were to keep up with the rest of the men who were competing for positions on the varsity I would have to report for spring practice. Practicing football for six weeks during the warm and budding spring did not strike me as being either a glorious or a worth-while occupation, but I needed to do it during both my freshman and sophomore years if I was to get in the line-up. I was engaged in actual practice on the field for about twenty hours a week during the spring semester, and during the fall my working week was boosted to about twenty-eight hours. Of course this includes only the time actually spent on the field, and does not include such things as evening movies of the next week's opponent, study time wasted because of fatigue, extra time demanded by game trips to other schools, and time spent in whirlpools and under heat lamps in the training room.

The four-year total actually spent on the field, counting three extra weeks of Rose Bowl practice, comes to about 1350 hours. Although it was hard for me to realize it at the sophomoric height of my athletic zeal, my reason now tells me that football

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is only a single, minor, and unacademic part of a college education, and that it should not be more important than other single parts of college — such as, for example, the study of history. At Michigan I took six courses in history, each of them meeting three times a week for fifteen weeks, and each requiring an average of two hours of study for each hour in class. The total number of hours here is 810, about half of the time that I spent on the gridiron.

Of course many of the men on the Michigan team receive excellent grades despite their football playing. Last year the team average was higher than the school average, and the two players with the highest grades were an engineer and a premedical student. But these very men have agreed with me that high grades do not mean satisfactory learning, and that football interferes with learning. Besides demanding that the student forgo concerts, visiting lecturers, and outside reading during the football semester, big-time football also requires students with heavy loads to take part of their courses in summer school, and to skimp and cram their way through the fall semester as best they can.

A significant little adage which circulates in Michigan athletic circles says in effect that there are three aspects of college life at Michigan — intellectual, social, and athletic — but that the student has time for only two. This idea can circulate only where athletics have become, or are thought to have become, as important as the academic work of the University. The student who plays football is expected to sacrifice his studies for the sake of the game, and he is very darkly frowned upon if he misses practice for the sake of his studies. When after one Saturday game I limped off the field with a twisted ankle, I knew that I would be expected to spend a good deal of Sunday in the training room taking treatment for the injury. But since Sunday was the only time that I was able to study for a coming examination, I stayed away from the training room. As a result the ankle stiffened and on the practice field I was made to feel guilty for the rest of the week. The coaches are aware that in theory studies come first, but they are also aware that, in a big-time league, if studies actually come first, second-rate teams are likely to be the result.

One of my teammates, a philosophy student who at the time played fourth string, possessed a scholarship which would have enabled him to study in Europe. However, if he made use of this scholarship he would be unable to return in time to play football the following season. He asked the coaches' advice on this, hoping that they would tell him to go to Europe by all means, and come back and play for them when he was ready. But instead it was hinted that if he stayed he might well get to the "top" the next season, whereas if he took the scholarship it was quite possible that someone else would have his place when he got back. These suggestions were further implemented by numerous long-distance telephone calls from alumni who were amazed that anyone should consider taking a trip to Europe when there was a chance he might make the Michigan team. So he stayed, and the next season played third string.

Another teammate of mine decided during his junior year to use his GI Bill to cultivate a long-standing desire to study the piano. He had already earned a varsity letter as a sophomore center on Michigan's '48 National Championship team, and was looking forward to playing first string in his senior year, inasmuch as the man ahead of him was graduating. But during the following spring semester he became so engrossed in his piano playing that, although he still intended to play football in the autumn, he decided not to turn out for spring practice. Consequently, when he returned for practice in the fall of his senior year he was promptly and without explanation assigned to the fifth string. He was replaced by men who had practiced the previous spring and who because of this were evidently considered better gambles toward a winning combination.

The reasonable and sensible thing to do in such a situation would be to quit football because it was now obvious that he had fallen from favor and would never make the first team. But it is impossible to be sensible in the midst of people who are afflicted with football. Making what the fanatic football alumnus would call a courageous display of determination, he decided to try to win back his position, a decision which he now thinks foolish and wasteful. The result of his efforts was that by the end of the season he was still nothing more than a third-string center; and with the exception of two non-conference games and the waning, reserve-flooded minutes of the other games, he spent most of his time sitting on the bench.

2

While examining the nature of big-time football it will be necessary for me at times to criticize the position of the coaches. I wish to make the point here that it is not the individual but the position with which I find fault, and that this position must be criticized because it is one of the major means through which big-time football accomplishes its distortion of the sporting spirit.

One of the ideas most thoroughly drummed into the heads of young Michigan football players is that it is a very valuable thing to be associated with Michigan football tradition. These men talk about Michigan's record, the fine men who have played for Michigan, in a manner almost liturgical, and the implication is that such things happen only at Michigan. Although much of this talk is sincere it is nevertheless misguided; it ignores the fact that Michigan tradition means basically that

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Michigan has always won more games than it has lost, and it means to keep on doing so.

At Michigan to win is of utmost importance; fair play and sportsmanship are fine, but to win is of utmost importance. Judging from the loud noises I have heard from chauvinistic, unathletic alumni from other big football schools, the Michigan people are not unique in proclaiming a "We're the best" athletic philosophy. But thanks to Fielding H. Yost and his point-a-minute teams of 1901 through 1905, the Michigan alumni have a better record to boast of than do the alumni of most other schools.

Yost was one of the first coaches to begin the custom of ensuring a winning record by encouraging large men to come to Michigan primarily to play football — a custom which is still zealously fostered. He was so successful in obtaining skillful players that between 1901 and 1905 his teams won 55 games in a row, and each year averaged 548 points to the opponents' 8 points. Most of the old-time Michigan alums will tell you that Fielding Yost was successful because he was ahead of his time as a coach, and this is certainly true. In pioneering player-recruitment and in consciously or unconsciously promoting a public acceptance of the idea that winning, and winning by a big score, is an end in itself, Yost acted in strict accordance with some of the most basic elements in modern football.

I do not quarrel with Yost's winning record as such, but I do quarrel with the tendency in modern football to *emphasize* winning as an end in itself, and the tendency toward a "kick him when he's down" attitude which such an emphasis fosters. Such an attitude, it seems to me, was more evident than the good sportsman's attitude when Yost's teams consistently ran up scores like 128 to 0, 88 to 0, and 130 to 0 against little schools without recruiting systems, such as Buffalo, West Virginia, and Ferris Institute. Such records, of course, are possible only when the public gives prestige to those who trample weak competition.

Whether big-time football distorts the values of the football-following public by its win emphasis or whether the public makes possible such emphasis by giving prestige to the teams which trample weak competition is a problem similar to the chicken and egg question. But whatever the cause, the result is that teams which feel the need of strengthening their reputation do so by keeping their reserves on the bench and running up the score on the first weak opponent encountered.

When the 1947 Michigan team went to the Rose Bowl there was a difference of opinion, among football experts, over whether Michigan or Notre Dame had the greatest team in the world. This controversy probably had much to do with the fact that most of the Michigan first team was kept in the Rose Bowl game until the latter part of the fourth quarter, by which time it had run up a score of 49 to 0 on the weaker Southern California team. But even with this large accumulation of points there was almost a full team of Michigan reserve players who did not get into the game or who played for only a few seconds — the reason being, clearly, that if Southern Cal was prevented from scoring, the record would look much more impressive, and it would be obvious to the football experts that Michigan undoubtedly had the greatest team in the world.

3

The prestige which the college football business has succeeded in gaining for schools with winning records often produces an unsavory bigotry which goes beyond ordinary pride among both the players and students from a big football school. At Michigan one of those bigotry-fostering, tradition-conscious pre-game speeches which were impressive to sophomores but tiresome to seniors was to this effect: The men whom we were about to play would be battling *Michigan;* they would as a result be intimidated; and we should take advantage of this fine opportunity to dominate them. As a psychological device this idea was probably useful in giving confidence to sophomore players — but whether it worked or not, the point is that good sportsmen do not emphasize the use of their grandfathers' reputations to intimidate an opponent.

"When Michigan loses, someone has to pay." I heard the first of many repetitions of this illogical idea in 1949 when Michigan's 25-game winning streak was decisively broken by Army. Since then I have heard it repeated with dogged monotony by the coaches after each Michigan loss, including Michigan's loss to Michigan State last fall. During the practice week following this game I personally counted forty-three repetitions of the slogan. This one slogan symbolizes to me the perversion of the sporting spirit which has been produced by big-time football. The slogan not only implies that Michigan *shouldn't* have lost, but it also suggests that the loss was caused by something wrong somewhere — perhaps something shady on the part of the other team.

The point of view suggested by this slogan becomes positively unchristian in its implication that revenge will be sought at the expense of next week's opponent. This desire for revenge is doubly evil in that it cannot be directed at the people who seem to have inflicted the injury but must be spent upon the first innocent victim who happens along. But the brass-tack meaning of "When Michigan loses, someone has to pay" is simply that since Michigan prestige and Michigan gate receipts depend upon a spectacular winning record, a lost game must be counteracted, if possible, with a larger than usual winning score the following Saturday. And the slogan is successful in arousing these attitudes. Many of the players continue to deify

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the coaches long after they should have outgrown this, and to them everything said on the field is gospel. Those who do not care for much of what goes on are in the game too deep to get out, and if they wish to stay on the team they must close their minds to reason and allow themselves to be directed.

I do not wish to imply that the players are actually taught unfair tactics at Michigan: this is certainly not true. But the Michigan coaches find it necessary to emphasize winning to a much greater degree than is natural or reasonable, and in a game like football this sort of emphasis is bound to lead to unsportsmanlike conduct. Indeed, the feeling that it is terribly necessary to win is so strong, and the resultant feeling of relief after having won a game is so pronounced, that if any questionable tactics have been used by Michigan men during the game they are merely laughed off.

Virtually all of my teammates on last year's squad were very clean players, but the atmosphere of big football often turned team spirit into mob spirit when the group as a whole accepted actions which to the individual would seem unsportsmanlike. One of the key players on last year's team was noted for his feats in the boxing ring and for his quick temper. When on Monday afternoons the team would watch movies of the preceding Saturday's game, this player would occasionally be seen landing a seemingly accidental left-hook on an opposing player's chin. Of course the movies of any football game are likely to show up actions which appear to be underhanded; but the point here is that such actions — especially by the hotheaded boxer — would invariably strike the coaches as funny, and they would run the play over again in slow motion so that everyone could see and laugh.

The assembled players took their cues from the coaches and also laughed heartily to see such fun. Then, a few plays later on the screen, the coaches would solemnly draw our attention to the fact that the other team was "gang tackling," and that we would have to look for just "this sort of thing" from our next week's opponent because it was *that* kind of team. Michigan's maize and blue players are not encouraged to "gang tackle" of course; they are simply ordered to cover the opposing ball-carrier with "a blanket of blue."

4

Another bromide which the big-time football votaries like to administer to promising young athletes is that there is something wonderful about being part of the "team spirit" found in big-name teams. Human beings have long since proved themselves social animals, and it seems reasonable that they should enjoy team games. But big football has perverted the team spirit as well as the sporting spirit.

In the first place the competition for individual positions on big teams is altogether too stiff, and this does more to break down than to build up team spirit. The bigness of the game, the publicity and prestige which go along with a first-team position, and the large number of grim and intense young athletes who are drawn to the gridiron by these abnormalities cause a spirit of internecine conflict to be as much in evidence as *esprit de corps*.

Besides this, the increasing specialization demanded by big-time football does nothing toward engendering social cohesion on the team. The compulsion to win generated by the game's big-business aspect demands that the individual players become precise and accurate in their various specialties to a degree unnatural in college athletics. On the Michigan practice field the ends, backs, and linemen all spend much of their time in separate corners of the field, performing their various specialties with monotonous repetition. During the week there are only one or two hour-long scrimmages, on the average, and the rest of the time is devoted to various forms of dummy practice, running of signals, and practicing specialties. All of this is necessary to produce a winning team in a big-time league, but it is not much fun. Any sport which requires a week's practice of specialties for each sixty-minute game has become too mechanized to allow the spontaneous sort of team spirit which would seem to be the special value of college football.

Everyone has seen football teams gather in the center of the field just before the opening kickoff for a last-minute handshake, and this sight, plus the stock sport page photographs of men on the bench who are "trying just as hard as the men in the game," seems to indicate that team spirit is an actual and worth-while reality in big-time football. I should like to state plainly and emphatically that much of the huddled handshaking and bench emotion is artificial. The players know that in order to win it is necessary to get "worked up" for the game, whether they feel like it or not. Also, the bigness and complexity of modern football produces a decrease in team homogeneity and a corresponding decrease in spontaneity. The players sense that they will be less effective without such homogeneity, and they attempt to regain this feeling on the practice field and in the big game by an artificial emphasis upon such devices as the pregame handshake and the bench chatter.

My first experience with the automaton spirit which big-time coaches often find it necessary to enforce in order to make their teams efficient winning machines was when, as a freshman, I was used as a human dummy to test the proficiency of the '47 Rose Bowl varsity. Occasionally, when one of my freshman or reserve teammates would be laid out by the businesslike efficiency of the varsity, in such a way that play could not be resumed until the field was cleared, the coaches would promote

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big-time football's party-line attitude toward such a situation by reciting this slogan: "Well, move the ball or move the body." The varsity players, tickled by such wit, would then move the ball to an uncluttered part of the field and resume play.

When I became a varsity player I began to notice other evidences that big-time football cannot afford to depend upon spontaneous team spirit. At the training table on the Friday night before a game the Michigan players were expected to show that they were in the process of "storing it up" for the next day's contest by eating their meal with a quiet intensity which precluded laughter or any evidence of high spirits. Probably there were a few players who actually felt a sort of judgment-day taciturnity, but for many of the players it was an artificially imposed atmosphere, and bad for the digestion. If, as often happened, some of the lighter hearts would forget for a moment that they were supposed to be grim on Friday evenings, there would be ominous and foreboding looks from the coaches' table — and if the unwholesome gaiety persisted, the coaches would silence it by uttering with gloomy irony, "We hope you'll all be this happy tomorrow night."

Another instance in which the Michigan players had an attitude externally imposed upon them will serve also to exemplify the pernicious effect which big-time football has had upon the reputations of schools which sponsor big-name teams. A few days before we started on our Rose Bowl journey we were summoned for an orientation lecture, a surprising amount of which was devoted to our table manners and general deportment while in Pasadena. It seemed that many of the teams which had in the past gone to the Rose Bowl had been guilty of ungentlemanly conduct — one team, we were told, had been fond of throwing bread rolls the length of a table in the hotel dining room and flipping squares of butter against the ceiling, where they stuck. But Michigan, we were told, did not do that sort of thing. Although it was good to hear that Michigan did not do that sort of thing, neither I nor my teammates had ever been in the habit of throwing butter at the ceilings of plush hotels, and we wondered why we were being so energetically told to act in a normal manner.

The reason was that the big-time football system has unconsciously superimposed a mercenary stereotype upon the college football player, and people often *expect* a visiting football team to be rowdy; because of this, the coaches were at pains to impress us with lurid examples, of questionable authenticity, of how not to act. In Pasadena we conducted ourselves with a normal amount of gentility — neither better nor worse than the average of the teams which preceded us, a waitress told me. But the Michigan players heard themselves complimented profusely on their conduct.

The point of all this is that when an entire athletic group, like college football players, has such a reputation that players who conduct themselves with ordinary grace are looked upon as above average, there is something wrong with the system. Moreover, schools which sponsor big-name teams, and so associate themselves with this bad reputation, subtly lose prestige in the eyes of the general public. Big-time football has promoted a syllogism something like this: football players are something less than students; therefore, universities which sponsor big football teams, though famous, are something less than universities.

5

In order to exhibit one of big-time football's most unscrupulous practices, I shall have to explain the nature and function of the "red shirts," as they are called at Michigan. The generally used term is "cannon fodder." Because modern football is such a complicated game, the head coaches are able to attend to only the first two or three teams, called "blues" at Michigan. However, it is necessary to have at least two more teams, the red shirts, against whom the blues can scrimmage, or who can hold the dummies for the blues to block. The blues do not play amongst themselves because they are likely to hurt one another and be lost for the big game on Saturday. Also it is necessary for the varsity blues to feel their power and be able to march up and down the field through the weaker red shirts.

A few of the red shirts know that they will never rise in the varsity hierarchy, and they are still content to come out for practice season after season to be used by the blues. But there are not enough of these men. The rest of the red shirts are players who dream of making at least the third-string varsity one day, but whom the coaches are reasonably sure will never make the grade. Instead of telling these men that their chances of making the varsity are extremely small, the coaches, because they need men on whom their varsity can sharpen its claws, encourage the red shirts to return each year to try again. Of course all this is a matter of subtle suggestion; it is impossible to prove actual misrepresentation of facts, but I have spoken to and played against a number of disenchanted red shirts who for four years held dummies and waited their turn to be mashed by the blues, only because it was hinted that they might make it one day.

To a young boy who is fresh out of high school — where he was a big man because of his football playing — the slightest hint by a big college coach that he might make the varsity is enough to set the home town buzzing and to increase the player's illusion of prestige. When he fails to make the varsity team, it seems one of life's most terrible tragedies.

Two years ago, such a player came to Michigan. As a great high school star and a holder of state records in track he was looked upon by his

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friends and home-town supporters as a potential All-American, and when the Michigan coaches watched him operate on the freshman team they seemed to agree. The following season — last fall — the player's picture was in every sporting magazine in the country, and since such publicity could occur only with the coaches' sanction, it was assumed that he would do great things. Then the football season began, and game after game the highly publicized player was left sitting on the bench. Although he dressed for all the games, and made all the trips, for some reason unknown to himself or to his teammates he was never allowed to play, except for a few seconds in one game, and by the end of the season it was apparent that he would not make a varsity letter. When Michigan prepared to make its second trip to the Rose Bowl, a trip on which ten more than the usual number of players were taken, so that even some of the red shirts went along, the coaches refused to take him, and in so doing as much as told him that he would never play for Michigan.

To a boy who had been heralded as a second Tom Harmon this was a crushing blow, especially since any reasonable person would assume that the football system, after publicizing the player with such vigor, would feel honor-bound to take him along on the Rose Bowl trip. What happened to this boy represents in concentrated form what happens to most of the students who play big-time football. They are first deluded into thinking that they are great and that football is great; then they are used by the system and finally discarded with at best nothing to show but a scrapbook full of redundant and inaccurate clippings.

Of course such build-up and subsequent disappointment occurs elsewhere in life, particularly in a professional sport like baseball. But this is all part of the professional scene, and it has no place in college athletics. College football should have all the benefits of a strictly amateur sport; but it is losing these and acquiring the undesirable aspects of a professional sport.

6

Any accusation that football leaves the player with nothing but a scrapbook full of clippings will move the defenders of the game immediately to demand that some mention be made of the "character building" upon which football seems to have a priority. Aside from the probability that the coaches who direct uncommercialized college sports, such as track, wrestling, and gymnastics, could present good arguments showing these sports to be just as effective builders of character as football, it seems to me that anyone who assumes that athletics are an extraordinary factor in the development of an individual's character is guilty of ignoring the many forces which contribute to such development.

But in the football world there is great emphasis placed upon character development; and if, in the coaches' not infallible judgment, an individual player's character does not seem to be developing in the manner prescribed by the big-time football system, his position on the team will be endangered. Because all big-time football players and coaches have grown up with the idea that it is necessary to give your all for the alma mater, anyone who does not seem willing to do this is looked upon as a coward.

The importance of winning in big-time football makes it absolutely necessary to field the best team possible on important Saturdays, regardless of injuries. When the modern compulsion to win is superimposed upon the old give-your-all idea, the pressure on an injured player to play despite his injury is immense. No matter how many times a player proves himself in battle, the first time he decides that an injury should keep him off the playing field he is given the raised eyebrow and accusing stare by the coaches, trainer, and even some of his teammates. This subtle accusation is caused by the team's collective dread of weakening the winning combination, and it is especially acute if the injury is not obvious and the coming game is expected to be close.

Near the end of my junior year, when I was a first-string, battle-scarred veteran of many games, I received what I considered to be a very serious knee injury a week before Michigan was to play Ohio State for the conference championship. The knee was badly swollen, and it was impossible for the doctor who looked at it to make a valid diagnosis until the swelling subsided. But, since I could not walk, and since it was necessary for me to spend two days in the hospital, I assumed that I would not be expected to play in the big game.

However, the man who substituted for me lacked both my weight and experience. So I found to my dismay that as soon as I could walk I was expected to "gut it out," as the Michigan training-room slogan would describe it, by reporting to the practice field, having my knee trussed up with tape, and preparing to give my all for Michigan. Although I could feel loose things inside my knee, I was so intimidated by this frightening preoccupation with guts that I hobbled dutifully out onto the practice field.

On the field I found that my obvious inability to play was looked upon with suspicion, and I began to hear remarks that I was allowing the knee to get the better of me. Instead of being ordered back to my hospital bed for a thorough examination, I was merely told that whether I played or not was entirely up to me. At this point it was clear that I was expected to play, and if I did not I would be dubbed a quitter. Like everyone else, I think there are certain things for which it is worth while to give my all, but I decided then that the primitive alma-materism of an obsolete generation of college playboys was not one of them, and I did not play.

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About a week later the knee became locked in a rigid position, and it was necessary for me to return to the hospital. It was now possible to see that a piece of cartilage had been torn in such a way that there was little chance of its growing back together, and an operation would be required. The operation did more than fix my knee, because now the coaches knew that I had not been faking and that I could once more be depended upon to give my all for Michigan. But the point had been made: big-time football has no respect for either the individual's word or his body.

7

A WORD must be said about the rabid football alumni and the overzealous football fans. I find no fault with anyone who has a normal interest in athletics, but the perverted bigness of football produces people with a perverted interest in sport. Although the number of the most adhesive of these hangers-on to the football scene is not large, their presence is distressing because they are undoubtedly the articulate representatives of a much larger group whose interest in and attitude toward big-time football allow the unhealthy and prolonged hysteria which permeates the college football scene each fall.

Except for a fawning and familiar interest in a few backfield stars, many of the football alumni whom I met had no real interest in the players as individuals; indeed their interest in the stars was usually based only upon athletic reputation and seldom upon character. Many of the football alumni who help destitute athletes through school, from my observation, do this because of a selfish interest in the perpetuation of the school's winning record, with which they have identified themselves, and not because of a personal interest in the welfare of the particular athlete. It is this sort of person who exerts the pressure which fires coaches when the team has not won enough games to satisfy the alumni's collective ego. These are the men who are influential in promoting among young boys a distorted idea of what it really means to play big football; and these are the ones who think that other people's judgments of men are as superficial as their own when they say that football players will have no trouble finding jobs, because everyone is glad to hire a football player.

Concerning the finding of jobs, it would be my guess that largely because of *very* widespread recruiting practices, the term football player has become synonymous with ape, and because of this it is often better for the job applicant to save mention of his gridiron record until after he has become acquainted with a prospective employer. Concerning the meaty subsidization question, I am glad to say that the University does none of it. A few of the players receive help from alumni, but a school with Michigan's prestige and record can usually get all the football material it needs without such aid.

During my four years at Michigan I played in games which took me from New York to California, but I was never given the opportunity to meet or speak to an opposing player. If there is any value in having an intercollegiate schedule, it would seem that such value would come from the opportunity which game trips afford to become acquainted with men from other schools and other parts of the country. But big football has no time for palaver. Indeed, on almost every trip we took, we were cautioned to keep to ourselves — because, and this is another slogan that I unfortunately know by heart, "We are here for only one purpose, and that is to win."

Often during a game I would develop a genuine fondness for some of the players with whom I was exchanging blows, and I would have valued a friendly glass of beer with them after the game. But the visiting team was always whisked off to its train with businesslike alacrity; about the only thing I learned from traveling to other schools was that in every college stadium the grass is more or less green.

Nor did I learn anything from making the Rose Bowl trip — I merely verified my suspicion that of all the farces connected with big-time football, the Rose Bowl is the biggest. The so-called honor and glory of playing in the Rose Bowl is transient and meaningless, as is any glory and honor which is nothing more than the product of a publicity man's imagination; the three-week extra practice is not justified by the benefits of the game; and the trip to the coast is crowded and regimented. But the visiting team does at least get a trip out of it, and this is more than the host team gets. Of course I had no opportunity to speak to any of the California players, but it is impossible for me to understand how they, as Rose Bowl participants, could think of themselves as anything but extremely unlucky. For them there is no send-off, no cross-country trip, and no guided tours — nothing but three more weeks of drudgery under a southern California sun.

So, after four years of seeing everything there is to see in big-time college football — victories, defeats, publicity, hospitals, championships, and bowls — of being known as a "football player" rather than a human being, of seeing myself and my teammates misrepresented and misquoted by sports-writers who seldom attempted to know the players personally, of playing in a 97,000-seat stadium in which my nonpaying student friends were forced to sit in the end zone, of having my natural desire for physical exercise corrupted and commercialized, of giving up pleasant afternoons in favor of kicking and rolling in the dust and muck of the practice field — I have decided that big-time football is a poor bargain for the boys who play the game.

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President of Inland Steel since 1949, CLARENCE B. RANDALL *was invited by Paul G. Hoffman to be his steel consultant in the first summer of ECA. As such, Mr. Randall enjoyed close associations with the steelmasters on the Continent and in Britain — associations which he renewed when the Schuman Plan was first announced and again this summer when he studied the fifty-year pact now ready for ratification by the member nations.*

EUROPEAN STEEL: MONOPOLY IN THE MAKING

by CLARENCE B. RANDALL

1

A YEAR has passed since I watched the inception of the Schuman Plan and wrote down my first impressions in the *Atlantic.* That challenging proposal for the pooling of the steel and coal industries of Western Europe, put forward so dramatically by the Foreign Minister of France, caught the public on both sides of the Atlantic by surprise. I was in Paris when the plan was announced. I studied it eagerly, for I had come to know something of the problems of the steel industry in Europe. And as I studied, I found my head and my heart contending, one with the other, to resolve a basic dilemma which it seemed to me was created by this colorful proposal.

Now as I try to reassess the situation in the light of all that has happened since, my mind stimulated by fresh exchanges of viewpoint with my opposite numbers in the British and French steel industries and off-the-record talks with many who understand the facts far better than I, I sense the same dilemma, its horns sharper than before.

The problem is this: Shall the privately owned steel industry be sacrificed that the cause of political unity and federation in Europe may be advanced? On the one hand, who could fail to applaud the daring concept of wiping clean the slate of bitter history with its record of divisions and barriers among neighbors in what is in nature a single industrial area? Who could fail to sense the urgency of forgetting the awful past and facing the difficult future in a spirit of mutual coöperation and trust? Yet shall the heart rule the mind?

The more noble the ideal the more important it is that the right method of achieving it be chosen. The difficulty about noble ideals is that men pursue them under such deep emotion that they do not evaluate the consequences of their acts. And so it might be with the Schuman Plan. If a magnificent gesture toward political unity should destroy incentive and fetter initiative in the basic steel industry to the point where its further progress was retarded instead of advanced, the Schuman Plan might prove to have been the wrong approach to the ideal.

This much is clear. It is economic strength that General Eisenhower is seeking. And no American businessman can believe that greater productivity will flow from the abandonment of a free competitive market in favor of price-fixing by a cartel, or by the substitution of socialist planning for the creative resourcefulness of private management.

To sense this dilemma one does not need to master the detail of the plan as it finally evolved. In fact, few Americans have tried to understand it. The new jargon of the European Coal and Steel Community with its juridical personality, the High Authority assisted by a Consultative Committee, the Common Assembly, the Special Council composed of Ministers, and the Court of Justice would weary even a Philadelphia lawyer. Small wonder that so little has been written in the United States that is discriminating about the significance of this breath-taking scheme, when the news each day is packed with so many events which the press can describe so easily and with such evident drama.

It was on May 9, 1950, that M. Schuman made the proposal which thrilled peace-loving people everywhere. It was printed on one page. And how typical it is of human affairs that when, eleven months later, a draft treaty was signed by the Foreign Ministers of France, West Germany, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and Italy, eighty-nine printed pages were required for the English text. Each page was a compromise. Every day of negotiations brought a threat of collapse. Only two things kept hard-working teams from the various countries at their task. One was the instinct that the emotional volume of good will which M. Schuman had created was so compelling that no nation dared risk breaking off the talks lest it be charged

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that its government was anti-peace. And the other was the inspired leadership of Jean Monnet.

Little is known of this remarkable man in America, yet he began his career as an investment banker in New York City before he went back to serve his country. His is the brain, his the force clothed in ascetic modesty, and his the suave finesse that both conceived and carried through this amazing project. No man in Europe today is more likely to influence history than he, and it should be frankly recognized that the Schuman Plan is actually the Monnet Plan. Like President Roosevelt, Monnet inspires fanatical devotion among his friends and cold hatred among his enemies. You either worship him blindly or consider him the personal embodiment of all evil.

At no time during the eleven months of day-and-night bargaining among the governments, and in no country, were the steel men admitted to the council table except for a few matters of technical detail. Their advice was not asked and they were given no orderly chance to be heard. Yet theirs was the stake. They and their fathers and grandfathers had built the plants stone by stone and beam by beam, and had borne the destruction of three wars, but they were dealt with merely as statistics in this new international adventure. The whole approach to the plan was that private ownership and interests must at all times be strictly subordinated to the broad political and social aspects of the new Community. It was hoped that the owners would not suffer too much, but there were to be no inhibitions about it.

This being true, the industrialists have passed from initial skepticism into the present state of deep apprehension or vigorous opposition. Steel is still the stronghold of private enterprise on the Continent. Except for the accident of a minority interest in one French plant which is presently owned by the state, and some recent government aid to the Dutch plant, neither of which reduces the autonomy of direct private management, no industry anywhere has a more vigorous history of development through the investment of private funds and the exercise of private initiative. Under the wartime controls which survived the cessation of hostilities, the steelmasters have been extremely restive. Now, with the treaty signed by the Foreign Ministers, they await the inevitable approval by the several parliaments this fall and early winter as men would await the summons to the guillotine.

What is it that they fear?

They fear a vast new bureaucracy having authority that transcends national boundaries and that is self-executing; that draws its power from general language capable of broad interpretation; and one that possesses sufficient authority and working tools to bring to knee any recalcitrant producer who during the fifty years for which this commitment is to last may dare to challenge a directive. If the President of the High Authority, for example, should be a German, consider how galling could be the application to a French company of the simple clause, "The High Authority may gather such information as may be necessary to the accomplishment of its mission," particularly when coupled with "The High Authority may impose fines and daily penalty payments upon those enterprises which evade their obligations."

What more decisive power of life and death could be created for the use of a new bureaucracy than "In order to encourage a coördinated development of investments, the High Authority may require enterprises to submit individual programs in advance"? The penalty for violation of this is the loss of the right to solicit capital funds outside of the company's own existing resources, plus a fine "not exceeding the sums unduly devoted to realization of the program in question." This could mean that no company could ever again build a new blast furnace or open hearth, or perhaps even buy a crane or a galvanizing pot, or take any of the decisions that are taken almost daily by a large American steel company, without filling out forms and awaiting endlessly the approval, not of the company's own government, but actually one controlled by men who are thought of as foreigners by the company's management, and who can hardly be expected to have knowledge of or be interested in the particular company's problems.

And then there is the ever present fear of Germany. In our determination to unite and rearm Europe against the threat of Communism, we tend to forget that Germany was our enemy, but no one over there does. Both in England and in France I found men darkly suspicious of the ease with which the Schuman Plan is progressing through the German Parliament. They think Germany has already been handsomely bribed by being relieved of restrictions on her production in return for her adherence to the plan, and they expect the worst with respect to German influence when the High Authority is established and begins to function. They say that Italy and Holland may be counted upon at critical times to support German proposals — Italy because both politically and commercially she has been close to Germany for so long, and Holland because she competes so vigorously with Antwerp for the inbound and outbound Ruhr traffic. Working control over the High Authority might therefore be precisely the device an unrepentant new Germany might seize upon to dominate Europe in another decade.

2

As against this contingency it becomes germane to ask what the present position of Great Britain is with respect to the Schuman Plan. Actually there is no change. Official policy is still to wait and see;

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unofficial policy in government and in steel circles is to watch with keen interest for the right chance to make a deal. This opportunistic attitude might well be annoying to the men who have borne the heat of the day in working out the compromises embodied in the document, but I suspect they understand the British problem, which, as I see it, is twofold. There is first the difficulty that a Labor Government which has carried out nationalization of steel might have in dealing with governments which still recognize private ownership. Time might ameliorate this either by a British election that would restore steel plants to private management, or by the movement of the Community and the High Authority towards *dirigisme* and supersocialism, which is so much feared on the Continent. Secondly, there is the complication, which any British Government would face, of the ties already existing which bind England to the Commonwealth. As a member of the Community, the United Kingdom would become part of the new free-trade area with a tariff against all other countries. This would at once raise delicate questions with respect to the preferences by which the sterling area as a whole is cemented together. No country could very well belong simultaneously to two federations dealing with economic matters, and it would be a very difficult choice indeed if, in order to join the Community, Britain had to leave the Commonwealth. So England waits for a deal.

And what about price-fixing versus the free competitive market under the Schuman Plan? The American influence was thrown strongly behind provisions comparable to the Sherman Act, as it should have been. But against us were all of the traditional forces of European business practices which have always sought price agreements under the complacent eye of government. They really know no other way of life in Europe. Even the familiar words have different meaning. When European business leaders speak of a "free market," they do not mean, as we would, an area in which every producer may seek business on any basis that satisfies a willing buyer and a willing seller, but rather one in which the price is identical for all. And when a European businessman speaks of "free enterprise" he means not only private initiative and responsibility but the privilege of agreeing with his competitors on prices without government interference. This chasm between their thinking and ours makes all discussion of the cartel aspects of the Schuman Plan between Americans and Europeans extremely difficult. In fact, in both England and France when I asked businessmen privately how they would achieve the ideals of economic unity in Europe without the Schuman Plan, I got the same answer: leave it to the steel men themselves to "rationalize" the steel industry under some form of government supervision to protect the public interest.

It is no wonder, therefore, that an anomaly has resulted. The treaty bans cartels, yet actually there are embodied in it many of the essential features of a cartel. On the one hand, Article 60 in the most direct language forbids agreement among enterprises that would tend to fix or influence prices; to restrict or control production, technical development, or investments; to allocate markets, products, customers, or sources of supply. Someone knowledgeable of American law surely drew that language. Yet in case of a decline in demand, if the High Authority deems that the Community is faced with a period of manifest crisis it may, after consulting with the Consultative Committee and with the concurrence of the Council, establish a system of production quotas and regulate the rate of operation of the various enterprises by making appropriate levies on tonnages exceeding a reference level. There it is! Shades of America's codes and the unlamented Blue Eagle of 1932. And who can doubt the infinite capacity of politicians in any country to find a crisis if there is power to be exercised?

One phase of the pricing policy, however, is bound to bring a smile of amusement to the face of any American steel producer who reads the treaty. With us, the government planners who know better than we how the industry should be conducted have in recent years dedicated their efforts to the proposition that freight absorption is evil. Although a magazine or a particular brand of toothpaste may be sold in every town at the same price because the producer pays the freight in order to capture that market, they want steel to be different. They insist that steel be sold to all at the same price at the plant, and that the customer pay the freight. The argument that this would reduce competition and tend to create a series of local monopolies around points of production has fallen on deaf ears. But under the Schuman Plan, after hearing all of the evidence, the assembled European bureaucracy rejected the cherished viewpoint of our American bureaucracy, and established a multiple basing point system with freight absorption encouraged. In other words, what it is heresy for us to practice, our European colleagues are urged to adopt.

3

None of the doubts that I have expressed have the slightest novelty. Certainly none are original with me. Many of them were felt deeply by men of good will in the various countries who tried honestly to preserve the essential freedoms. Hence the extraordinarily complex system of checks and balances that was introduced into the document through the long months of negotiation. But no polyglot group sitting as a drafting committee, even under the adroit leadership of a Jean Monnet, could possibly reach precise agreement on what are

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the essential freedoms, or devise escape clauses against all contingencies. Now that the text is complete and signed by the Foreign Ministers, doubt about the Schuman Plan still persists everywhere, even at the top echelons in the various governments. Even its best friends have doubts.

The advocates of the plan recognize all this and have an answer that is rather widely accepted. They say that everything will depend upon how the plan is administered; that in an adventure of such daring magnitude, where in their view the whole future of Europe is at stake, it would be beyond human ingenuity to create a document so perfect that all contingencies had been foreseen and dealt with in express language. This is the first long stride toward unity, they say. We learn to walk by walking. The question is, Can men of good will now go forward together and learn to walk?

It could be. An inspired man of high intelligence and selfless devotion to the cause of a unified Europe could accomplish miracles at this critical time by leading instead of compelling. He could respect the freedom of the competitive market, preserve the driving power of free private management, and still advance the wise integration of the great industrial areas that are now so grievously inhibited by national boundaries. But where is such a man to be found? And if found today, is it reasonable to suppose that others as gifted and as selfless will follow him in lineal succession for the full term of fifty years?

Some think that the first President of the High Authority will surely be Jean Monnet himself. Those who admire him hope very much that this may be so. Certainly during the negotiations no other figure stood out who could bear comparison with Monnet's facile mind, unswerving purpose, and suave skill in negotiation. But those who distrust him would regard that step as the fulfillment of all their fears. They would consider his ascendancy as the doom of free enterprise and the beginning of socialism in steel. They might even prefer nationalization; for after all, that would be limited to their own country, and elections can change governments and systems. But the Schuman Plan is to be cemented for fifty years. No single government could turn back. For myself, and without expressing an opinion on this point of controversy, I doubt whether this will come about. M. Monnet regards himself far too seriously as a man of destiny to wish to be chained to an administrative desk in this particular project. Once the Schuman Plan is functioning he will go on to the next plan, and after that to the next — in my opinion.

So what should an American think about it all? Obviously it isn't honest just to duck the whole thing and not have an opinion, and yet who in the United States has one? The official party line of our government as expressed by the State Department and by ECA is to be for the Schuman Plan, on the broad, general ground that European unity is desirable. We were firm against the cartel idea, but whether the over-all impact of the plan will be a move toward socialism and away from free enterprise is treated with silence by our officials. There is no volume of informed opinion in this country to which our government may turn for guidance. We debate the Far East and the Middle East and military defense of Western Europe on every forum and in every pullman car, but never a word about the Schuman Plan.

For myself, I have come to the conclusion that the risks are too great. I cannot believe that it is fair that the European steel industry, which has been built by the patience and skill of generations of steelmasters, *maîtres de forges*, from its beginnings in the Middle Ages to its present strong position, which is so basic to the prosperity of each country that is involved and so essential to our own plans for European rearmament, should be made the subject of a vast sociological experiment. I would be the first to admit that the European steel enterprises are not perfect: they are not yet fully modernized; they have been too slow to raise wages and improve working conditions; and they shrink from the risks of that honest competition which is so vital to our own free economy. But this remedy is too violent. It destroys more than it corrects.

I therefore share the fears of those who believe that the Schuman Plan will weaken Europe by laying the dead hand of socialism and bureaucracy across its basic industry. I wish fervently that somehow some other way might be found for advancing the political unity of Europe.

Yet in all conscience how could any thoughtful person drop this important subject on that negative note? World problems cry out urgently for solution. Western Europe is their focus, and the Schuman Plan by its boldness and its honesty of purpose evoked an emotional response from the weary nations of Europe upon which peace can and should be based. M. Schuman's declaration was brilliant and right in its spiritual concept. I applauded it a year ago and I applaud it now. It is the treaty that is wrong. It is the men who have done the compromising who have let M. Schuman down and who have locked into the document doubts like mine.

This came about because the treaty is the work of men who were halfhearted in their convictions about free enterprise. From every country they were government officials, men who by instinct and habit of mind favor the ascendancy of bureaucracy over business. Taboo at the conferences were the men whose lives have been devoted to the concept that the greatest good for the greatest number is brought about by full release of the driving force of private initiative. Taboo for that matter were American steel men in forming the American Policy.

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Yet the steel industries of the countries involved are already an important force in the world. Great wars were begun in reliance upon them, and in peace they have contributed mightily to the economic strength of Europe. Governments did not bring this to pass. Steel is not produced in Paris, or Rome, or Brussels, and never will be. Ingots are not rolled by bureaucrats. Why then should not the men who have made the present system work have a chance to be heard? Is it reasonable to suppose that the men who drew this treaty can make more and better steel than they? Is this a time for that sort of revolutionary gamble?

Fortunately, there is still time to do something about it. True the Foreign Ministers have initialed the draft, but in each country, parliamentary ratification will be required. Amendment is not only still possible, but normal. No one doubts the propriety of full public discussion in each country, to be followed by appropriate modification where that seems to be required. The question still to be answered by the nations of Europe is whether they believe that free enterprise should be preserved; and by us whether the United States, where that system has produced the economic strength that is now the salvation of the world, will use its great influence in that direction.

What specifically do I think should be done?

Let them write into the document a declaration against socialization as clear as that against price-fixing. Let there be a free enterprise standard for measuring the conduct of the administrators. Strike out the punitive measures and rely on informed public opinion to govern the social attitudes of the managements. If necessary, reduce the term of the commitment, making it long enough for a fair trial but not the equivalent of forever.

In other words, to resolve the dilemma, let M. Schuman's ideal find expression in a climate of free enterprise, in language drawn by men who understand free enterprise and believe in its power for good.

WITHIN THE WAVE

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

WITHIN the hollow wave there lies a world,
Gleaming glass-perfect, rising to be hurled
Into a thousand fragments on the sand,
Driven by tide's inexorable hand.
Now in the instant while disaster towers,
I glimpse a land more beautiful than ours;
Another sky, more lapis lazuli,
Lit by unsetting suns; another sea,
By no horizons bound; another shore,
Glistening with shells I never saw before.
Smooth mirror of the present, poised between
The crest's "becoming" and the foam's "has been" —
How luminous the landscape seen across
The crystal lens of an impending loss!

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The Atlantic Serial

A choreographer and dancer whose ballets in Oklahoma!, Bloomer Girl, Brigadoon, *and* Allegro *have brought a new quality to the American stage,* AGNES DE MILLE *had a long row to hoe before she could establish herself as a dancer, and a still harder struggle before she could break through the callous resistance of Broadway. Like Martha Graham, her mentor and friend, she believed that the ballet could draw fresh vitality from American themes. She had some initial success in New York, but it was in the London theater of Marie Rambert that she began enjoying sustained recognition before a critical British public. The art and the discipline of a choreographer came later, and again it was in a foreign company, the Ballet Russe, that she projected her first great ballet,* Rodeo, *dancing the lead in it at the Metropolitan on the opening night. This is the first of four installments which the* Atlantic *is privileged to print from her warm, spirited book,* Dance to the Piper.

DANCE TO THE PIPER

by AGNES DE MILLE

1

THIS is the story of an American dancer, a spoiled egocentric wealthy girl, who learned with difficulty to become a worker, to set and meet standards, to brace a Victorian sensibility to contemporary roughhousing, and who, with happy good fortune, participated by the side of great colleagues in a renaissance of the most ancient and magical of all the arts.

When I started my training, there were no native ballet companies except the disreputable troupe at the Metropolitan Opera House. The only touring companies most of us had ever seen were Anna Pavlova's Russian Ballet, the Denishawn group, or very rarely Isadora Duncan. There were good ballet schools in only four cities and no dance critics whatever on the daily papers. Throughout our country an almost universal indifference to the art prevailed, reinforced and perpetuated by social taboo.

I was born into a middle-class family which was by their standards successful. My parents were well educated and fastidious. It was unusual for a daughter of such a household to choose dancing as a career. I was brought up, my mother hoped, a lady; and ladies, my father knew, did not dance. Consequently a good deal of discussion took place by articulate people under heated circumstances.

My father, William C. de Mille, was a New York playwright who had several brilliant successes with Belasco before he was thirty-five. My mother was the daughter of Henry George, the political economist, and had been born in San Francisco just after the writing of *Progress and Poverty*. She was an ardent Single-Taxer and a fearless crusader from her birth.

My sister Margaret and I passed our first years in the exact routine of New York children — head colds, walks in the park, curtailment of racing and screaming in the apartment. Father continued to write hit after hit, collaborating with Belasco — *The Warrens of Virginia*, which gave a fourteen-year-old, Mary Pickford, her first role; *Classmates*, whose ingénue was Mary Boland; and *The Woman*, in which Mary Nash made her first success.

Since Father was a playwright, I determined to be an actress. It was only after seeing the matinee performance of Adeline Genée, dainty, doll-like, and impeccable, that I altered my choice of vocation. I declared on coming home that henceforth I would be a ballet dancer, and that Mother might arrange about lessons for the next day. There were, however, no lessons. But I danced, and I was encouraged by Mother to improvise nightly while she accompanied me on the Orchestrelle, these exercises becoming as much a part of the evening's program as brushing teeth.

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Father took no notice. Father was busy with the real theater. Suddenly, unexpectedly, he had a flop, *After Five*, a comedy dealing with suicide. I remember seeing him in bed the morning after this opening, the bed and floor strewn with newspapers while he hunted for a bit of mercy in edition after edition.

"What's happened, Father?" I asked excitedly.

"Go away, dearie," said my mother, sweeping me in front of her muslins and adding with that smooth voice of studied unconcern which instantly signaled to me that the family was on the verge of ruin: "Your father is preoccupied." Father raised an ashen face over the top of the *Times*.

"Perhaps," she continued as the door shut on me, "Hollywood *would* be a good change. Tell Cecil 'yes.' You needn't stay long. You can have a complete rest. I don't think it will damage your New York reputation — besides, it will be so good for the children's colds."

2

Father's brother, Uncle Cecil, had gone to California the year before, in 1913, an adventure considered by the rest of the family as the purest folly. But Cecil had little to lose. He had had uneven success in acting and playwrighting, and his ventures with business had failed as well. On departure for the West he asked Father for $5000. But Father had staked him too often fruitlessly and this time was being cautious. It has since become clear that Father's decision was not a profitable one, that $5000 would have entitled him to one-eighth interest in Paramount Pictures, Inc. The company was founded around a lunch table in New York. Jesse Lasky, an ex-cornet player who had made a small name in vaudeville with his band of beautiful red-headed girls, gave his name — The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co.; Sam Goldfish, a glove merchant and Lasky's brother-in-law, was business manager. He later changed his name to Goldwyn.

Cecil, who established himself immediately as Director General of the Lasky company, begged Father to join him. They were settled very nicely, he wrote, in what had been a stable on Vine Street. Business was expanding rapidly; the work was pioneering and picturesque; Father was literate and would, therefore, Cecil pointed out, find unique opportunities. So Father agreed to go.

He wrote back every single day from Hollywood and sent photographs: Cecil and himself in director's costume, riding breeches, and puttees to protect their legs on location work. Cecil in his early thirties, balding already, stocky, with the dynamism of a young bull, his head lowered to gaze straight into the camera, his beautiful teeth flashing; Father, the older brother, thoughtful, intelligent, practiced, waiting slightly to the rear. There were photographs of rattlesnakes crawling over the dressing-room steps, of Hollywood and cowboys, of actresses in tangles of hair, their black-rimmed eyes squinting in the white sun.

Mother decided to close up the New York flat and follow him out with my sister and me. We planned to stay for six months and then we would come back so that Father, well rested, could write another successful play.

Mother started to pack: I looked ahead. I would, I hoped, go to school with an Indian boy. I would have a horse and ride with the cowboys. I would, please God, be allowed to act in the movies.

Hollywood was different from what I thought, anticlimactic after the momentous trip West. Where were the deserts cut and gullied by pale blue rivers? The red and orange Indian mountains we had left behind in Arizona? The ancient villages glimpsed fleetingly as the tracks clicked behind too fast? From a Pullman window I had seen two Navajos, scarlet and purple, riding quietly down a path to the shadowed arroyo, just as though it had been three hundred years ago, just as though a train were not going by in front of them with little girls eating their lunch of lettuce and Thousand Island dressing en route to join their handsome young father in Hollywood.

The trip was a belated homecoming for Mother. For Father, Margaret, and me it was a voyage into pure adventure. We stayed the first few nights with Uncle Cecil but Mother quickly found us a dear little ugly house of our own, snuggling at the foot of a hill and boasting a banana tree and a rose garden.

Hollywood was merely a country town, like many in the East, with palms instead of maples and chestnuts. There were absolutely no Indians, but there was a hermit with sackcloth, bare feet, and staff. Kids said he lived in a cave in the hills. And there were some cowboys. They kept largely to themselves out on the Lasky ranch, coming in only occasionally to the studio to play *caballeros* or knights or Civil War cavalry or themselves. Occasionally they would show up in a group of six or eight in Uncle Ce's back yard and take us for a good thumping gallop around the block astride their saddlebows. They smelled of sweat and leather and they laughed with great male laughs which we found pleasantly terrifying. We used to come upon groups of them riding down the back streets where the asphalt was soft under their horses' feet.

The main thoroughfare, Hollywood Boulevard, was a shambling, drowsy street of box stores and shingled houses under the dusty crackling palms and pepper trees. The stores had been thrown together in a week, but the houses were substantial, built by citizens of the Middle West who had come to the Coast to die at ease in the sun. A trolley clanged down the eight miles from Laurel Canyon to the heart of Los Angeles, and this was the only

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public conveyance. On it every morning rode the entire working staff of the studio carrying their lunch boxes. Only the Director General, my uncle, and the producer, Jesse Lasky, rode to work in cars. Actors, directors, and writers went by trolley. And when the family had Uncle Cecil's car or when he came home to dinner with Pop, they walked. I used to see them crossing the vacant lot in the red sunset, their putteed legs scratching through the dried yellow grass. They carried briefcases and talked with heads lowered.

"Anne," called Father, "I've brought Cecil home."

"Cecil?" said Mother in a fluster. His effect on the womenfolk was always that of a cock in a barnyard, and Mother, like all his female relatives, looked upon every chance to serve him as an indulgence on his part.

"William," she said, "you might have warned me." And she rushed to make the table look prettier.

They sat long after dinner and talked of the studio. I was asleep by then, but I woke to hear their voices. They talked with fervor. They were in love with their new work. In the first year, Pop stayed away from the studio only seventeen days, including Sundays.

3

The studio was a converted stable on Vine Street, the building itself of a dingy, dark green wood. At the little wooden railing which fenced petitioners from the Promised Land sat a brash kid with his feet on the rail. He was usually called Mervyn Le Roy, and insisted on greeting persons by their first names instead of addressing the daughters of studio executives properly as "Miss de Mille." In the wooden wall were wickets labeled Casting Director and Cashier. People lined up in front of them at appropriate times, but the daughters of executives swept through, snubbing Mervyn Le Roy.

Crossing the hall, one came right out into the open air again. There, in a great rectangle of wooden shacks, carpenter shops, dressing rooms, and such, were broad, low wooden platforms, the stages, open to the weather and protected from the skies only by long awnings of white muslin called diffusers that pulled back and forth on guide wires. To a certain extent the sunlight could be regulated by the manipulation of these canvases. The rain could not be. When it poured, the scenery got sopping and stood dripping and drenched under tarpaulins. The worn boards of the stage collected pools, and shooting was suspended. The first glass-covered stage was not erected until we had been there a year, and was the exhibition piece of the company. All the shops went up in a fine blaze one Tuesday afternoon and were prudently rebuilt of cement. There being no walls of any kind around the sets, any studio member who wanted to could stop and watch and invite family and friends to join. Mary Pickford was the first actress to insist on privacy, and was regarded as antisocial as well as temperamental and self-indulgent for doing so, but she was too expensive ($10,000 per week) to be gainsaid.

Direction was largely improvisation, and acting consisted mainly in following, without showing irritation or fluster, signals shouted through a megaphone. To supply the rhythm which set dialogue or timed pantomime might have furnished and which everyone instinctively felt was needed, a couple of musicians stood by. They played anything they liked, appropriate or not, and they played without cease, through hammering, sawing, dragging, calling, banging, whispering, and sobbing. In moments of intense passion, the violinist generally moved in close to the scene of operations like a good anesthetist, carefully feeding the efforts of the earnest young woman who was attempting to pull emotional significance out of thin air. She was given no build-up, no springboard of audience excitement, no pattern even — just told to pump out raw emotion under a blazing sky while she watched the yelling director or the chicken hawks overhead circling down from the hills and back.

The stories were generally settled in a day or two of conference. A list of sets and props was handed to the carpenters, a list of costumes to the dressmakers. The location man was told to hunt up a good place in the San Fernando Valley for a massacre. The cameraman loaded his box, and they were ready to begin. It was my father who, coming from the tradition of a literate theater, suggested that it might be useful to write out in detail beforehand what they planned doing. He wrote complete little synopses for Cecil. Then he asked a writer friend, Margaret Turnbull, to come West to help him. The two of them wrote synopses sitting at desks in a small wooden house with screen doors on the lot. Pop got the studio painter to make him a sign which he hung on the doorknob, Scenario Department. And this was the first time these words appeared in Hollywood.

If there was no loitering, a feature full-length (five-reel) film could be shot in two weeks; with one week for preparation and one week for editing and cutting, a picture could be finished for the first running in about four weeks. The runnings or first showings occurred on Wednesday and Saturday nights. Every employee had the privilege of attending with his family. Everyone told the director what he thought of the work and offered his suggestions for improvement. Everyone was proud at the prospect of success, everyone saddened by a failure. New inventions were the boast of all — the first large close-up, for instance, or the daring sequence of a man leaving one house and arriving

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at another, omitting the intervening explanatory scene of his walking down the street.

The men who made the early films did not despise their work or hate their bosses. They had not come to accept frustration as their almost inevitable lot. Each picture was a challenge. They worked as individualists. They worked on their own as artists. And although very few of them were artists, they all had the pleasure and pride of believing they might be and worked accordingly. Some of their exuberance found its way into the productions, and many of these films have the zest and sincerity of true primitives.

In those early days the citizens of Hollywood were openly contemptuous of the infant industry. Every now and then the comfortable maggot domesticity of Hollywood Boulevard was interrupted by a moving-picture unit which arbitrarily roped off a section of sidewalk and made use of whatever portion of the town suited their story needs while the citizenry gaped in good-natured disdain or raw curiosity. A carload of Keystone cops would debouch in the leading thoroughfare, beat their victims on the head with cotton clubs, and effect a departure before the authentic constabulary of the town were aware of what happened. The townsfolk were amused but not surprised, since nothing the "movies" did surprised them. Picturesque, irresponsible people of precarious ways and bizarre tastes, they were considered no social threat as long as they were kept in their place.

Behind this street of make-believe and inflamed ambition, behind this tiny empire-building, the hills rose suddenly, untamed, pre-Spanish, coarse with desert weed and wild tearing sagebrush, riven with flood, blind with dust storm, formed and burnt in an endless sun, and hard and promising that the future was as unknown and terrible as the past, that there was enough strength and brutal promise in the land to stir the earth underfoot until the windows rattled and the people knelt in their little stucco churches and conversed urgently with God. And over all stretched the bare sky, the original sky, the peeled and exposed sky, blind and endless.

Very few were aware of what the hills meant in their lives. If they thought at all of such matters it was to stop suddenly on a December morning and remark that the hills had turned green with a veiling of grass and flowers, that there was a smell of wild lilac in the air, and from beyond the orchard country, when the wind turned, a hint of snow. The rains had come! The blackened slopes were now meadows of blowing, moving blossom. The children grew unmanageable and took to the highlands, returning after long forays, scratched and bitten, with armfuls of dying lupine and brodiaea or an entire yucca, twelve feet tall, which they presented to their perplexed mothers.

Once, years later when I was grown and far away, someone placed a sprig of sagebrush under my nose. I burst into tears. The hills, the breathing hills! Veiled with purple in the hazy canyons, powdered with gold where the mustard and the eschscholtzia tangled in the strong grass, the crests glowing and moving with promise beyond and beyond and beyond to where old San Jacinto stood in a final cold wall against the desert! My grandfather knew the hills when California was in truth a promised land, and rode their slopes with shining heart. My grandmother turned her head to them as she stood a schoolgirl in the cloisters of the Los Angeles Mission. I had seen the wheels of the Spanish ox-carts rotting in the grass. I had walked through the old molding adobe halls and stared into the blind reduced bell towers, so small and quiet beneath the terrible blue sky. I had smelled the box hedges around the graves. It seemed to me as I stood on the top of the hills that I heard the bells again, the pious Spanish bells, forged in another country and carried here with so much pride and care, now stolen or broken but forever stilled, the bronze bells that had brought my grandmother to her knees and roused the Indians in the San Fernando fields with apprehension. It seemed to me as I stood on the hills that my whole life lay before me. The descending grassy slopes filled me with a passion to run, to roll in delirium, to wreck my body on the earth. Space means this to a dancer — or to a child! The descent through the air, the finding of earth-footage, the embracing and struggle with the fundamental ground. These are to a dancer what strong scents are to an animal.

It is no accident that California produced our greatest dancers, Duncan and Graham, and fostered the work of St. Denis, Doris Humphrey, Maracci, and Collins. The Eastern states sit in their folded scenery tamed and remembering, but in California the earth and sky clash, and space is dynamic. When people speak of Hollywood I am not minded of the goings-on in the hot studios, nor the pleasant social life of cheap oranges and easy swims, but of the untouched country behind the town, pagan, pantheistic, where mountain cats still prowl, the little deer start and tremble at human approach, coyotes scream, and the beneficent rain comes down in the eucalyptus groves.

4

I had counted on a week or two to get acclimated, to look around, but Mother with her fatiguing energy found and settled on a school within two days of arrival and we once more had to take up our good mornings with that sort of thing. The Hollywood School for Girls was held out of doors in a garden. We sat under the trees, moving from spot to spot for classes as it seemed pleasant to do so. When it rained we studied in long shacks. Very nice young ladies attended, mingled quite demo-

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cratically with the moving picture daughters. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joel McCrea were our two male pupils. Doug, Jr., was a fat youngster in a sailor suit. He stood on his head too often and hung by his heels from the lower branches of trees. His father's reputation weighed heavily on him.

Several of us had famous fathers and none of us was unaware of the responsibility. Among the young ladies were the two daughters of Louis B. Mayer, Edith and Irene. They were dark-eyed friendly girls distinguished by mistaken enthusiasm for their father's achievements. Our loyalties remained throughout the school years violent and competitive. *Noblesse oblige* alone kept me from telling them outright what my family thought about their family's films.

The attitude of my family toward all competition strikes me today as remarkably haughty. When Cecil made *Carmen* with Geraldine Farrar, and Fox quickly rushed out a rival version entitled *Carmen as It Should Be* with Theda Bara, it was automatically taken for granted by all de Milles that this second interpretation would be spurious. Naturally, all inner family councils were championed by me on playground and pavement. "Have you seen *The Birth of a Nation?*" asked Luigina Carpenter in rebuttal. I had not seen it for moral reasons. Nothing Mr. Griffith ever directed was considered by Mother suitable for a growing girl. But ignorance never stopped my tongue. "That's nothing," I said, "wait until you see my uncle's picture *The Arab* — three hundred horsemen galloping across the burning Arabian sands and massacring a whole town full of people."

"That's nothing," retorted the maddening Luigina. "In *The Klansman* there's the Ku Klux Klan and fiery crosses and thousands, simply thousands of Negroes and Southern gentlemen lynching one another."

"My mother says that's not nice," I answered, slamming the front gate.

The one person in the school I made no attempt to bully or dominate was a beautiful, dark-haired child named Mary Hunter. She alone remained uncowed, though friendly, and played with me when and as it suited her and when her mother permitted, which was not too often. Mary was reminded quite peremptorily that we were movies. Nevertheless, we declared ourselves inseparable for life. Oddly enough, we have been.

Her aunt was Mary Austin, the writer. Mrs. Austin occasionally visited Mary's home and told us remarkable stories and worked out our fortunes in cards. She kept a strong protective watch over her niece and advised her about her studies, admonishing her as to behavior in long, strongly expressed letters about how to conduct herself in a manner becoming the famous Mrs. Austin's niece. Although not her niece, I was also given strongly expressed advice then and later.

The class I enjoyed most was pantomime. We had dancing too, but Mother refused to let me take this, as possibly confusing to my native gifts. But I watched the other little girls learning Ruth St. Denis's and Isadora's dances thirdhand.

5

Our second summer, Uncle Cecil brought Farrar to Hollywood to play *Carmen* and I had my first model to aspire to. The world-famous Geraldine was the first great international star to try the Western experiment. Grand Opera meant far more in those days than it does now or possibly ever will again. It represented the ultimate in theatrical grandeur, honor, permanence, and splendor, and Farrar was among its most dazzling names. She had trod the oldest and most glorious stages. She had graced courts. An emperor had been at her feet. The studio hummed with anticipation! It was in a sense like the excitement that preceded Mary Anderson's first visit to a mining town. The first star dressing room to grace Hollywood was erected, lined with chintz and furnished with comfortable wicker chairs and couches. A Steinway piano was procured for the set. She came West with her mother, her father, her French maid, her business manager, her hairdresser, and two lady companions, all at the expense of the studio. That was quite proper. If she had come in any lesser manner we would have been disappointed.

She visited the studio first on a Sunday morning and we were all on hand, the executives and their families, either to welcome or to stare. I was enthralled — jet-black hair with blue lights in it (her hair was naturally chestnut; she dyed it — not blond according to the habits of the time, but black), a glowing skin, deep Irish blue eyes, a figure rather dumpy but superbly held, a lovely provocative voice, and the most dazzling smile we had ever seen. She gave each person she spoke to her entire momentary attention. She brought out all that was witty, sparkling, and vital in them, even in us, gap-toothed children, even for the part of a minute when we limply took her hand and bobbed a curtsey. We had never seen such unutterably lovely clothes. She wore a blond straw hat with pink roses, pendant diamond earrings, a cool linen dress, and white silk stockings with long pointed black patent-leather shoes and cut-steel buckles. ("They may be fashionable," said Mother, "but I don't think they're in good taste. Black stockings should go with black shoes.") Margaret and I vowed to love her all our lives. She became our crush, and the grownups, quick to turn to their own advantage any emotion that would serve them, even the most sacred, prevailed on us to go to bed on time because she did (ten-thirty always when she was not singing), and urged us to answer our letters because she replied to hers within twenty-four hours in her

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own hand. The electricians, the carpenters, the cowboys all adored her. Everyone at the studio, from executive to assistant prop-boy, spoke of her as "Our Gerry."

During that summer she came to dinner at our house. I was not permitted, of course, to eat with her, but very nearly ran a temperature at the prospect of having her under our roof.

After dinner there was music. Farrar never sang during the summer, but she played the piano with great power and everyone else sang. She played brilliantly, improvising as she went, talking and laughing. Before she played she stripped her fingers of her black pearl rings as large as robin's eggs, and her great diamond and pearl bracelets, and threw them on the piano top. Then she sat down and played like a man. The sound of the music and the laughter woke my sister and me and we crept in our nightgowns to the stairs and sat there with faces pressed against the balustrade, shivering at the glory below.

6

As the daughter of Henry George, Mother had early settled for herself the causes of war, of economic depression, of unequal distribution of wealth, and so on, and she naturally found it a matter of no great effort to reach definite conclusions on hats, dresses, interior decoration, manners, painting, music, plays, cooking, the rearing of children, and sex.

We were brought up in a manner lively but stern. Father wanted us healthy, nontheatrical, and lettered. He didn't seem to care about much else. Mother, on the other hand, had comprehensive ideas about everything.

Margaret and I were not allowed to go to the studio often, and never unchaperoned. We were never permitted to read the newspapers. We were allowed to look at the pictures in the Sunday supplements except during the Arbuckle scandal, and then we weren't. We knew few actors. Father did not like them extracurricular and only about a dozen were invited to the house. Margaret and I dined alone until high-school age. We went to bed at eight until then and at nine until college.

Mother's ideas of dress were rigid. My sister and I were dressed exactly alike to prevent jealousy. We wore Liberty smocks or little frocks of Japanese crepe embroidered and cross-stitched by her own hand. With the exception of hats and shoes, she never bought us store clothes. She considered these too ordinary and, I suspect, given her remarkable moral scruples, too easy. She dressed herself with similar independence and with proud disdain for whatever anyone else might choose to wear. She had a penchant for tricornes and wore them in velvet, satin, felt, velours, straw, with cockades and without, with feathers, sometimes with flowers — and when I was old enough I wore them. Never at any point in my growing up did they bear relationship to the current vogue. My sister, with greater independence of spirit, began making personal decisions about her own clothes by the time she was ten. It is no accident that she became one of the leading style experts in this country. I never gainsaid Mother about so much as a color or a ruffle. Mother like red satin heels on her slippers because Louis XIV and XV had worn them, and when I was old enough I wore red heels. She liked eighteenth-century evening dresses, but made in useful, comfortable, twentieth-century materials like chiffon and China silk. She had definite ideas about hair — curls on the forehead, curls down the back, curls on the side. She curled me every morning before school while I read aloud to her, usually in French. She did not understand French, but she thought it was good practice for me. When I started going to parties she piled a crown of curls on the top of my head surmounted with laurel leaves. This arrangement did much to militate against any social success I might have had. Her own hair was very lovely, a bright golden red which she wore coiled at the nape of her neck. My hair was red-gold, too, quite handsome but rather too thick and curly to be manageable. "The Circassian Ugly" my sister called me, and there were many family jokes of similar nature. It was part of our parents' plan to keep us from imagining that we were in any way attractive girls — lovable, yes, but attractive, never.

Mother was tiny. She wore a size one shoe. And she took great pride in the fact that I had inherited her small foot. I wore a size one and a half point shoe when I was grown which broadened in width as my toes grew misshapen in battle. I nearly ruined my feet trying to maintain her unmatched pedal tradition.

Mother loved to entertain but invited always those people she thought ought to get on together, with small regard as to whether they were likely to or not. She set a beautiful table, regulating the drinks according to her scruples: none at all, for instance, during prohibition, although she heartily disapproved of the law. "Don't break the law," she would say to her thirsty and disappointed friends, "change it!"

She had a horror of waste, a tie-over from an impoverished girlhood, and even when my father was earning $4000 a week regularly the year around, she would go about the house turning out the lights to save the light bill. She felt compelled to shop at the end-of-the-month bargain sales even when she could well afford more leisurely times, even when she needed nothing. She saved everything — old letters, old laces and ribbons, papers and strings. She saved time. She shortened her life saving time. She was always late because she was afraid she might have some spare time on her hands, and ac-

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cordingly arranged a daily schedule that ignored geography and delay. Resting she considered a waste unless it was done strenuously — that is, on a bed, on one's back, with one's eyes closed. "Don't just sit there, dearie," she would say coming into a room. "Do something!" To this hour I find it impossible to read a book before sundown unless it has some immediate connection with my work.

Her humor was irreverent, capricious, zany, and delightful, but modified and curtailed by her multiplicity of moral compulsions. She was always worrying about something. She felt she was not wringing the worth out of the moment unless she fretted a little. She gave the impression of being a dear, quaint, fussy, old-fashioned busybody until a question of principle was involved or a crisis; then suddenly one found oneself facing up to a personality with all the instability of Gibraltar. She was a rock. She was a fortress. It was as though the shadow of her father stood behind her and quietly laid his hand on her shoulder.

Mother's veneration for her father bordered on the religious. Her compulsion to carry on his work, to promulgate his theories, she accepted as proof of her love. She chafed and fretted at her inadequacy to do anything conclusive, but she let no small opportunities pass, such as talking to friends at tea parties, giving public lectures, or leaving pamphlets with the grocer, the shoemaker, the studio electrician, the traffic cop. It was her tragedy that she had inherited her father's energy and passion to do good without his sense of organization or intellect. The great powers within her were never channeled. They ran at cross-purposes, directionless, tearing at her heart, hurrying her, driving her. They would have broken her early but for her constitution, which, though deceptively veiled in fragility, was unusually durable. But they left her no peace. All her life she could never rest.

Nor could she let us rest. Having known one authentic genius, she took for granted that anyone in whom she placed her faith and love must stand head and shoulders above the surrounding multitudes. This was a bit tough on her husband and daughters, bright enough in their way, but none too eager to be judged by standards of absolute supremacy.

I, however, considered Pop an authentic genius. He was to me the master artist, the great scholar. I frequently wept when he spoke about his work. It was more than my nerves could stand, this communion in professional purpose which the others in the family could not share. My passion was to please him, never to fail his expectations, to bear his name proudly, and I did all he asked eagerly. He was an excellent photographer; I learned photography. He sang well and half-jokingly suggested that I learn the piano in order to accompany him; my response ran to five hours' daily practicing in the summer and full-length recitals with my sister. He was a fine athlete and had been a track man at Columbia. He played brilliant tennis and worked out with Maurice McLoughlin and all the Suttons and Bundys on Sunday afternoons. I tried to learn tennis, making the semifinals always in the junior state tournaments. He told me what to read; I read. He told me what not to; a gun would not have persuaded me to open the book. He told me to write. I became editor of the school paper, and he took my best themes proudly back East with him to show Brander Matthews and John Erskine. He told me to stop bullying my little sister; I tried for a day or two at a time.

We talked long about tennis, about books and art — a great deal about books and the importance of fine work. He talked in detail every night at dinner about his work at the studio, inflaming me, exciting me, but never, never holding out any promise of a release for my professional yearnings. I kept hoping. I always believed that next month he would lead me through the gates of the studio and say, "Here is a new professional."

At this time our neighbor, Fred Stone, invited his little daughter, Dorothy, to dance with him as his partner at a big benefit performance. He taught her the steps and worked with her for hours. They had a great success. I ran with this example of paternal love to Pop. "But you see, my dear," he said, "I am not a dancer."

"Oh, Pop," I begged, "don't be horrid, don't tease. You know what I mean."

"No, my dear, I don't," he said, "and besides I want my daughter to have an education."

Mother believed in self-expression, but she could not go against his will, and he was particularly interested in not having us embrace the theater as a career. I dare say Mother would have liked me to be recognized as a child prodigy in every major artistic field, but without my ever suspecting that I was in any way unusual. Improvised dances were cultural, that was all there was to that. She wanted me above all to be a fine, gentle, sweet-mannered, pure girl and this was what I was being raised as against every inclination in my nature.

7

Uncle Cecil is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. He has been a marquee name since 1913 — a span of unbroken and successful effort which for sheer length has been without match in the history of moving pictures. Father, within the confines of our separate family group, may have been considered the intellectual, but Uncle Ce was taken by all, family, friends, and admiring professionals, to be the type of success, the brilliant, decisive epitome of achievement. One did not contradict him because he was absolutely convinced, because his personality was compelling, and because he had been vindicated in his tastes by millions.

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Consequently, his idea of a star was accepted by almost all of us as axiomatically the recipe for a great performing artist. My desire to comply with this pattern and my subsequent rejection of it as unsuitable for myself have been among the strong shaping forces of my life. But he remained in the background although perhaps not consciously for all of us, as the point of reference, the lodestar. We might say we did not like this or that, or disagree in such and such a way, but the emotional impact of his position and power was enormous. We responded to him with a kind of reflex. There was no place in the family point of view for failure then or later; he had made it out of the question.

As younger men, both brothers, William Churchill and Cecil Blount de Mille, looked much alike, slender, dark, and handsome, Cecil very much the handsomer of the two. Father looked like a Spanish grandee, with melting brown eyes, dark curly hair, and the brow and nose of a thinking, proud man. His face was severe even in repose, and his mouth firm in preoccupation. But the lights blazed behind his eyes and his lids and his lips were cross-hatched with lurking smiles. His voice was an actor's voice, sharp and decisive but always quiet, drawing out soft and sibilant in his more wicked comments.

Pop's outstanding characteristic was his wit. Language was his delight and tool. He became known as one of the best after-dinner speakers in Hollywood. It is a pity he chose to spend the best years of his life working where no speech was wanted, for his dramatic satire was fine. He was as potent at the breakfast table, and I used to sit shivering in a mixture of admiration and terror as the barbed comments came closer and closer. Dinner with Father meant a real display of intellectual pyrotechnics to me. I sat with shining eyes, giggling and giggling. He never had a better audience, and he had many.

Father didn't care how he looked on the set. He directed in his old clothes, an old battered tennis hat which he refused to change or throw away. He gave himself entirely to the business on hand and was extremely bad-tempered if he was interrupted, but he never raised his voice to his actors. With them he had endless patience, coaxing, cajoling, analyzing. He was adored by cast and technicians, who usually called him "Bill" with familiarity and affection. Cecil, on the other hand, was always on show and appeared for work impeccably dressed, usually in well-cut riding breeches and leather boots. His manner was princely and courteous. He always made guests welcome, explained and chatted and showed off in a very satisfactory way. If he lost his temper it was in the grand manner, building up from a simple statement of displeasure, through long developments of sarcasm, to a fulminating climax of operatic splendor which not infrequently terminated with dismissal. He held the belief that he got the best work from people when he had stripped their nerves raw, when they could no longer think, when they acted through an instinct of rage and desperation. If they turned in a fair piece of work and he struck them across the mouth, they'd turn in a better one the next day. He regularly set his entire staff by the ears by demanding publicly their individual opinions on one another's work while he sat aloof in Olympian calm until matters had reached a broth of discussion. He then stepped in and resolved the trouble by Jovian fiat.

He has often said to me that he thought ladies made poor actresses because, he reasoned, they had learned too much control. He had his own methods of breaking down that control. He generally got what he was after. When, however, he worked with skilled technicians he was quiet and patient. And he was very much more often charming than not, and humorous, and whatever he did he did with colossal zest, and it was never dull working for him. Although I suppose every member of his staff has from time to time resented his tyranny, they have stuck with fierce loyalty and pride, some of them for thirty years. They called him "Chief," and his theory that he was the greatest director alive they accepted as their party slogan.

And certainly, as a director of mass movement, this century has not seen his like. I have worked with many, including Reinhardt, Mamoulian, Cukor, and Kazan, and I know. He surpassed in this respect by long odds D. W. Griffith, whom many think invented and developed the technique of screen spectacle. The sense of rhythm, the eye for detail, the dynamic power with which he hypnotized a mob standing for hours in the open sun, kept them from sitting down, scattering, chewing gum, or even growing mechanical in their response at the end of the exhausting rehearsals; his faculty for invention; his endless patience despite weather or wear to stop the whole enormous mechanism, as elaborate as an advancing army in attack, because some fool man on a balcony in the middle distance had thrown off his toga and put on his pince-nez; his courage to re-rehearse the whole scene, hearten his assistants, whip up the actors again to performance pitch and straighten out all technical difficulties before the sun dropped and the shadows changed, knowing that every five minutes the cash register ticked up thousands, were a source of never ending astonishment to me. The power to dominate the mob came out of his guts, the very core of his nervous life. When I began to direct I recognized what went into these spectacular displays of endurance. He talked to me about it. "If one takes one's focus off the crowd for the space of even a few sentences to an assistant, if one leaves the set for five minutes, to go to the bathroom for instance, it takes an hour and a half to get the crowd back to where one broke off." I might have added from the depths of

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my own experience, "Or if one is doubtful or afraid or uncertain." But such ideas never occurred to him in his whole career. The strength for this domination came from his undeviating belief in what he was doing and from his enormous pride of position.

He lived like a prince potentate. Periodically, there was the crisis of production, but the household under the control of Aunt Constance remained serene and ordered. She kept all in balance. Three children were adopted; and later, in turn, all the grandchildren were given asylum and care. She liked children and so did Cecil, and this is rare for a man of his enormous egocentric drive. Tides of young people passed through those large flower-filled rooms, bringing their storms and turmoils and passions. Aunt Constance quieted the clamor and kept the place ready for the master. Frederik, the beautiful Norwegian butler, and Helja, the Finnish maid, helped. They were with her for twenty-five years. Her enchanting hospitality was open to all of us throughout our growing up.

Uncle Cecil seldom came home to dinner before ten or eleven at night. At seven the next morning, the children were crawling over his bed. At seven-thirty he was choosing his suit and tie, and by eight-thirty he was en route to the studio — often on foot.

There were always big plans. There were always important people and projects in the offing. He has been the admiration of many great businessmen; he performs with money like a virtuoso.

Success was power; success was comfort and fun for everyone. He had acquired besides his home in Laughlin Park a large ranch, "Paradise," a yacht, name jewels, a Rubens, a fine library, several show horses for his daughter, a superb cellar, as well as the more usual paraphernalia of a great Hollywood producer — swimming pool, tennis court, cars, gardens, and Lord knows what real-estate holdings and investments that were not apparent to a child's eye. Laughlin Park was policed by a night watchman, and Uncle Ce went to bed with a loaded gun, as did my father always. These circumstances I grew up with; they were the atmosphere of my childhood — the direct antiphonal counterpoint to Mother's preoccupation with economies and her unallayed guilt about owning anything at all while half the world went hungry.

8

Anna Pavlova! My life stops as I write that name. Across the daily preoccupation of lessons, lunch boxes, tooth brushings, and quarrelings with Margaret flashed this bright, unworldly experience and burned in a single afternoon a path over which I could never retrace my steps. I had witnessed the power of beauty, and in some chamber of my heart I lost forever my irresponsibility. I was as clearly marked as though she had looked me in the face and called my name. For generations my father's family had loved and served the theater. All my life I had seen actors and actresses and had heard theater jargon at the dinner table and business talk of box-office grosses. I had thrilled at Father's projects and watched fascinated his picturesque occupations. I took a proprietary pride in the profitable and hasty growth of "The Industry." But nothing in his world or my uncle's prepared me for theater as I saw it that Saturday afternoon.

Since that day I have gained some knowledge in my trade and I recognize that her technique was limited; that her arabesques were not as pure or classically correct as Markova's, that her jumps and *batterie* were paltry, her turns not to be compared in strength and number with the strenuous durability of Baronova or Toumanova. I know that her scenery was designed by second-rate artists, her music was on a level with restaurant orchestrations, her company definitely inferior to all the standards we insist on today, and her choreography mostly hack. And yet I say she was in her person the quintessence of theatrical excitement.

As her little bird body revealed itself on the scene, either immobile in trembling mystery or tense in the incredible arc which was her lift, her instep stretched ahead in an arch never before seen, the tiny bones of her hands in ceaseless vibration, her face radiant, diamonds glittering under her dark hair, her little waist encased in silk, the great tutu balancing, quickening and flashing over her beating, flashing, quivering legs, every man and woman sat forward, every pulse quickened. She never appeared to rest static, some part of her trembled, vibrated, beat like a heart. Before our dazzled eyes, she flashed with the sudden sweetness of a hummingbird in action too quick for understanding by our gross utilitarian standards, in action sensed rather than seen. The movie cameras of her day could not record her allegro. Her feet and hands photographed as a blur.

Bright little bird bones, delicate bird sinews! She was all fire and steel wire. There was not an ounce of spare flesh on her skeleton, and the life force used her body until she died of the fever of moving, gasping for breath, much too young.

She was small, about five feet. She wore a size one and a half slipper, but her feet and hands were large in proportion to her height. Her hand could cover her whole face. Her trunk was small and stripped of all anatomy but the ciphers of adolescence, her arms and legs relatively long, the neck extraordinarily long and mobile. All her gestures were liquid and possessed of an inner rhythm that flowed to inevitable completion with the finality of architecture or music. Her arms seemed to lift not from the elbow or the arm socket, but from the base of the spine. Her legs seemed to function from the waist. When she bent her head her whole spine moved and the motion was completed the length of

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the arm through the elongation of her slender hand and the quivering reaching fingers. Without in any way being sensual — being, in fact, almost sexless — she suggested all exhilaration, gaiety, and delight. She jumped, and we broke bonds with reality. We flew. We hung over the earth, spread in the air as we do in dreams, our hands turning in the air as in water — the strong forthright taut plunging leg balanced on the poised arc of the foot, the other leg stretched to the horizon like the wing of a bird. We lay balancing, quivering, turning, and all things were possible, even to us, the ordinary people.

I have seen two dancers as great or greater since, Alicia Markova and Margot Fonteyn, and many other women who have kicked higher, balanced longer, or turned faster. These are poor substitutes for passion. In spite of her flimsy dances, the bald and blatant virtuosity, there was an intoxicated rapture, a focus of energy, Dionysian in its physical intensity, that I have never seen equaled by a performer in any theater of the world. Also she was the *first* of the truly great in our experience.

I sat with the blood beating in my throat. As I walked into the bright glare of the afternoon, my head ached and I could scarcely swallow. I didn't wish to cry. I certainly couldn't speak. I sat in a daze in the car, oblivious to the grownups' ceaseless prattle. At home I climbed the stairs slowly to my bedroom and, shutting myself in, placed both hands on the brass rail at the foot of my bed; then, rising laboriously to the tips of my white buttoned shoes, I stumped the width of the bed and back again. My toes throbbed with pain, my knees shook, my legs quivered with weakness. I repeated the exercise. The blessed, relieving tears stuck at last on my lashes. Only by hurting my feet could I ease the pain in my throat.

It is a source of sadness to me that few of our contemporary ballet dancers ever saw Anna Pavlova. At the time of which I write, her name was synonymous with the art — Pavlova, the Incomparable, was an internationally known slogan. She was as famous as Caruso and her position as unique. No one today approaches her power over the popular imagination. She half-hypnotized audiences, partaking almost of the nature of a divinity.

My life was wholly altered by her — so I wonder, casting about in vain for similar dazzling influences, what first drove Kaye, Alonso, Fonteyn, Toumanova, and Helpmann to the *barre*.

She danced *The Dying Swan*. Everyone has danced *The Swan*. What was it? A series of *pas de bourrées* around and around the stage with flutterings and undulations of the arms interspersed with broken staggers until the final collapse and folding away. Nothing else. Fokine composed it in half an hour for a charity performance, and it is probably the most famous solo in the history of dancing. When she trembled onto the stage it was a death agony, the voice in the dark, the final anonymous cry against annihilation. And when she lay doubled up and the last shudder passed through feathers and broken bones, drawing as an afterbeat when all was finished the shivering inert hand across her face in a gesture of final decency, everyone sat stricken. Death was upon each of us.

Death came to Anna Pavlova in 1931, when she was fifty. She had not stopped touring for a single season. Her knees had sustained some damage, but she would not rest, and she was in a state of exhaustion when the train that was carrying her to Holland was wrecked. She ran out into the snow in her nightgown and insisted on helping the wounded. When she reached The Hague she had double pneumonia. Her last words were: "Get the *Swan* dress ready."

Standing on Ninth Avenue under the El, I saw the headlines on the front page of the New York *Times*. It did not seem possible. She was in essence the denial of death. My own life was rooted to her in a deep spiritual sense, and had been during the whole of my growing up. It mattered not that I had only spoken to her once and that my work lay in a different direction. She was the vision and the impulse and the goal.

Pavlova's ashes were laid in the Golder's Green cemetery near her home, Ivy House, Hampstead Heath. All the glory of the last great Imperial days stood by. Karsavina was there, Lopokova, Massine.

But also in New York, in Los Angeles, in Paris, Berlin, Rome, San Francisco, wherever there was a Russian Orthodox Church, the dancers gathered, those that knew her and many more that didn't. I went in New York and all the dancers of the city were there. My mother came. She said she wished to, that she owed her a debt of many hours of joy. We stood. The Russians held lighted candles; the choir chanted with a high tonal insistency that wore down like rain on rock. The priest passed in and out of his painted, holy screens. A friend leaned to me. "They are singing," she whispered. "Receive the soul of Anna. Cherish our Anna. Bless and protect Anna." But I put my handkerchief to my mouth and heard the drums and the beating of feet and the cries she gave as she leaped. At the conclusion of the service Fokine, as senior friend, colleague, and Russian, received our condolences. He knew very few of us. We walked up silently, strangers, and shook his hand. His wife, Vera Fokina, in black from head to foot with sweeping veils, stood beside him.

We went out into the day. Wherever Pavlova had passed, hearts changed, flames sprang in the grass, and girls ran out to a strange, wild, ancient dedication.

(*To be continued*)

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A graduate of Yale College and Medical School, J. Roswell Gallagher *has been specializing in the care and "doctoring" of boys since 1932. He has served as the School Physician at the Hill School and at Phillips Academy, Andover; as Consultant-in-Medicine at the Children's Medical Center in Boston; and is today Head of the Health Department at Wesleyan College. His earlier articles in the* Atlantic, *"Can't Spell, Can't Read" (June, 1948) and "There Is No Average Boy" (March, 1949), and the paper which follows have been drawn from his new book,* Understanding Your Son's Adolescence, *an Atlantic–Little, Brown publication.*

WHY BOYS STEAL

by J. ROSWELL GALLAGHER, M.D.

1

Doc, I guess I'll have to have your help. I've got a young lad down here who just won't leave the things on the counters alone. I thought I could handle him myself, but he keeps on swiping things from me and from some of the other stores. He seems to be a nice chap, and I don't want to tell his father; he'd whale the tar out of him, and I don't think that would do any good. Would you talk to him, sort of off the record? . . . I'll send him right up. His name's Dan Dodge."

That kind storekeeper's telephone call raises a good many questions. Is stealing a common form of boys' misbehavior? How should one deal with it? What sort of boy steals? And, most important of all, *why* do boys steal?

About 75 per cent of all court delinquency cases have to do with stealing, and a staggering amount undoubtedly goes undetected. No child is born with a sense of property rights, and the occasional impulsive appropriation of others' belongings is to be expected from young children. We expect, ignore, and are amused by the infant's grasping everything that comes within his reach. We accept this and his failure to feel that he should give anything in return. However, when he fails to grow out of these childish ways, what was excused and considered amusing becomes stealing, and when it persists or is frequent, it cannot be shrugged off with the comment that "every child steals, more or less."

Dan was sixteen. He had been stealing for the past two years. He showed no resentment toward the storekeeper who had suggested that he see me, nor toward any of the others from whom he had stolen things. He seemed to welcome the chance to talk to someone about his problem. "I don't know why I steal things. Mostly they're things I don't want. Anyway, I could buy them if I wanted them badly. Maybe you can figure out why I do it. It doesn't make any sense to me."

There were five children in Dan's family, two of them older than he. His father, a successful architect, was frequently away from home. His mother, when not running the household, spent her time and efforts on the League of Women Voters. Both were intelligent, energetic, forceful people. Dan admired them but seemed to feel no affection for them. For years he had received all he got in the way of attention, applause, or companionship from his "gang." He was with them, in and out of school, from morning till night. He was not a leader, but he was a good follower, readily accepted and well liked. He played games well, though not brilliantly, was good at tinkering with autos, and could talk fluently about athletics.

During his childhood Dan did no stealing. Then, because of his father's business interests, the family moved to a small town in another state. For some reason — perhaps he was always talking of how they had done things back in Cincinnati — he had a hard time making friends. He missed his old gang desperately. "I can remember that after school I'd wander down to the stores and just poke around. I didn't want to go home, and all the other boys seemed to have something to do. It was then that I first started stealing — just little things — pencils, notebooks, scissors. I'm sure I didn't need them. Now I don't seem to be able to stop — *maybe I don't really want to.*"

Dan's stealing was senseless (neurotic, if you prefer) behavior. Though he had no practical use for them, he was taking from others things that belonged to them, without any thought of giving something in return. All of which, though insignificant and normal in the infant, is neurotic when

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it appears and persists in an adolescent. Dan wasn't "getting back at" the storekeeper by stealing from him. He wasn't, by stealing, obtaining things which he needed or of which he had been deprived by force of circumstances. He wasn't seeking applause for his daring; he told no one of his exploits. He would seem to have been fulfilling, in an abnormal and socially unacceptable way, needs that had never fully been gratified in his early years and that were now almost wholly unsatisfied. He needed love and friends; lacking these he took *things*.

To try to *cure* rather than to *punish* him is not to condone his stealing or to ignore the seriousness of the offense, for punishment is not the only sure deterrent of future misbehavior. In Dan's case, punishment would not have solved his problem. The most likely cause of his stealing was not material gain. Dan's story illustrates the importance of attempting to discover the underlying cause of a boy's misconduct. An adolescent's behavior, acceptable or not, satisfies some need of which the boy may or may not be fully conscious. Its fulfillment will bring him pleasure, its frustration pain. Inevitably, these needs cannot be completely or immediately fulfilled, and satisfactory behavior of necessity demands compromises and a considerable amount of restraint. Compromise and frustration can be either good or bad. It is just as thoughtless to regard all frustrations as warping to the personality, or all tension harmful, as it is straightway to condemn every semblance of unconventional behavior. The healthy compromise effected in the fulfilling of biological needs is the one that will be both satisfying to the individual and satisfactory to the community in which he lives.

Infantile (neurotic) behavior appears in adolescents when satisfactory, satisfying compromises have not been worked out between their needs and society's restrictions. Whenever these early *normal* needs (food, security, affection) are too little gratified, the hunger for them in later life is often abnormally great and apparently impossible to satisfy. It is this hunger which in one way or another the boy will try to appease.

Stealing, when it is an expression of neurotic behavior, is not a heinous, awesome, disgraceful business, but an ailment that cries for cure. The neurotic boy who steals should not be branded and cut out of the herd or held up as a disgrace to his classmates and family. Instead an attempt should be made to rehabilitate him.

2

However, to say that all stealing (or other forms of misbehavior) is caused by a need to fulfill a biological urge, that all stealing is a manifestation of underlying neuroticism, is neither intelligent nor realistic. Children who have been deprived of things they enjoy or desperately need for themselves or others will steal. Such stealing is obviously a voluntary act, consciously motivated.

Mike's family had always lived from hand to mouth. When his father slipped and was killed as the ferry neared its dock, the family was left in desperate circumstances. At twelve Mike was the oldest of five children. He was strong, independent, worldly-wise, and he knew the ways of the streets of the South Side. There was no sensitiveness or sentimentality about him. Without hesitation he stepped into his responsibility as the male head of the family. He worked in a store after school and every evening stayed late to sweep and clean and rearrange the goods on the shelves. But what Mike and his mother earned was barely enough for their rent and food and clothes.

Mike's stealing began with little things — candy for his brothers, a small pocketbook for his sister. Later he stole socks and underwear and groceries. His was consciously motivated stealing; there was no pleasure in it, no attempt to gain applause for daring, no unconscious need for punishment to satisfy guilt. Mike's family was short of worldly goods but long on affection for each other. Their closeness to each other gave them a feeling of security that more fortunate children often lack. There is no point in delving deeply for unconscious motives or neuroticism here. Not psychotherapy or punishment, but material help and some firm but friendly advice, was what Mike and his family needed. When they got it and as he grew up, he was able to show that he could respect the property rights of others just as he had been able to help to provide for and protect those he felt to be dependent upon him.

Not all stealing for what is apparently material gain is as exclusively on a conscious basis as was Mike's. Where there is evidence of pleasure and destructiveness along with the actual material gain from the stealing, it is wise to look for unconscious motivations as well as the obvious conscious one. When signs of untamed aggression color the picture, then more than routine punishment is necessary.

Joe Ferry was said always to have been a bad boy, destructive and undisciplined. His father, though not wealthy, could give his two children a comfortable home and they had bicycles and at least two weeks a year at a summer camp. Mr. Ferry, a tall, gaunt widower, was a good provider, and what he liked to call a *strict disciplinarian*. Everything in the household ran like clockwork. There were rules against practically everything. Theirs was an orderly household, except when Joe upset it, which was very frequently — but hardly a home. Ever since he was small, Joe's time after school had been devoted to odd jobs; his father was determined to develop Joe's sense of responsibility. Games and athletics, he said, were a waste

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of time. He found it hard to understand why Joe seemed to enjoy smashing things almost as much as he liked to break rules.

Joe was fourteen when he was first picked up by the police. For several weeks he had been asking his father to buy him a "twenty-two," but his father had refused to discuss the matter other than to say that Joe couldn't have a rifle even if he earned the money for it. Joe planned well, and if he hadn't taken so much time smashing and upsetting other things in the sporting goods store that night, he probably wouldn't have been caught red-handed. Joe's stealing was certainly a conscious planned act, designed solely to get him the rifle his father had refused him. In addition, however, to this being a conscious act of his own choosing, there are obvious signs of neurotic behavior. Otherwise, why all the senseless upsetting of the shelves? Frustrated in his attempts to express his individuality, more aggressive than most and lacking an outlet in athletics, surfeited with advice and admonition and starved for affection, Joe needed much more than punishment to deter future misbehavior.

Dan, the first boy I have mentioned, had no need to steal and stole things of little value to himself. His stealing, as he said, "didn't make sense." Such stealing is obviously unconsciously motivated. Mike's stealing was just as clearly a conscious matter. He and his family lacked things they needed and wanted and could not pay for, so he deliberately stole them from others. Joe's stealing had elements of both conscious and unconscious motivation. His planning of the theft was deliberate, but his past failure adequately to adjust his aggressiveness and other frustrations undoubtedly played a considerable though unconscious part in his behavior.

In attempting to help the boy who steals, it is of first importance to assess the relative part which the conscious and unconscious play as motivators. The question to ask oneself is: What sort of things has the boy been deprived of that would lead him to steal? Were they tangibles or intangibles? A boy whose personality has been developing in a normal fashion will not steal unless he has been seriously deprived of material things; a boy who has been frustrated, rejected, and is unable properly to adjust his aggressiveness may steal even though his material needs are plentifully supplied.

3

Stealing is too complex a subject to be explained in a rule-of-thumb manner. But a few reasonable, valid comments can be made which may help in understanding and managing this and other forms of misbehavior.

Environment is often too quickly proposed as the sole cause of a boy's stealing. Extreme poverty was obviously the primary factor in Mike's stealing, but was it the only one? Many impoverished boys brought up among tough associates do not steal. Also many boys who are well off and who live among the most respectable sort of people steal whenever the opportunity offers. An act that has as much of the compulsive and subconscious in it as stealing will not disappear by making money, culture, and material things more widely available.

Too little or too mild punishment has been blamed for the great incidence of stealing. "Crack down on 'em! That's what we need. We're too soft these days." Inevitably those who want crime quickly followed by punishment insist that without this sequence young people will believe that misbehavior is sanctioned. On the contrary, it seems reasonable to believe that efforts to seek and cure the cause of asocial acts in an intelligent manner would serve adolescents as an excellent example of rational adult behavior. To ignore misbehavior is shortsighted and foolish, but to regard punishment as the *sine qua non* of treatment is hardly enlightened or mature. An effort to get at causes and reach a permanent solution would always seem preferable to a show of power.

A boy must learn to know himself and to understand his conflicts, his untamed aggression, his feelings of frustration or rejection. If he does, his misbehavior can be cured, and he will be a rehabilitated youngster. If he cannot be helped, he is not ready to enjoy the privileges of a free society. Admittedly, individualized treatment requires more time and skill than does routine punishment, but it can preserve the boy's self-respect and make a real man of him. Public condemnation and disgrace with nothing done about the underlying cause of their misdemeanors lead boys to even more unacceptable forms of behavior.

Kindliness antedates psychiatry by hundreds of years; its antiquity should not lessen your opinion of its usefulness. That Dan came out well was entirely due to the efforts of his high-school principal, who wrote several months later: "Dan seems fine now. He hasn't stolen a thing for months, and he says he is sure he never will. I really have done nothing for him — *he* deserves all the credit. It was easy to get him into some of the school's activities, and this both gave him the *chance to make friends* and *to be given little responsibilities* which showed we all trusted him. [The italics are mine.] It's pathetic and embarrassing how appreciative he is. Like all kids, he has never said anything much to me, but one day I found a note on my desk signed 'Your friend, Dan,' that would tear your heart out. The other boys have been grand to him — how often we underestimate their ability to help and to understand." Willingness to help, to show kindness, trust, and friendship, may be all that many a boy will need. The least it can accomplish is to serve as a small example of the

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sort of conduct that was pleaded for two thousand years ago.

Prevention is always better than cure. How a boy will behave is little influenced by preaching or threats. Boys are imitators and learn by observing the behavior of those whom they respect. They are deeply affected by the actions and attitudes of their family, gang, and other groups with whom they come in intimate contact. The rules of these groups a boy will respect. Laws, customs, rules imposed on him — in which neither he nor his group has had a part — mean little to him.

Adolescents should be encouraged to share in the governing of themselves and their groups. Their coöperation should be praised as quickly as one would condemn their anarchism. Too often when the discipline of a family or group threatens to go to pieces, the parent or leader comes out with a more stringent rule. If the group morale was good, if there was a feeling of unity and common purpose, a bad situation would not have developed. A new, harsh, unenforceable rule will only further alienate the group and decrease its respect for the one in authority. When things go badly, a conference out of which the group's solution *grows* is the way to develop young people into responsible citizens. Never underestimate their ability to handle themselves or their own affairs. Given the opportunity to learn — and to make mistakes — they will do surprisingly well. Young people respond best to those who show that they trust them and who continue to trust them despite their errors. The adult who chooses to be the policeman and lawmaker is destined to be both busy and unhappy.

In his small groups the boy must learn the principles of group living. Of no less importance is the early recognition of those frustrations and excessive tensions that threaten to burst into asocial behavior. The need to become independent, the need to be accepted, the need for praise as well as censure, the need to find acceptable outlets for aggressive instincts — all these must be recognized and given adequate satisfaction if boys' personalities are to develop properly and delinquency is to be prevented.

Membership in boys' clubs, in scouting, and in student government in school will give a boy friends, activities, and opportunities for learning to get along with others and for leadership. These groups keep him busy, widen his interests, and furnish him with the chance to know men who will be interested in him, men he can look up to. A "member" of such groups, he gets to feel he "belongs," and he develops his respect for law and order by participating in his group's government. In his club's athletics and other activities he gets rid of his excess energy, he learns to win and lose, acquires useful knowledge, and is exposed to a variety of hobbies, any one of which may turn out to be meaningful in his future.

ALSO NORTHERN NOVELISTS

by ELISE F. WARE

MAY one answer Mr. Gekle's
Beautifully worded heckles?
He reads books — now has he never
Read Northern books that harp forever
On Father's complex? Though polite
Pa casts a most depressing blight.
And Brother faced with love will quail,
Then hurry off to catch a whale.
The cold gray winter all shut in
Will thaw with secret, inbred sin.
Mr. Gekle just couldn't be wittier
But doesn't he know *sua cuique sunt vitia?*

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A young writer with a talent for biography and criticism, HARVEY BREIT *is the Assistant Editor of the* New York Times Book Review. *We invited his appraisal of William Faulkner's novels and short stories with the realization that our latest Nobel Prize winner has never received the thorough reading he deserved from his own countrymen. This essay will make Mr. Faulkner's work more meaningful for those who wish to make up for lost time.*

WILLIAM FAULKNER

by HARVEY BREIT

1

Now that William Faulkner has been given so many honors — the Nobel Prize among others — it seems as though we have been familiar with his talents for a long time. It is a deceptive notion. With the exception of a small group of American and French writers and critics, we were only indirectly and distortedly acquainted with Faulkner's work. One statistic reflects, and sums up, this extraordinary situation: in 1945, only six years ago, all of Faulkner's seventeen books were out of print.

And so it could be said that Faulkner, achieving fame overnight as it were, took most of our informed readers by surprise. Even now, because of the secondhand knowledge we have of his work, Faulkner is regarded with suspicion and misgiving. Is he *really* good? What is he trying to *say*? Why does he say it in the *way* he does?

There isn't a clear line on Faulkner. Usually fame is slower in mounting; a name is more and more frequently heard over a longer and longer period of time; there is a gradual accrual of a dominant criticism that helps give shape to one's sense of the man and his art and helps approximately to place him.

In Faulkner's instance this did not happen. His admirers were a relatively fixed group; their enthusiasm hardly penetrated the little magazines and the university quarterlies. The criticism, with few exceptions, was wrongheaded, inept, and vulgar. Faulkner, for one example, made an ideal "enemy" for the Marxian critics who dominated a large area of opinion in the thirties: he did not write "proletarian" novels, and he was nostalgically attracted only by decadence and an obsolete aristocracy. As the thirties neglected Fitzgerald, they minimized Faulkner. And so in the forties the reader had little help from his literary spokesmen. Criticism had failed at its most crucial job: to give the reader some sense of a significant author's effort, and to isolate what was distinctive and perhaps momentous in his art.

What did penetrate the curtain between Faulkner and his potential reader was a set of half-truths that in effect turned reader away from writer. The prevailing impression was that (1) Faulkner was too difficult; (2) his art — if it could be called art — was formless; and (3) it was "decadent." It was the task of the critic then, as it is now, precisely to dispel those ideas. Robert Penn Warren's statement, made years ago, that Faulkner constitutes the greatest challenge to modern criticism, continues to hold.

I think it is important to recognize that the term "difficult," at least within the framework of art and probably of science, possesses no pejorative meaning. Is André Gide or T. S. Eliot easy? They were the Nobel Prize winners just before Faulkner. In our increasingly specialized and complex world, the "easy" writer is perhaps inadequate. The authors who have most fired the imagination of our own generation of writers are, after all, Dostoevsky, James, Kafka, Proust, Joyce — none of them "easy" writers. The question, then, is not whether Faulkner is difficult, but whether, in submitting to his imaginative order, one is repaid by an experience that is valuable.

The Sound and the Fury contains an opening section that is alienating and closed. If the reader, however, manages it (as one manages a poem without grasping the literal meaning altogether), the subsequent sections are relatively easy going. The reward for having suffered initiation in the first part becomes apparent. In Faulkner's favorite small novel, *The Bear*, the next to the last section is so complex that it drives the reader backward rather than forward; yet there is little doubt that this somber moral dialogue gives to the story considerable of its force and depth and seriousness, even while on the surface it constitutes an inter-

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ruption of the obsessive chase after the bear. In the Indian stories, *A Justice* and *Red Leaves*, Faulkner writes as though in cryptogram, but once he has deciphered it, the reader participates with extraordinary satisfaction in a culture that is moving and strange and that nevertheless holds something of a parable for our times.

Faulkner's talent is a "participative" one: he is writing from within his people, from within their dilemmas and aspirations. Nearly twelve years ago, in this magazine, Conrad Aiken isolated Faulkner's stylistic triumph: —

> What Mr. Faulkner is after, in a sense, is a continuum. He wants a medium without stops or pauses, a medium which is always *of the moment*, and of which the passage from moment to moment is as fluid and undetectable as in the life itself which he is purporting to give. It is all inside and underneath, or as seen from within and below; the reader must therefore be steadily *drawn in;* he must be powerfully and unremittingly hypnotized inward and downward to that image-stream; and this suggests, perhaps, a reason not only for the length and elaborateness of the sentence structure, but for the repetitiveness as well. The repetitiveness, and the steady iterative emphasis — like a kind of chanting or invocation.

Here is only part of a sentence from *Intruder in the Dust* that I think is illustrative: —

> . . . but mostly and above all the motion and the noise, the radios and the automobiles — the juke-boxes in the drugstore and the poolhall and the cafe and the bellowing amplifiers on the outside walls, not only of the sheet-music store but the army-and-navy supply store and both feed stores and (that they might falter) somebody standing on a bench in the courthouse yard making a speech into another one with a muzzle like a siege gun bolted to the top of an automobile, not to mention the ones which would be running in the apartments and the homes where the housewives and the maids made up the beds and swept and prepared to cook dinner so that nowhere inside the town's uttermost ultimate corporate rim should man, woman or child, citizen or guest or stranger be threatened with one second of silence.

Perhaps of all Americans, excepting Melville and James, Faulkner is the greatest prose virtuoso. But just as Marxist criticism contributed to a distorted image of Faulkner by overemphasizing his violence, so did overemphasis on his baroque style place him in false focus. There is more to Faulkner's prose than brilliant architectonics, as there is more to his content than violence and sex. For all the magnificence, the language is minutely and infinitely flexible, capable of registering, and transforming into art, the bloom's bouquet or the corpse's smell, the most rudimentary instinct or the most conscious moral act. For all the brutality and frenzy in Faulkner's work, outweighing them are gentleness and love, courage and idealism, ethical concern and moral decision.

The charge against Faulkner of formlessness is the offspring of the alarmingly rich detail, the sensuous munificence of the parts. The totality tends to vanish in the lavishness of the parts. It is a little like climbing a mountain: there are all sorts of hazards on the way, and instantaneous rewards; so many that the objective is all but forgotten. Miraculously, though, one makes the final ascent, one comes to the peak, and the view is all that one hoped for, more than one thought it would be. The vista justifies the difficult ascent; it was made possible only through the climb. One could not have seen what finally one did see, except from that height and (as James had it) from that post of observation. *Light in August* satisfies the strictest formal demands one might make on the novel. So does *Absalom, Absalom!*, in a far more subtle and oblique manner.

2

Biographical facts are dangerous. The work of art is what matters, and no reader must be distracted from that. Too often theories are spun from facile biography. No life explains the totality of genius; Faulkner's life does not account for the mystery of the creative process. What it can do is indicate certain preoccupations, establish a map of interests, explain or light up a dark incident in the work. Faulkner's life is of interest only in so far as it can illuminate some of the work, or dispel ideas that Faulkner himself contributes to: for example, that he is solely a farmer, merely a storyteller.

Of all writers of stature today, Faulkner, along with Hemingway, is perhaps the least formally educated. His schooling was irregular after his eleventh or twelfth year. He attended the university at Oxford, Mississippi, in hit-or-miss fashion, after flying in World War I with the Canadian Royal Air Force. He became a writer without knowing any writers except Stark Young and Sherwood Anderson. These biographical details and what they point to — the fact that he has been so profoundly close to his place of birth most of his life — help us to recognize in Faulkner the isolation, the introspection, the independence that are distinctive features of American genius.

These facts also deceive us. Faulkner is educated in the superior sense; he is an "insulated" man who follows our world's activities with interest, awareness, and independent thought. His education is of the best kind, of the uncorrupted kind. He reads only what he wants to, in his own tempo, and reads certain works over again without the sense of having missed something else. Therefore, he has the time to do what he wants to do. His obligations are moral rather than social. He is intact. He has been made, as all of us have been made, by a mixture of things in our private and public, our filial and national lives. But unlike most of us, he acts out of

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necessity, in the way that Spinoza meant it; there is little that is superfluous or vain or indulgent in him.

Now, as against the indigenous, insulated view that the first aspect of the biography suggests, there is this other view — of someone who is morally and humanly associated with the world of affairs. This side of Faulkner accounts for the mature and even sophisticated ideas that one finds in the novels and short stories. He can reply to a reporter (on the eve of his departure for Stockholm) who asked him what was the most decadent thing in America, "What you are doing" — not because he doesn't know that a reporter's job is to ask questions, even silly ones, but because he is resisting an aspect of our way of life which takes too easily for granted that we have abdicated our need for privacy. He can say that the mule is the most maligned animal in the animal kingdom because he has raised mules and mules amuse him. He is immeasurably pleased, as a proud craftsman would be, because he so successfully trained the horse in the film of *Intruder in the Dust* to shy away from *fake* quicksand. These biographical bits correspond to the extraordinary felicity with which he manages animals in his work — horses (see *Spotted Horses*) and hounds and, above all, the bear in *The Bear* (Faulkner's equivalent of Melville's whale in *Moby Dick*.)

These are merely indications, rough-and-ready at best: the pitfalls of facile biography must be avoided, the facts used tentatively, with infinite care and scrupulousness. But the face, one supposes, is there, to be read, as Schopenhauer tells us, if only we learn to read.

3

During the past years Faulkner has come back into print; most of his work is now available, mainly through Random House (Faulkner's publisher) and The New American Library (in their 25-cent Signet edition). Where shall one start to read Faulkner? He is not an author whose work can be picked up at random. The danger is, quite frankly, that certain books may repel a reader who comes to them uninitiated. This is not true of Fitzgerald, say, or Hemingway: preference and taste aside, picking up for the first time either *The Great Gatsby* or *This Side of Paradise*, either *The Sun Also Rises* or *A Farewell to Arms*, isn't too crucial; each is accessible. If one were to take the plunge with *Absalom, Absalom!*, however, the chances are the reader would give up after a short, puzzling tussle. One nevertheless can get into *Absalom* if he has already become acquainted with a few of the more straightforward works. What makes the order of reading Faulkner even more complicated is the fact that the author uses a good many of his people over and over again in the various related books, all of which constitute a Balzacian chronicle of Yoknapatawpha County.

For the mythical, ideal reader (of whom we all partake and who is perhaps the most abnormal of us all) I would urge that he start out with *Light in August*, because it is at once the simplest of the best of the novels, the least difficult of the most rewarding. I would follow with Faulkner's first collection of short stories, *These Thirteen*, because they are very good stories and because after the protracted intensity of the novel the reader can begin to fan out. After having experienced a certain range and diversity through the stories, I would suggest two novels in succession: *As I Lay Dying* and *The Sound and the Fury*. (The reader is, by this time, ready for the plunge. The latter novel is my favorite, and on at least one occasion I have heard its author admit it was his, too.)

In this ideal sequence I would guess that about now the reader needs to come up for air. It would be relaxing to go to the Viking Portable Faulkner and experience in the short takes you get there a variety of moods. In it, the reader will find Faulkner's great novelette, *The Bear*, as well as one of the most superb comic stories of our time, *Was*. I believe our reader can go into *Absalom* after that — and then he is on his own, having really earned his freedom. He can now indulge himself in lesser, but nevertheless fascinating, Faulkner: *Sanctuary*, for example, or *Pylon*, or *Intruder in the Dust*.

The question of where to begin in Faulkner has point precisely at this time. Faulkner's new novel, *Requiem for a Nun*, is just out, and though it has autonomy, and can and should be read as an isolated experience, I wonder how much the reader loses if he is not familiar with a number of Faulkner's earlier books.

Not only are the play sections of the new novel based on an earlier novel (*Sanctuary*); the prose sections are reminiscent of the climaxes in those magnificent Bach fugues, the *stretto* passages in which already-voiced themes crowd together, make their entrances briefly in a dramatic recapitulation of themselves. So we note, in *Requiem*, the recapitulation of past themes — not only of Temple's destiny and young Stevens' fate, but of Sutpen's folly (*Absalom, Absalom!*), the encroachment of civilization on the last wilderness (*The Bear*), the indictment of a technics that makes man comfortable but does not heighten his life (*Intruder in the Dust*), the truthfulness and nobility of the individual even as it expresses itself in gloomy and unfortunate acts (*The Sound and the Fury*).

And not only these facts of precedence; there is the fact of nonprecedence too. If the reader is familiar with Faulkner, this new performance is all the more impressive. In *Requiem* the author has constructed a form that is unique, a rich counterpoint of forms that grows into one form. He has written a novel, in effect a three-part narrative, each one of which is succeeded by an act of a play — the play itself being free of the narrative yet

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having relationship to it. The narrative sections deal with the history of Jefferson (the capital of Yoknapatawpha), from its beginnings when it was not yet a town, when it had no courthouse or jail. The play is contemporary; it reveals the fateful struggles of a now-married, matured, and still-tormented Temple Drake. Each section of the narrative history is related to each act of the moral drama; the genesis of the courthouse, for example, keynotes the opening act in which a maid is sentenced to death for the murder of Temple Drake's child.

This fresh emergence of form is additional proof that at some unpredictable time in the future Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County series will be read consecutively as one work of great magnitude. Yet the reader does not lose by reading *Requiem:* it is a complete and self-sustained work and offers its own clues to the past work. The point, I think, is that *Requiem* would mean considerably more to him if he came to it in its proper order.

The prose sections of *Requiem* are as moving and incisive and magnificent as anything Faulkner has yet done. The drama, juxtaposed with the monuments of narrative, is weaker — and suffers, I believe, from an astonishingly naïve third act (which, unfortunately, brings down the curtain on the whole book). Yet this drama is moving and continuously serious; it may very well "play" brilliantly (a Broadway production is planned). Not the least of Faulkner's talents are a true ear and an uncannily accurate speech. But it is to the prose sections that I find myself returning again and again. Faulkner, recapitulating briefly the prolonged and hallucinated theme of *The Bear* — the theme of the tragedy of progress — records it with the austerity and sincerity and mesmerism that must have been the equipment of the historians of ancient tribes (who could only have been poets): —

> That fast now: tomorrow, and the railroad did run unbroken from Memphis to Carolina, the light-wheeled bulb-stacked wood-burning engines shrieking among the swamps and canebrakes where bear and panther still lurked, and through the open woods where browsing deer still drifted in pale bands like unwinded smoke: because they — the wild animals, the beasts — remained, they coped, they would endure; a day, and they would flee, lumber, scuttle across the clearings already overtaken and relinquished by the hawk-shaped shadows of mail planes; they would endure, only the wild men were gone; indeed, tomorrow, and there would be grown men in Jefferson who could not even remember a drunken Indian in the jail; another tomorrow — so quick, so rapid, so fast.

That was the progress of the middle years; Faulkner records the progress up through today too: —

> One nation, one world: young men who had never been farther from Yoknapatawpha County than Memphis or New Orleans (and that not often), now talked glibly of street intersections in Asiatic and European capitals, returning no more to inherit the long monotonous endless unendable furrows of Mississippi cotton fields, living now (with now a wife and next year a wife and child and the year after that a wife and children) in automobile trailers or G. I. barracks on the outskirts of liberal arts colleges, and the father and now grandfather himself still driving the tractor across the gradually diminishing fields between the long looping skeins of electric lines bringing electric power from the Appalachian mountains, and the subterrene steel veins bringing the natural gas from the Western plains, to the little lost lonely farmhouses flittering and gleaming with automatic stoves and washing machines and television antennae.

It is no longer easy, as it once was in the thirties, to scorn such a nonpolitical, or apolitical, vision. We learn each day that gain is expensive, that each step advanced is as well a retreat, that progress may be achieved only at a cost — of an earlier progress, or of the spirit. Faulkner does not praise the furrows of the Mississippi cotton fields; he is not running for any office. He is the bardic chronicler, unusable by any biased faction. He writes: "the long monotonous endless unendable furrows," as a true historian must. We have a great deal to learn from Faulkner because he sees events only as they affect human beings. He helps us to remember and to understand the human situation in its particularity, and thus in its universality, and he helps us to become more human.

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An Atlantic Story

A native Texan, DILLON ANDERSON *established himself as one of the ablest young lawyers in Houston before he took time off for his fiction. This September has seen the publication of his first book,* I and Claudie, *a salty Texas narrative of two happy hobos who fortunately do not take themselves or their victims too seriously. Clint Hightower and his oxlike companion, Claudie, have adventured their way in and out of the oil country, Texas politics, hurricanes, revivals, and state fairs — and we hope there is no stopping them for some time to come.*

CLAUDIE'S COSMIC VIBRATIONS

by DILLON ANDERSON

THERE is a big brindle depot in Cleveland, Texas, where two railroads cross, the B. & W. and the H. E. & W. T. Now B. & W. stands for Beaumont and Western, while H. E. & W. T. stands for Houston, East and West Texas; but in Cleveland they call the first one the Boll Weevil and the second one Hell Either Way Took.

In one corner of the depot, over next to the black potbellied stove, there is a penny weighing machine that tells your fortune along with your weight — at least there was that morning when I and Claudie drifted into the depot to use the public part of it.

Well, Claudie could no more pass up one of those weighing machines than he could a shooting gallery or a place where they handed out free samples. So he stepped on the scales, put his penny in the slot, and pulled the silver-looking lever. The machine grunted and coughed out a little card with his weight — 196 pounds — stamped on one side and his fortune on the other. From the tight frown on his face as he studied the words, I could tell that Claudie had the throttle wide open; but he finally gave up and passed me the card. It said: —

"If you would prosper you must get in tune with your cosmic vibrations. Stand up for your rights. Be aggressive."

I do not care a whit about fortunes told in such a cheap, corny way as that; but I figured I would humor Claudie, so I explained his fortune to him. "Cosmic vibrations are about the most important ones of all," I said. "Understand?"

He said he was beginning to, and I went on: "Also, a man that is aggressive will not miss the main chance. He will step right up."

He nodded and allowed I ought to get my weight and fortune told while we were at it, but I said, "No, Claudie, I know about my vibrations already. I just play all hunches."

My present hunch was that we should get a move on. We were down to no more than four or five dollars between us, and that meant we were very close to one of us going to work unless something turned up. So we bought some gasoline and a pint of cylinder oil for our old flivver and drove east toward the Louisiana border.

It was a warm April day, and all the signs of spring were thick about us. Birds were singing, clean little flowers in several pale colors were growing along the side of the road, and the dogwood blooms in the woods seemed like white velvet.

As we drove along, Claudie kept throwing his shoulders back and sticking his chin forward like a man standing up for his rights. He was doing the part of his fortune that he'd understood all by himself. I found I was feeling pretty good, too, breathing scents of new buds and wild onions. We rode on in happy silence until, just as we were passing a side road marked by a sign that said "BURDENVILLE 5 Miles," Claudie yelled, "That's it; that's the name of the town." He pulled the emergency and we stopped in a cloud of dust.

"What the hell's up?" I asked. "You've wrecked some of the finest thoughts I've had all morning."

"Burdenville," Claudie went on. "It's the name of the town I've been trying to remember ever since we come to Texas. It's where Cousin Lafe Brim lives. He's my rich Texas kinfolks. We'll go visit Lafe." As he said this he backed up and turned

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into the side road toward Burdenville. He didn't even wait for me to agree.

It was a very poor road, sandy, crooked, and rutted, but we made it. Just as the one o'clock whistle on the sawmill was blowing, we pulled into Burdenville and saw that it wasn't much of a town at that. Claudie wanted to rush right out and find Lafe. "No, Claudie," I said. "That is hardly the way to go about it."

"Why not?" he wanted to know, and I told him: "There is more to the art of visiting kinfolks than you'd think, Claudie. You don't just throw yourself at kinfolks. That's the way poor relations would do, and poor relations are poison. You've got to make kinfolks wonder if you haven't maybe done better than they thought. Let them suspect you might die first and leave *them* something. Kinfolks in such a frame of mind will kill the fatted calf for you."

Claudie gave in on this, but said he was bothered some about the way our old car would look to Lafe. I told him to forget it. "It's exactly the kind of car that a thrifty relative would be driving so he could hoard up his money," I explained.

"I guess so," Claudie allowed. "But what do we do next?"

"In the first place," I told him, "you can't let Lafe see you with that hungry look on your face." Claudie always looks hungry except right after he's eaten.

"But we're down to about four dollars, Clint," he argued. "We can't let ourselves run plumb out."

"Okay. But I think we can do a lot for about thirty cents. Look right there across the street," I said and pointed to a sign that read: "Steve Stewart's Café — Chili 15 Cents." We went in and asked for two chilis with crackers.

2

The noon hour was over, and we didn't see anybody in the café but the fellow behind the counter that took our order. He was a big, heavy-set citizen with a fat face and droopy eyes. He quit picking his teeth and yelled "Medium twice" as he started walking back toward the rear of the café. By the time he got there, a big hand stuck two bowls of chili through a hole in the wall, and Steve slid them down the counter toward us.

The crackers were in a round blue bowl in front of us, and we went to work on the chili. After we'd eaten about half our chilis and all the crackers, I asked Steve for more crackers and some tomato ketchup. "Please," I said. His face clouded up a little, but he dipped the cracker bowl into a barrel under the counter and set it out again, full. Then he went back and opened a ketchup bottle that he slid down the counter until it came to a stop right in front of us.

I filled my chili bowl with ketchup, and so did Claudie. It took the whole bottle, and I could see Steve watching us out of the corner of his eye. By this time he wasn't picking his teeth any more. He was gouging himself with the toothpick.

When our chili bowls were half empty again and the crackers were all gone, I spoke to Steve and asked for some more ketchup and crackers — in a nice way, too.

"Oh, no, you don't," Steve said. "Not today. You've done et a quarter's worth of crackers, and that ketchup costs me twenty-three cents a bottle wholesale. What the devil do you fellers expect with two fifteen-cent bowls of chili?"

"Crackers and ketchup," I answered. "Do you furnish them with chili or not?"

"Yes, but —" Steve started.

"All right, then," I went on; "please pass the crackers and ketchup."

By this time Steve was right across the counter from us, with his hands on his hips and his legs spread apart. He stood just like a man that was not going to pass us anything else.

"Kindly remember, Steve," I said, "we have not paid you yet. Please pass the things that go with chili."

Steve said he'd see that we paid, all right, and I said we would stand up for our rights. This seemed to ring a bell with Claudie, and he stood up, threw his shoulders back, and stuck his chin out at Steve. But there was something about Claudie, with his face hanging there over the counter, that Steve couldn't stand, and he let Claudie have it on the point of his chin. That was about the worst thing Steve could have done, because it caught Claudie right in the middle of standing up for his rights, and it fretted him.

He reeled and staggered back from Steve's lick, then he reached for Steve's collar. It was loose enough for Claudie to get his left hand inside the front of it, so he pulled Steve forward and bent him clear over the counter. Then, with his right hand, Claudie slapped Steve's face five or six times until Steve sagged and yelled, "Sonny, Sonny, come here! Help!"

A big fat boy about eighteen or nineteen came running through a swinging door in the back of the café and made for us. Claudie turned Steve loose and got ready for Sonny. While Steve panted and rubbed his face, Claudie and Sonny squared off. Sonny put his fists up before his face and started to weave and shadowbox. I could see he'd fought before, but he didn't have time to go far into his act before Claudie grabbed him by the shoulders and started to shake him. He was very rough about it, like a terrier will shake a rat, and pretty soon Sonny's tongue was hanging out; his face turned fire-engine red, and he was down on his knees. It all happened before I had a chance to hit anybody.

Steve and Sonny were done; they'd had enough, I could tell, so I put fifteen cents on the counter.

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"This is for half of two chilis," I said to Steve. "The other half of both chilis is there in the bowls." Then I and Claudie walked out and let the screen door to Steve's café slam hard.

"Come on now, Claudie," I said, "let's find the hotel before we go to see Lafe. A relative that is registered in a hotel looks a damn sight better than one with a wicker suitcase at the front gate."

Claudie was ready. Also, he was a little ruffled from the fight and in need of sprucing himself up before meeting any kinfolks. It cost us a dollar apiece in advance for a room at the Ritz Hotel, a painted two-story affair across the street from the railroad freight station. The room clerk that was also the depot agent came over and took our money; he told us that Lafe Brim lived a mile or so out of town on the road we'd just come over. Then he went back across the street to his other job.

We washed up and shaved and got into the cleanest clothes we had, but Claudie fussed some about the two dollars.

"It's like bread, Claudie," I kept telling him, "that's been cast upon the water. It'll come back in sandwiches, and maybe dessert with whipped cream."

Claudie laced his shoes all the way up and said he was ready to go. In fact, he was in such a hurry that we left our razor, hair oil, comb, our other clothes, and about everything we owned in the world, except the car, scattered around that room at the Ritz Hotel.

3

Lafe Brim's house was painted yellow, and it had two chimneys, one at each end. Several big cedar and magnolia trees shaded the front porch. The fences around the place were all up, the hay was stacked in even ricks, and the stock in the pasture looked fat and well-fed. From these signs and the big barn in the rear I could tell that a visit with Lafe would be worth while if we handled it right.

We waited outside the yard gate until a colored man came from behind the house and called the dogs off. Then Lafe came up from the barn and Claudie recognized him. "Hello, Lafe; it's me, your Cousin Claudie," he yelled.

"Hello, Claudie," he said. At first Lafe did not seem to be as joyful as Claudie was, but when I let it drop that we were staying at the Ritz Hotel in Burdenville, Lafe asked us if we wouldn't like to come in and have a bite to eat; he thought there would be some cheese and crackers for us. I told him no, thanks, we'd just eaten our fill and weren't much hungry. This made a big hit with Lafe, and he urged us to kindly come into the parlor so we could meet the missus.

As we went into the house I thought I did not know when I had seen such a scrawny-looking man as Claudie's Cousin Lafe — living there on a place, too, where the stock seemed so well-fed. Lafe wouldn't have weighed over 115 pounds wringing wet, his face was thin and gaunt, and his eyes were no bigger than green peas. About the same color, too.

Lafe's wife, Eunice, would have made three of him, anyhow. She was built like four pillows, and it seemed she was the one that owned the place where they lived. It had belonged to Enman, her first husband, Eunice let us know pretty soon; and after he'd wasted away and died, she'd married Lafe. She brought us some lemonade in the parlor and showed us several pictures of this first husband of hers. She went on to tell us the whole story of how she'd waited on Enman day and night for nearly five years while he was losing weight and getting weaker before he finally passed on to his reward. Then she pointed out that Lafe, himself, had lost twenty-two pounds in the three years he'd been married to her. Lafe nodded his head in very solemn agreement.

Eunice spoke next, with feeling and pride, I thought, about how sick one of the neighbors was that very afternoon. "She is very low," Eunice stated, "and if you ask me, she will not last through the night." Nobody asked anybody anything, but Eunice added that as soon as the milk was put away she was going down the road to sit at the sick bedside all night long.

It was about sundown when the colored man came up to the house with the night's milking — two big foamy pails. Eunice went back to strain the milk, and Lafe asked us if we could stay to supper. I agreed that we would stay to eat and keep him company; so when Eunice came in to tell us good-by, Lafe told her that I and Claudie would stay to have a bite of cheese and crackers with him. At this second mention of cheese and crackers, Claudie looked like a man that had lost his last coon dog. I knew his mind was wandering back to the two dollars we'd wasted at the Ritz Hotel.

Now I have seen big changes come over people in my time, like when they get religion or snake-bit; but I never saw anything before to match what happened to Claudie's Cousin Lafe as soon as Eunice left for the night. Lafe's hospitality boiled over. First he brought out a brown jug full of strong red whiskey and gave us each a big swig. Then he took one himself, blew out a big breath, smacked his lips, and actually seemed to gain ten or fifteen pounds in weight. Lafe stated that his mention of cheese and crackers had been only for Eunice's ears. There was a cold roast in the oven, he told us, and we'd divide it three ways as soon as we gave the liquor a better chance to whet up our appetites. While Lafe was gone to get some water to wash the next drink down with, I spoke to Claudie. "See what I mean?" I said. "With your kinfolks we are now right in the groove."

Lafe had no sooner come back with the pitcher

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of water than the phone on the wall started ringing fast and fierce. It jangled out a short, a long and three shorts, and Lafe jumped for it. "That's our ring," he said.

After he'd said hello, Lafe listened for a long time and then said, "Well, I'll be durned. The Kommanding Kleagle himself." He listened some more and went on, "Why, the dirty bastards! They must not have known that Steve was the Ku Klux Kleagle or that Sonny was Kleagle of the Ku Klux Kubs."

The rest of what Lafe said came in a blur until I heard him hang up. But his last words rang in my ears. "Sure; eight o'clock in front of the Ritz."

Lafe turned back to us and his eyes were all ablaze. He looked as if he'd gained another eight or ten pounds.

"I've got to go to a meeting," he said. "I've got to be at the Ku Klux Klan meeting at eight," he went on. "Two tramps come to Burdenville today and beat up the Kommanding Kleagle of the Klan, Steve Stewart. Right in his own place of business, too. Then they beat up his boy, Sonny. We're gonna tar and feather them both and ride them out of town on a rail."

As I watched Claudie's face go blinky, I found the mixed taste of chili and crackers and whiskey boil up in the back of my mouth; then I heard Lafe saying, "It'll be a lot of fun. You fellers want to come along?" Claudie sat there squirming like a catfish as Lafe went on: "I've got a spare hood here in the chifforobe, and there's another one upstairs. It used to belong to Enman. There are plenty of sheets around here, too."

"When do we suit up?" I asked, quick as lightning, and Lafe's answer was to run upstairs to get Enman's hood.

As soon as Lafe was gone, Claudie jumped out of his chair and said, "That's us they're after, Clint. Let's get out of here; let's beat it."

"Wait a minute, Claudie; hold it. I know it's us they're after, but you're way out of tune with your cosmic vibrations. Where could we be safer than in a hood?"

Before Claudie could think up an answer, Lafe was back with the dead man's hood. It was a nice fit for Claudie, but it took him a few minutes to get used to it. We found that Lafe's own spare hood was a perfect fit for me, and since sheets will fit anybody, we were soon macked out for the night. Then, just before we took off, I said, "Do you suppose we have time for one more swig from that jug before we go, Lafe? I believe Claudie needs it." Lafe looked at the clock on the mantel and said we had just about enough time.

4

By the time we got to town, we could see the big fiery cross in the middle of the street that ran between the railroad station and the Ritz Hotel. Fifty or sixty sheets were gathered there, and others were coming up from all sides. As we joined the crowd we saw a three-legged washpot there beside the fiery cross. It was full of tar, and it had live coals of fire under it so the tar wouldn't get too sticky. Alongside was a duckin sack they said was full of goose and guinea feathers.

Pretty soon one of the sheets climbed up in the rear end of a touring car and started talking. It was Steve Stewart, the Kleagle, all right; I could tell his was the same voice as the one that had lost the argument with us about the tomato ketchup that afternoon. First he was saying something about the sacred unfailing bond of the Ku Klux Klan, and next he was saying some very mean things about me and Claudie — but mainly about Claudie. I nudged Claudie and started to ask him to hold his temper, but it was not Claudie I nudged. I stopped myself just in time, though; then I looked everywhere for him. But they all looked big, and they all looked so much alike that I knew I had lost Claudie. Made me feel right lonesome for a minute.

"The tramps are in Room No. 3 on the second floor," I heard the Kleagle say, and I knew he had that part right. "That brings us," he went on, "to the business part of the meeting." The time had come, the Kleagle pointed out, for somebody to go inside and bring the tramps out.

Everything got graveyard quiet at that statement, and I could hear the crackle of the flames on the fiery cross that the Kleagle was holding up above his head. A heavy voice from one of the sheets said, "Why don't you go in, Steve?" but Steve answered that that was no part of the job for the Kleagle himself. Then he called for silence and said, "Once more, in the sacred, unfailing bond, is there nobody who is going to step inside and bring them tramps out?"

About this time two sheets moved, one from way over to the left, and the other from somewhere in the center of the crowd. They came together below the fiery cross at about the same time, and the Kleagle picked out the biggest one to go on this mission for the Klan. He thanked the sheet he hadn't picked, while the other went in. I felt sure that I and Claudie were the only ones that night that knew what the report would be — I mean about the tramps being gone. And when the Kleagle got the report, he really lost his temper. He said, by God we'd wait until the tramps came back. So, while we waited I tried again to find Claudie, but still it was no use. One sheet that I thought was Claudie was not; it was a fellow that took me for his brother. He spoke of a Jersey cow he wanted bred to my registered bull. "Any time," I said and moved away as fast as a man in a sheet can move.

I don't know how long we'd have waited if the

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hotel clerk hadn't come across the street from his depot job and told the Kleagle that the tramps had left the Ritz that afternoon to go to Lafe Brim's place. Right away a lot of loud talk ripped and snorted through the crowd. The Kleagle spoke up about running the tramps down at Lafe's place and showed he was a real leader; he stated that we would run them down at Lafe's place. He pointed out there was a short cut; we could follow the railroad track and go through the back gate to Lafe's pasture if Lafe would go in the lead to show us the way. That way, the Kleagle said, we should slip up on the tramps from the rear. At this, the sheet with Lafe in it went forward and said, "Okay, Steve, let's go," so the Kleagle handed him the fiery cross and we took off.

As we marched single file down the railroad track, I turned my mind on Lafe. I figured he was bound to know by that time what I and Claudie knew. But whose side was Lafe on? Blood, I calculated, was thicker than water, but who knew how it would stack up against hot tar and feathers with the whole Burdenville Chapter of the Ku Klux Klan thrown in on the side of water? I didn't know the answer to this, but one thing was clear: I belonged as close to the head of the line with Claudie's Cousin Lafe as I could get. The closer I got, the fewer sheets there'd be between me and Lafe's place where our car was. So I scrambled ahead along the rough, uneven ballast on the sides of the railroad track; and when we passed a siding where there was more room, I moved ahead until I was right behind Lafe. By this time the fiery cross had burned plumb out, and my eyes were getting used to the pitch-dark.

When we got to the turning-off place Lafe yelled back and started down the dump. I was right alongside him as he walked through the muddy burrow pit to the wire gap that led into his pasture. Ahead I could barely see the outline of a little clump of trees and, beyond, Lafe's big barn.

Lafe said he had the cross on his hands and needed some help with the barbed-wire gap. I tried it, but it was too tight a gap for a man of my weight, so, while the rest came toward us from the railroad track, another sheet came up and opened the gap fast. "Ouch! Durn that barbed wire," the other sheet said, and it was Claudie. It made me downright proud of him — a man that I'd seen baffled by many a loose, easy gap in broad-open daylight.

"Claudie," I said in a low voice, "it's me, Clint. Let's stay right behind Lafe and we might be able to make a break for the car."

"Not," Lafe cut in, "until after you fellers get beyond that elm mott there ahead of us. It's pretty thick. Let me go first and show you the way through it." I thought I'd never heard even my own kinfolks sound so good as Lafe did.

Next we were in the pitch-dark of the narrow path that led through the trees, and the only noise was the clump, clump of all the sheets walking along behind us. The black muggy air was crammed and jammed with the heavy vibration of something about to happen; then the still scary corner of the world in the elm mott blew up. It exploded!

I am sure that no lions and tigers fighting over a carcass in Africa ever raised a ruckus so fierce or furious as the one that boiled up in the mott. Roars and growls and screams cut through the night-quiet like a thousand dull saws on a knotty log, and the sheets shot out in all directions. People ran into trees, they ran into each other, and they ran right out of the sheets. But they all got away, and in a few minutes nothing was left but empty sheets on the trees and along the barbed wire around Lafe's pasture.

When I ran, I ran toward Lafe's house where our car was parked. Claudie was there beside the car, and he was out of his sheet. Lafe was standing there, too, and he was about the calmest man in his talk I'd ever heard. He said, "I'd plumb forgot about Samantha, the old brood sow. She had a big litter down in the mott night before last, and you know how fractious a sow with a young litter can be. You fellers like a little drink?"

"No, Lafe, I believe not," I told him as I stepped on the starter. "I and Claudie better move along, I expect. It's getting a little late."

When we got to the Cleveland road where we'd turned off that morning I spoke to Claudie in a very serious way. "Claudie," I said, "we'd better travel as far tonight as our gasoline will take us. We haven't lost a thing in Burdenville. Except what we left at the Ritz," I added. "But we can't go back." Then I saw that Claudie had something in his hand. It was our razor. He dug around some more in his clothes, and I soon saw that he had on, or in his pockets, everything we'd left at the Ritz Hotel.

"Remember, Clint," Claudie said, "the card said, 'Be aggressive.' You told me that meant 'Step right up,' and that's what I done when the Kleagle wanted somebody to go to our room."

"What I don't understand," I said, "is why the Kleagle picked you instead of the other sheet that stepped right up at the same time. Wonder who that was."

Claudie chuckled, "You can't fool me, Clint. I knowed you was the other one."

It made me almost sorry I hadn't been, but something big and fine rose up in me the way it always does in a pinch. I couldn't let him down, so I said, "You are a hard man to fool, Claudie."

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Two Congressional committees inquiring into lobbying activities have recently turned their searchlights upon the lobbies registered under the Lobby Act of 1946 and those indirect lobbies known as "educational foundations." KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER, *who reviews the findings thus far, is a journalist and biographer who has served on the editorial staffs of the Washington* Post, *the New York* Times, *and* Newsweek *and is now devoting full time to his writing. His biography of Henry Cabot Lodge,* The Gentleman from Massachusetts, *appeared under the Atlantic–Little, Brown imprint, as does his latest volume,* The Lobbyists: The Art and Business of Influencing Lawmakers, *which appeared in early September.*

HIGH–PRESSURE LOBBYING

by KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

1

SEVERAL of the witnesses before Senator Paul Douglas's committee inquiring into the state of ethics in government have touched upon an ancient problem. More than one expert has alluded to the vast number of pressures which are continually applied to our lawmakers. Former Secretary Ickes growled in a fine old curmudgeon style about the situation, only, as might have been expected, he came right out and said he was talking about lobbies and lobbyists.

The word lobbyist crept into public usage in the age of President Jackson, a period we like to think of as far more unbridled than our own. From the beginning it had a most unsavory connotation — Walt Whitman linked the lobby agent with "bawling office-holders, kept editors, bribers, compromisers . . . the lousy combings and born freedom-sellers of this earth."

The legislative history of the nineteenth century is replete with instances of lobbyists corrupting individual legislators, and sometimes whole legislatures, plying them with wine in Washington's or Albany's fancy houses, paying their gambling debts, and otherwise taking care of the boys if they voted right. More than once they became such nuisances that Congress had to take official cognizance of them and even remove some members who succumbed to their wiles. In the 1870s Justice Swayne of the Supreme Court castigated the entire profession while slapping down one lobbyist who had the temerity to go to court to collect his promised fee.

In 1905 a solemn, stubborn young man with a beard wrote into the records of a New York legislative inquiry a textbook on lobbying in Albany as it had developed in the practices of the great insurance companies. Charles Evans Hughes's probing shocked the nation with its revelations of corruption. Out of it came a series of laws designed to regulate lobbying before state legislatures. Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and New York led the way.

But the national Congress, perhaps wary of the First Amendment with its guarantee of the right of petition, long hesitated to take official cognizance of the swarms of lobbyists whose presence on Capitol Hill had been a serious problem, and sometimes a national disgrace, since the passage of the first tariff act in 1789. The lobbyists got so bold in 1913, however, that President Woodrow Wilson publicly read the riot act to them. Not long thereafter a House committee, prodded by scandalous revelations in the old New York *World*, conducted an investigation which showed how the National Association of Manufacturers had improved on a wider scale the bold techniques first perfected by the insurance companies. The committee findings again shocked the nation, but Congress took no legislative action to place the lobbyists under restraint.

After the era of normalcy came the New Deal, and the Roosevelt administration sought to pass legislation breaking up the holding companies. Seldom had Congress been bombarded as it then was with letters, messages, and telegrams against the proposed measure. Senator Hugo Black, in one of the bloodiest legislative battles Capitol Hill has ever known, exposed their lobby-inspired origin and went on to bring other powerful lobbies into the open.

At this time both the Senate and the House were individually moved to take action. A bill for the regulation of lobbying passed the Senate but not

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the House. Senator Black moved up to the Supreme Court; the country moved into the second phase of the New Deal and then into war. In spite of the turmoil and concentration on the war effort, there were those who found time to deal with the growing necessity of "streamlining" Congress.

It was Governor "Fighting Bob" La Follette who, in 1905, had engineered Wisconsin's pioneer lobby act, the basis of most of the thirty-eight state lobby acts. Now, as the war ended, his son, Senator Robert La Follette, and Representative Mike Monroney quietly wrote into the Legislative Reorganization, of which they were co-authors, a special section, known as Title III or, after its passage and signature in June by President Truman, the Regulation of Lobbying Act of 1946.

Although it attracted comparatively little attention at the time, its passage was an historic occasion. By virtue of it, lobbying became the official concern of Congress for the first time since the establishment of the Republic. In effect, although it uses the hated word lobbying only in the title, the act legalized the profession that is as old as legislation itself.

A study of the brief and quiet debate that preceded its passage shows that it was in no way designed as a repressive measure. It was not intended to suppress or forbid lobbying, nor does it. It merely assumes that Congress has a right to know the identity of those who come before it to petition for a redress of grievances, and a right also to know the source of their expense accounts and the ultimate use of them. In order to achieve this information and have it handy at all times for reference, the act calls for the registration with the House and the Senate of those individuals or groups whose principal purpose is to "aid" in the "passage or defeat of any legislation by the Congress," or to "influence directly or indirectly the passage or defeat of any legislation by the Congress."

Individuals, organizations, clubs, leagues, guilds, foundations which collect money for this principal purpose, or spend it to influence Congress directly or indirectly, must let Congress know about it. And the information must be printed periodically in the *Congressional Record* — where, presumably, all may see it. There is nothing in the act restraining individuals from voluntarily writing letters, signing petitions, personally seeing their Congressmen or appearing before committees. But if they do so as paid agents they must register, tell the names of their employers, the source of their funds, the purpose for which they spent the money, and the legislations they were hired to lobby for or against. Organizations of all kinds, except newspapers, must list the source of their funds if they spend them to influence the legislative process "directly or indirectly." Violators are subject to a $5000 fine and a year in jail.

During the first year and a half in which this act was in force, the lobby surface was barely scratched. But after the Department of Justice set up a special bureau to enforce the act, registrations began pouring in. At last count there were thirty-nine known lobbyists for every ten members of Congress!

2

From the start there were objections to the act on many grounds, mostly from lobbyists. One of the main objections was the legalization of the word lobbying. Most lobbyists would prefer to be called by some such euphemism as "legislative agents" than to be known as a lobbyist.

More serious were the objections to the act on the legalistic ground that it infringes on the right of petition. In a recent decision Federal Judge Henry A. Schweinhaut of the District of Columbia ruled that the section of the act which calls for the registration of lobbyists and the reporting of their financial backing "may stand alone." The act is not "on its face unconstitutional," the court ruled.

It was Judge Schweinhaut's opinion that the law compelling registration of a lobbyist who "shall engage himself for pay or any other consideration" for the "purpose of attempting to influence legislation" was clear and definite. He then said that the act "does not abridge constitutionally guaranteed privileges . . . since it leaves everyone free to exercise those rights, calling upon him only to say for whom he is speaking, who pays him, how much, and the scope in general of his activity in regard to legislation. This the Congress should, and in the Court's opinion, does have the right to demand."

The "principal purpose" clause has also been widely attacked. The first head of the lobby unit of the Department of Justice was Irving R. Kaufman, who later became the Federal Judge presiding over the famous A-bomb spy case. He interpreted the clause to mean that when any person ("individual, partnership, committee, association, corporation, and any other organization or group of persons" in the act's definition) seeks to influence legislation directly or indirectly, and collects and spends money for that purpose, lobbying becomes a "principal purpose" no matter what the original reason for the organization's existence might be. Judge Schweinhaut's ruling did not cover this section, and no other court has yet ruled upon its validity.

It was partly because of the alleged ambiguities of the act, but to a far greater extent because President Truman harped so persistently upon the evils of lobbying during the Eightieth Congress, that Congress decided once again to investigate lobbying. A Senate bill to this effect, introduced early in 1949, was lost in committee. A somewhat similar bill was introduced by the late Representative Frank Buchanan of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, a staunch Fair Deal Democrat. This bill apparently had the Administration's blessing and resulted in

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the creation, late in 1949, of the House Select Committee on Lobbying Activities. Under Mr. Buchanan's chairmanship the committee was ordered to "study and investigate all lobbying activities intended to influence, encourage, promote, or retard legislation." Anti-Administration forces insisted that it also investigate all lobbying activities "of agencies of the Federal Government."

To look at "all lobbying activities" being carried on by private interests *and* governmental agencies — this latter was admittedly aimed at Secretary of Agriculture Brannan and his farm plan and at Federal Security Administrator Ewing and his federal health program — would be a herculean task. It meant examining not only the hundreds of registered lobbies and lobbyists but also looking into affairs of an untold number of organizations which, honestly or dishonestly, held themselves immune from the provisions of the act.

Not only was the ordered scope of the investigation overwhelming but its very nature was such that no committee could carry out the mandate without embarrassing Congress itself. For, it is obvious, there can be no lobbying without a legislature, nor can lobbyists exist without legislators to influence. Congress was in the position of the party of the second part.

In the face of these serious limitations the Buchanan Committee was forced to exercise its judgment in selecting the lobbies to be investigated out of the hundreds from which it might choose, and it had to tread warily lest not only its own but the Administration's feelings be hurt. Much criticism was, therefore, directed at the committee, particularly from conservative quarters, because of its allegedly partisan approach. The Republican minority on the seven-man body was never able to turn the probe, as it sought to do, into an exhaustive inquiry into "governmental lobbying" in behalf of controversial aspects of the Fair Deal program. On the other hand the Democratic majority was able to concentrate on lobbies that had spent millions of dollars for the direct or indirect purpose of influencing Congress against Fair Deal measures. Only the most naïve observer would have expected anything otherwise. Particularly in an election year.

3

THE committee concentrated on lobbying by big business and made its most extensive and detailed inquiry into the activities of the real-estate and housing lobby, which had been a particular target of President Truman during the 1948 Presidential campaign. At the same time it did look into some ethically important side issues, such as "contingent fee lobbying," the practice of lobbying for handsome fees contingent upon the passage or defeat of a particular piece of legislation. And it did call before the committee an imposing array of political scientists, many of whom have devoted years to the study of pressure groups and their effect upon the legislative process. Their animadversions, as published in a 162-page pamphlet entitled "The Role of Lobbying in Representative Self Government," make informative and interesting reading.

In picking upon the real-estate lobby — the National Association of Real Estate Boards specifically — the committee was able to paint a realistic picture of an organization with nation-wide affiliations and strong lobbying headquarters in the national capital, with hundreds of thousands of dollars at its disposal, perfecting the art of bringing pressure to bear on Congress for its own ends. It showed the realtors (as an almost perfect example of the modern lobby) at work in the small town, in the big city, and on Capitol Hill, high-pressuring the elected representatives of the people.

It showed how what might seem to the uninitiated to be a genuine outburst of public opinion can be built up all over the country, sometimes through highly unethical means (including the subsidization of some sections of the press), through the latest techniques of propaganda, until it has all the appearances of a public demand. It showed, too, how this "outburst" is bought and paid for by a comparatively small group of real-estate owners and managers. At the same time it showed how labor unions and the so-called consumer groups used almost identical means in behalf of those who stood to benefit by the defeat of the real-estate group. In the interplay of two such organized groups, one is reminded of the sage observation of the philosopher William James. "We are all ready to be savage in some cause," he said. "The difference between a good man and a bad man is the choice of the cause."

Detailed though it was, the committee's revelation of the real-estate lobby contained little that was new. After all, the big lobbies — real estate, organized medicine, meat packers, and the like — which work directly to influence legislation are, thanks to the 1946 Lobby Act, readily identifiable. It was in the field of indirection, in the intangible realm of ideology, that the committee raised its biggest controversy.

The Lobby Act specifically demands information about those who lobby indirectly as well as directly. The Buchanan Committee peered into this "dark corner suspected to be dirty" with a powerful flashlight and did not like what it saw. (That is, the Democratic majority didn't; according to its dissenting report the Republican minority was not disturbed.) It found that *indirect* lobbying, skirting as it does the "constitutionally guaranteed privileges" of the Bill of Rights, is a problem as delicate as it is difficult for all who are concerned with the problem of ethics in government.

The committee found, and cited statistics in proof, that the over-all business of lobbying is, in

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Representative Buchanan's words, a "billion dollar business." Millions of these billions are spent by Washington lobbyists to influence legislation directly and can be counted through the machinery of the existing Lobby Act. But who knows how much is spent, and by whom, and whence it comes, for indirect lobbying? And how far can Congress constitutionally go to find out?

In its preliminary attempts to answer these questions the Buchanan Committee called in (sometimes by subpoena, which was defied by three witnesses on constitutional grounds) such organizations as the Committee for Constitutional Government (the second highest spending lobby registered with Congress), the Public Affairs Institute, the National Economic Council, Inc., the Civil Rights Congress, and the Foundation for Economic Education. It asked these tax-exempt organizations some searching questions about their backers, their "educational" and "research" activities, and their expensive and extensive efforts at the "indirect influencing of legislation."

Although the ideological intent of each differs, these right-wing, left-wing, and middle-ground groups have one thing in common: the influencing of public opinion on matters of public interest. With the exception of the CCG, the organizations in question claimed they do not directly approach Congress on legislative matters, but the committee showed conclusively that they direct the greater part of their funds and energy to bringing indirect pressure in behalf of legislative matters that concern the interests of their financial backers.

Those on the right get their money from wealthy individuals, from some of the largest corporations in the country, and, to a lesser extent, through the sale of their publications. Those in the middle receive their funds from middle-ground labor unions. Those on the left presumably get it in those mysterious realms whence comes the financial support of other Communist-front organizations.

They all use this money for what they call "educational" or "research" purposes, which means they prepare and publish books and pamphlets, often called reports, on such vital problems of the day as rent control, Point Four, housing, or taxation. These presumably factual reports they distribute as widely as the largess of their "angels" allows, sometimes at cost, sometimes free, and in some instances by the millions of copies. They send them to libraries and schools, to service clubs, to doctors, lawyers, dentists. With few exceptions they do not say who or what these "foundations" or "committees" are. The Buchanan Committee showed that more often than not the anonymous backers are big corporations which are apparently willing to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually aiding these "institutions." One corporation and its officers have given one "foundation" as much cash as several labor organizations together put into the backing of the Public Affairs Institute.

As publishers of books and pamphlets they claim immunity from any kind of regulation under the freedom of the press provision of the First Amendment. As propagandists they claim similar freedom on the same ground. Most of them make a deliberate effort to steer clear of any apparent tinge of lobbying, not only because it serves their purpose better to be known as "educational" institutions, but because they would lose their tax-free status if they registered under the Lobby Act.

The Buchanan Committee thought they should register because it felt that their principal purpose was not so much to "educate" as it was to influence the Congress indirectly on legislation. The committee was convinced that the fundamental purpose of their publications was to make Congress listen. And some of the organizations, having succeeded in getting Congressmen to listen, were able to send out thousands of pamphlets free under Congressional frank.

This indirect lobbying, the committee suggested, was a far more serious problem for Congress than the direct lobbying in Washington. It concluded that every organization which collects any appreciable amount of money and spends it for the purpose of indirectly influencing Congress should not be exempt from naming its backers and revealing how much they gave and how it was spent.

To this suggestion at least one executive secretary of an educational "foundation" gave an honest answer. He said it would put a crimp in such organizations because once their identity was known the backers would snap shut their purses. Corporations would not like their stockholders to know that they were spending money this way. It would spoil the "foundation" racket. But another director of an institution — one backed mainly by labor support — said he believed in full identification for all.

The committee finished its work nearly a year ago, but thus far Congress has done nothing about lobbying, direct or indirect. The subcommittee on ethics in government, however, has been listening to much testimony on this subject. It has a wide field for investigation if it decides to explore the never ending problem of the pressure group and seeks an answer to the question, What are the limits of lobbying? Or, What is indirect lobbying and how far can Congress go in regulating its activities?

One suggestion towards answering these questions is the creation of a permanent joint committee whose purpose would be to watch lobbying continually, to check on the information filed, to see that the information is always available to press and public, and to enforce the provisions of the Lobby Act. Such a body would have the power to trace indirect lobbying to its source whenever it felt Congress was being unduly influenced by the propaganda of a pressure group supported by unseen funds.

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OLD CROW

Old crow, why are you croaking so?
I do not know.
Why do you ruffle your snood and bite your toe?
I do not know.
Are you so mortified, so deep in woe?
Do you regret to see your children grow?
What is your sorrow's fons et origo?
I do not know.

Old crow, have you an aching maw?
I can but caw.
Are you bewailing some terrible thing you saw?
I can but caw.
Do you regret that you never studied law?
Have you got rheumatism in your jaw?
Do you hear voices crying "Darby M'Graw"?
I can but caw.

Old crow, what are those robes you wear?
Too old to care.
Ragged they are, the color of despair.
Too old to care.
Why, crow, do you go on sitting there,
Perched in discomfort on your fence-post chair,
Why do you not soar into the windy air?
Too old to care.

Old crow, I must leave you to your woe.
Your road I know.
I must away, my home awaits below.
Your road I know.
I go alone, for there the red fire's glow
Greets me with warm companionship. And O!
I wish to see you never more, old crow.
Your road I know.

R. P. LISTER

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Books and Men

Authors who have enjoyed enormous popularity in their day are very likely to be neglected for some time after their death. Then comes reassessment, which in the exceptional case is accompanied by a revival of interest. This has happened recently in the case of F. Scott Fitzgerald; and if J. C. FURNAS *is right, an even greater retribution is due to Robert Louis Stevenson. For ten years Mr. Furnas has been following Stevenson's trail in Oceania, in the United States, and in Scotland, and from his glowing appreciative biography,* Voyage to Windward (*Sloane*), *the* Atlantic *has been privileged to draw two sections.*

FULL CIRCLE

Stevenson and His Critics

by J. C. FURNAS

1

BETTER than most people, writers survive themselves, at least in the Library of Congress. Better than most writers, Robert Louis Stevenson survived himself in both reputation and people's memories of his person. The final form of this survival is yet to be determined.

Within a few days of his death, Quiller-Couch was writing: "Put away books and paper and pen. . . . Stevenson is dead, and now there is nobody left to write for." Within a few months half the minor versifiers in the English-speaking world had elegies in print: Richard Le Gallienne hailed the dead man as "Vergil of prose!", Bruce Porter as "Our pilot into light!" Within thirty years every living human being whose cat had patronized the same veterinarian as Bogue had published dilute memories of Robert Louis Stevenson. E. F. Benson's inaccurate and venomous study of Stevenson in 1924 was right on one point: the man did suffer "the indignity of being pilloried in stained glass."

Overpraise elicits attack and relative neglect. Then — sometimes — comes rediscovery with — sometimes — solider reason to readmit the writer to the canon. In our time this has happened in some degree to Melville, Henry James, Trollope. Utter giants see less of these vicissitudes: Balzac, Tolstoy, Thackeray suffer fluctuations but do not shatter and reshape. It is the "little masters" who vibrate in and out of the light for generations before settling down to presumptive title to so many lines or pages in any given *History of Literature: for Teachers and Students.*

Rescuing Stevenson will take doing. Trauma has been severe and, in these matters, the cards must lie right to begin with. Says Edwin Muir, with regrettable accuracy: "Stevenson has simply fallen out of the procession. He is still read by the vulgar, but he has joined that band of writers on whom, by tacit consent, the serious critics have nothing to say."

Degeneration visibly began when Gosse wrote Louis that not since Byron went to Greece had a literary adventure so seized the public as his settling in Samoa where, the newspapers understood, he had become some sort of king of savages. An ill-omened comparison: of all sizable writers, Byron leaned most on personal gesture to foster literary renown. A bilious critic could say that softer but equally specious traits made Stevenson the Byron of children and compilers of reading lists.

Before his death Stevenson had already been exposed to the hazards of having his essays set as school examples. It was rather like giving a novice machinist a chronometer to reproduce. Nor were results much better when more docile spirits were moved to imitate the Stevenson of the earlier essays and travels.

Academic anthologists were significantly prone to give their readers the dulcet experiment of *An Inland Voyage* instead of the sturdier skill of *Silverado.* Such sins of tunnel-vision ended in exhibiting Stevenson as incarnating gay wholesomeness, as wholesomeness was then understood. And, though his alleged optimism kept him considered pertinent to human life for long after his death, he was gradually being forced into a descent into the nursery, a place even more sinister than the pulpit. Belittlingly, dilutingly, and sweetishly the pleasant letters from "the lean man" to "the children in the cellar" helped the emphasis swoon over to "Of speckled eggs the birdie sings," illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith or Charles Robinson — the perpetrator of those puffed and tallowy urchins wearing rumpled bedsheets and carrying large initial capitals. But wrath is pointless. Worse things have happened to even greater works:

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consider the usual child's abridgment of *Gulliver*.

Treasure Island also did sad damage. Ah, pirates, my dears, ah, the Spanish Main, ah, pieces of eight and shiver my timbers! The cultivated aunt wishing her small nephew normally but hygienically pirate-minded furnished him with Jim Hawkins's story. Few items of warranted literary standing can compete so well with dime novels or comic books. So *Treasure Island* appeared on children's shelves long before they could savor it — it was written, after all, for the early teens, not the kindergarten — and was left off high-school reading lists (replaced by *The Black Arrow*, since a Stevenson was indicated) because it was a "child's book." Here are remarkable anomalies: Woolly animals and Silver panting aloud as he knifes the honest hand. The patter of little feet and Israel Hands trailing across the deck with the great wound in his thigh and the blood-sticky dirk in his yellow teeth. Pattycake and the stiff-as-a-crucifix deadness of O'Brien lying "across the knees of the man who had killed him, and the quick fishes steering to and fro over both." The movies usually completed the sabotage by casting Jim as a child of nine or ten instead of as a boy in his teens conceivably capable of snatching up a cutlass in the melee at the blockhouse.

2

Movies have even more to answer for in sabotage of the third Stevenson item still high in public awareness — though perhaps not one in ten who have seen a movie version of *Jekyll* knows who wrote it, any more than he could name the authors of *Dracula* or *Frankenstein*. Resistance as well as ignorance may enter here. A bumble-minded lady to whom "Robert Louis Stevenson" connotes only decalcomania pirates and "Up into the cherry-tree" may have difficulty grasping the astounding fact that the same author provided occasion for the apelike horrors perpetrated by John Barrymore, Fredric March, Spencer Tracy, *et al.*, in scenarios smoky with sex in the interpolated orgy scenes.

For all its merits and the money that its success brought directly and indirectly, *Jekyll* probably did Louis more harm than good. It boomed him on the basis of sensational effects and combined with the creeping renown of *Treasure Island* to identify him with literary genres of low prestige. Grave observers prone to mistrust popularity and virtuosity found this hard to overlook. Stevenson was hardly cold in his grave when the first peevish exceptions to his literary apotheosis were entered.

The pity of it was that the indicated correction was too often in the hands of people distortingly eager and ill-natured about it.

It had begun mildly in 1888 with young Barrie's suspicion that Stevenson leaned too much on

> the great work he is to write by and by when the little works are finished. . . . He experiments too long; he is still a boy wondering what he is going to be. . . . It is quite time the great work was begun.

Louis retaliated by heaping the cheeky young fellow with praise of *A Window in Thrums*.

Next year the tone was harsher when Steuart — the same who later endowed Louis with a ravishing mistress who never existed — sneered elaborately at Stevenson largely on the grounds that Alan Breck was reminiscent of Rob Roy and that Louis disliked *Tom Jones*. But the heavy shelling did not begin until 1897, when, using his review of Yeats's *The Secret Rose* as occasion for attacking Stevenson, George Moore set one of the major motifs of this reaction opposite in direction and rather more than equal in force. In the teeth of John Silver and *Jekyll*, for instance, Moore charged that Stevenson "imagined no human soul, and he invented no story that anyone will remember"; in the teeth of the *Odyssey:* "Great literature cannot be composed from narratives of perilous adventures." But the gist of Moore's criticism is overstatement of the contention that even Stevenson's best is mere "literary marquetry"; this renowned "style," Moore averred, was only a trick of first couching a platitude in the customary words, then deliberately replacing the key word with a racier substitute — not exactly accusing Stevenson of thumbing a thesaurus but seeing the net effect as if that method had been used. Technically, of course, this is nonsense, but no doubt Moore was pleased thus to dispose of the man who wrote: "The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing colour, dark and glossy like a serpent's back."

In the States the following year John Jay Chapman supplied the extreme case of using Louis's theory of writer-training as a club to beat him with. Because he had recommended playing "sedulous ape" to writers of quality, this strident voice accused him of being merely "the most extraordinary mimic that has ever appeared in literature." It attributed his relative failure with *In the South Seas* to his having lacked "an original to copy from."

The falsity of this Ape-Chapman approach is impossible to demonstrate, for it is immediately perceived or never. Knowing both Stevenson and most of his models well, I am convinced that, by his late twenties, he was as near idiosyncrasy as Sterne before him or Kipling after him. In all common sense, whom does *Treasure Island* or "Pulvis et Umbra" read like? For proof by example, try Frank Swinnerton's well-known study of Stevenson, which, though patronizing about his style, falls again and again into writing identifiable yards away as watered-down Stevenson and nothing else.

In the second wave the charge of sedulous apery was raised to that of empty stylism. Leading from

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another citation of Stevenson against himself, Benson summed up in 1925: —

> . . . tells himself (and it is probably quite true) that few ever went so far as he who had less natural talent for writing. . . . A style he certainly did achieve, which, at its best, was admirably lucid and picturesque, but it was always a foreign language to him and he never wielded it with ease . . . a forced style, not natural, and he forged it into less an instrument than a fetter.

Quotations put in evidence are from the youthful journeyman-work of *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey*, which is sharp practice. No word of the above could conceivably apply to almost any bit in the hurricane chapter of the *Footnote:* —

> For the seventh war-ship, the day had come too late; the *Eber* had finished her last cruise; she was to be seen no more save by the eyes of divers. A coral reef is not only an instrument of destruction, but a place of sepulture; the submarine cliff is profoundly undercut, and presents the mouth of a huge antre, in which the bodies of men and the hulls of ships are alike hurled down and buried. The *Eber* had dragged anchors with the rest; her injured screw disabled her from steaming vigorously up; and a little before day, she had struck the front end of the coral, come off, struck again, and gone down stern foremost, oversetting as she went, into the gaping hollow of the reef. Of her whole complement of nearly eighty, four souls were cast alive on the beach; and the bodies of the remainder were, by the voluminous outpourings of the flooded streams, scoured at last from the harbour, and strewed naked on the seaboard of the island.

In any idiom or any century, that is writing.

3

Soon after Benson, C. E. M. Joad was even using Stevenson as deplorable example for ". . . How to Write Badly," quoting Samuel Butler against him and, for contrast, commending Shaw's dictum: "Effectiveness of assertion is the beginning and the end of style." This currently popular — and practically tonic — attitude toward style was summed up better by the Duchess than by Joad, Butler, and Shaw together: "Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves." The doctrine was pertinent to the audience that Joad addressed — the readers of a labor newspaper. But more experienced students of such matters might have advised Joad to read William James's *On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings* for the effect of the contrast between James's excellent lean style (of which, I assume, the Duchess would approve) and the full flavor of Stevenson in the long passages from "The Lantern-Bearers" here used to illustrate James's psychological point.

In fact, the founder of pragmatism here publicly hopes that this essay of Stevenson's will be immortal, "both for the truth of its matter and the excellence of its form," which is notable from a man who managed both to write well and to think hard. In winnowing literature for further illustration, he harnesses Stevenson with Josiah Royce, Wordsworth, Walt Whitman, and Tolstoy — fast company for a mere phrase-juggler.

It all leads to unilluminating debate over whether Louis's acute awareness of technical issues, strongest in his youth but always lively, damns him as a literary fiddler. Thomas Beer had no doubts; he used Louis as stalking-horse for ridiculing American fascination with the *fin de siècle:* —

> His intellect was not legitimately rebellious at all. . . . So the high place was not for him; but his levity impressed timid, bookish folk as red rashness, and for fourteen years a moving syrup of appreciation supported the gay invalid on its sweetness. . . . His prose chimes gently on, delicately echoing a hundred classic musics, gently dwindles from the recollection as do all imitations, and is now impressive only to people who think that a good prose is written to be read aloud.

In view of the facts about Louis's illness and mental attitudes, it is enough to call this obscene and point out that the larger issue concerned hardly needs discussion. Obviously "style" cannot be dissected away from content, except in the sense that expert acting can be abstracted from the roles it employs — after all, John Barrymore's and Laurence Olivier's Hamlets were not exactly alike. In parallel, highly expert writing often carries a quality that, though not indispensable to literary stature — consider Dreiser — can heighten susceptible readers' pleasure aside from content as such. The critic addicted to the ascetic, Joadish approach to writing — which often comes of too prolonged early exposure to spurious "fine writing" — should dedicate himself to the useful if limited function of improving the quality of prose in *The Journal of Hydrogenetics*. He will never understand that this quality of "style" may be conspicuous, consciously sought for because the writer consciously values it, without ending in the mawkishness of bad Poe or the petrifaction of Samuel Johnson — both fatal to "effectiveness." Thomas Henry Huxley wrote very well indeed; but that is neither the only nor the most rewarding way to write well. Here is self-conscious, highly mannered, young Stevenson, describing the invalid-exile on the Riviera: —

> He is like an enthusiast leading about with him a stolid, indifferent tourist. There is someone by who is out of sympathy with the scene, and is not moved up to the measure of the occasion; and that someone is himself. The world is disenchanted for him. He seems to himself to touch things with muffled hands, and to see them through a veil. His life becomes a palsied fumbling after notes that are silent when he has found and struck them. He cannot

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> recognize that this phlegmatic and unimpressionable body with which he now goes burthened, is the same that he knew heretofore so quick and delicate and alive.

"Effective" enough, almost clinical in accuracy of observation; but you could never write like that by letting the sounds take care of themselves.

The number of thwarted beginnings that Louis left is often taken as evidence of his weakness in the building of fiction. With greater staying power, it is said, he would either never have begun or else finished *The Young Chevalier* and *Heathercat* and *The Great North Road*. *Kidnapped* stopped coolly in the middle after a sharp structural break between the kidnap-the-heir plot-line and the flee-from-the-law plot-line. *Ballantrae* has that mishandled, overmechanized climax. Those who feared that *Weir of Hermiston* might not have held up to its first third had genuine cause for uneasiness. The contrast between these and the high coherence of Louis's better shorter narratives leads even generous critics to attribute to him a limit in narrative stamina like the range of a gun — his wind gave out too soon, forcing him to cobble things up out of tone. To get the most good out of Stevenson one must learn — a thing sometimes necessary with Dostoevski and Thomas Mann too — to forgive him his faults of fundamental structure for the sake of the long, highly integrated stretches in which he does so clangorously well.

Frank Swinnerton's critical study of Stevenson, first published in 1914, tried to be fair, but its author's fundamental mistrust of his subject wrested it into a sort of epitome of all that can be said to disparage the man. Stevenson couldn't depict woman — he admitted it himself; never mind the two Kirsties. He could handle only picturesquely eccentric character; never mind Wiltshire and Prestongrange. He founded no school of fertile disciples, so he could have been no genius. He founded a school of disciples that fatally cheapened the romantic novel. . . . As large and small stones heap up, it is plain that Chapman's was the only tenable position: At best this was an able trickster whose tricks amused people for a while, then palled. That classes him where he belongs, with O. Henry and Jerome K. Jerome.

Since personality was part of Stevenson's renown, the attack naturally moved into that sector. After Henley's eruption in 1901, the only iconoclastic notes came from inconspicuous people who had failed to feel Louis's charm, such as Trudeau and Cusack-Smith. The saintly consumptive among his loving brown vassals, the friend of lit-tul children, kept on growing heavenward in shapely smoke like the genie from the bottle and, as the genie must have, losing substance as he grew. The "debunkers" of the 1920s, working from fragmentary new material, strained themselves and probability by trying to make Louis sound like a character out of the *Spoon River Anthology*. Clayton Hamilton, who really did know a good deal about Stevenson, unscrupulously backed up Steuart's vicious findings, speaking as expert: "erects a new image of R.L.S., fully rounded with all his faults and virtues properly proportioned." Several voices of protest were raised against "Mr. Steuart's gloating amplification . . . with foolish and fantastic conjectures and inferences of his own pages long uttered in a kind of fatuous dance of jubilation." But the net effect favored this egregious biographer, who allowed Louis only personal courage, otherwise insisting that such apparently blameless behavior as distinguishing correctly between "shall" and "will," giving a beggar sixpence, or admiring Hazlitt all signified inner emptiness.

The culmination was contributed by E. F. Benson, the personal phase of whose study of Stevenson in 1925 is a rare piece of cultivated billingsgate that even I, who am naturally indignant at every other sentence, can read with pleasure in its skill with whips of scorpions.

There is some effort toward fairness: "Stevenson was most emphatically not a humbug"; Henley was aiming not at Stevenson but at "those who were turning him into Mary's lamb" (palpably wrong to anybody with Benson's ear for overtones); those who never knew personally the charm that blinded Louis's friends must assume "some quality in him far more divine and august than mere mental charm . . . a love of beauty as intense as any that the highest genius of the race have known, combined with a passionate desire to communicate it." This is either nonsense or sarcasm, but it clears the ground for Benson to settle down contentedly to the feet of clay.

Thus, Louis was callously indifferent to others. His dress "cannot quite escape association with the type which we are accustomed to call 'bounder.'" When writing home that he might be deported from Samoa, he was lying for self-glorification. He highly relished his old-man-of-the-tribe role among cringing women and crawling natives at Vailima, "a very forcing-house for egoism." His depiction of Huish, the unspeakable cockney of *Ebb-Tide*, was so successful because of "consonant first-hand knowledge of spiritual experience."

That is about like attributing to Thackeray spiritual consonance with Barry Lyndon on the same grounds. But rebuttal of Benson is hardly necessary. What can have moved the Archbishop of Canterbury's son to such bitter slander of a man he had never known? Again the responsibility probably lies on the posthumous glorification that Louis's less well-advised friends insisted on. Benson's keynote quotes Gosse in what must be the silliest thing ever said of one adult by another: "I ought to remember [Stevenson's] faults, but I protest I can remember none." Such drivel did endow

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the hapless subject with the "hieratic and beatified smirk" that Benson resented, and its natural effect was to fill too many people with malicious joy when Hellman and Steuart assured the world of letters that it had been an implausible fraud all along. That is the way antithesis sabotages reputations. Reading Stevenson was soon aesthetic slumming and the "Seraph in chocolate" gave place to a pretentious and clandestinely lecherous poseur who happened to possess some personal bravery. Every year the ripples from the immediately posthumous reputation have decreased in height. Only recently have such thoughtful studies as those of Miss Janet Adam Smith and David Daiches given hope that interest may revive in terms appropriate to adult readers.

4

TRUE, the modern reader has handicaps to overcome if he falls on Stevenson beyond *Treasure Island* and *Jekyll:* for instance, the dominance of individualistic moral issues in his work. Readers born after 1900 are well broken to "problem" plays and novels — the phrase is archaic, the thing livelier than ever — which essentially imply condition-contrary-to-fact. Overtly or subtly they insist that revision of social or economic convention would reduce the maladjustments described. But these same people have had inadequate experience with looking at a universe in which what one feels hinges on what one does, not on what is done or has been done to one. Both universes are tenable, both are proper material for fiction. And a valid taste for quality would seek values common to both and disregard variations of fashion, as it can disregard immense differences of idiom in deriving the same shiver of recognition from Falstaff's death, *A Tale of a Tub*, and *Huckleberry Finn*.

For another difficulty out of the same barrel, Stevenson was, in a rare sense, a writer. That was the quality that kept him so close to Henry James. In our day the writer has become equivalent of the shaman — the esoteric, ecstatic scapegoat, supernormal bridge to mysteries over readers' heads, a function sometimes combined with that of the amateur psychiatrist inventing fictitious and overconsistent case-histories for purging the passively unstable. The product must meet a need, else it would not be in such demand, and the better reviews of current novels would not sound so much like adepts discussing the mystical experiences of diverse cults. No doubt it should be the dominant function of writing to do for readers what finger painting does for unstable children or shock therapy for the schizoid. But it is significant that the current writer's work, of whatever cryptic depth of *mythos*, would seldom lose much by being reasonably well translated into any European language; whereas, though Stevenson has been widely translated, it can never conceivably have been adequately done.

Lack of experience with the essay bars many modern readers from much good Stevenson outside his fiction. Mourning the demise of this literary form is as pointless as deploring the disappearance of bootjacks. But, again, it is culturally inconvenient that the fields of comment in which Bacon, Montaigne, and Hazlitt were so sure-footed and flavorsome are in so many cases no longer fair game for amateurs. Thus Louis's "The Character of Dogs" practically ceased to be publishable after Pavlov's early work. The content of "A Chapter on Dreams" has been taken over by the psychiatrist; of "Beggars" by the social service worker; of "Virginibus Puerisque" by, God save the word, the marriage-counselor. The result has certainly been better quality of data and theories. But we have paid for that in widespread inability to savor the "effectiveness of assertion" of our literary elders in some of its better aspects.

In this bald effort to persuade readers to sandwich some Stevenson among explorations of other and newer writings, to claim him more than comfortable standing-room on Parnassus would be misrepresentation. He loved great poetry — Virgil, Milton, Marvell — like a mistress, and that very passion kept him from great affection for his own. He would have been first to agree that his literary validity would suffer little if he had never published a line of verse.

But it was very high indeed in other aspects and — the thought is always frustrating — still rising when he died. Edwin Muir, a critic of distinctly modern approaches, was tragically right in concluding from the fragmentary *Weir of Hermiston* that, had he lived, Louis "would have been the first Scottish novelist in the full humanistic tradition." This live and ripening validity of his lay in fascinated industry that warmed words into coming alive in his hands; in devotion so intense that writer and words grew indistinguishable; in intelligent, organic ambition not for himself but for his beloved medium. It all culminated — glowing, eccentric, and whalebone-strong — in the parson's glimpse of Janet trampling the clothes; Pew tapping on the frozen road; Utterson and Poole listening at the laboratory door; the Durie brothers' quarrel; Hermiston hearing of his wife's death. . . . If literary fashion, as arbitrary as the cut of next year's evening gowns, keeps people from reading such things for their own delight, the more fools they.

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

"We have enjoyed the magazine in the past year," wrote in a reader renewing his subscription, "but do your stories always have to be so *dismal?*" "Do they indeed?" I asked myself. "Let's think that one over. What does the record show?"

The record of what we have published in the past twelvemonth, reinforced by my recollection of the more notable borderline manuscripts which we rejected, makes it undeniably clear that death and violence were the two essential components in the better short stories submitted to the *Atlantic.* This you would expect of the war stories. But the theme looms up just as dolorously in the stories of civilian life: death by strangling, by lynching, and by drowning — not to mention the less obvious ways. At one editorial meeting I discovered that of the seven short stories we had accepted for our summer schedule, five turned on death and in three of them the main character was drowned. So at that moment we installed a new taboo: for the time being, no more death.

Somerset Maugham is right when he says that defeat is a better theme for fiction than victory. But defeat need not take the form of a lugubrious death; a living death can be made infinitely touching, as in Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome.* Defeat is at the heart of Chekhov's lovely classic, *The Darling;* yet the innocence, the adaptability, and the loyalty of "the darling" are so skillfully disclosed at each turn of her career that we hardly know whether to laugh or sigh. Defeat can be implacable but so valiant, as in Kipling's superb trilogy, *A Centurion of the Thirtieth, On the Great Wall,* and *The Winged Hats,* that although I have read them six times my flesh began to prickle as once again this summer I heard him sound the greatness of that lost cause on the Roman Wall in Britain. Kipling is a master of the sensuous detail, and he really makes you sweat with that legion on its march to the wall; but greater even than this sense of participation is his power to ennoble the lost cause. And that, I think, is something we miss in current fiction.

This infatuation with death is discernible in every magazine which features fiction, and is clearly to be seen in ***The Prize Stories of 1951,*** an annual selected and edited by **Herschel Brickell** (Doubleday, $3.75). This is the thirty-third such volume to be published in honor of O. Henry, and the twenty-four narratives in it are the pick of the crop. Mr. Brickell, assisted by three judges, has singled out a trio of stories for the special O. Henry Awards, and it is the fun of the thing for the reader to pit his favorites against those of the judges. The first of the prize stories, "The Hunters" by Harris Downey, is a war story, powerful but overelaborate in its description. It would, I think, have been better received in 1946; by now its virtues have been matched or excelled.

Eudora Welty, who wins second money, is, I think, with William Faulkner one of the two best in the country. Her present narrative, "The Burning," a piteous account of two old maids caught and burned out in Sherman's March, is full of memorable touches but impeded by stylistic indirection which I am sorry to say makes it very hard to follow. Must a good story be such hard work to read?

For the third prize winner, "The House of Flowers" by Truman Capote, I have nothing but praise. Here is a young writer — he was born in New Orleans in 1924 — with an exciting talent; sure in his characterization and very compelling as he draws you into his situation. His story of a Haitian courtesan and John Hersey's comedy, "Peggety's Parcel of Shortcomings," which originally appeared in the *Atlantic,* are most enjoyable. I have partisan reasons for being proud of "Old Century's River" by Oliver La Farge and of what seems to me the best of the newcomers, "Black Water Blues" by Monty Culver. But when I come to Jean Stafford's "A Country Love Story," so authentic in its anxiety, so hopeless in its intimation of defeat, I wonder, as our subscriber does, if life must be as dismal as this.

Are generals human?

John Marquand's new novel, ***Melville Goodwin, USA*** (Little, Brown, $3.75), is a triangle bounded by these three points. The high point, the apex, is that day in October, 1949, when Major General Goodwin, who had just been ordered to Berlin, happens upon what looks like a nasty in-

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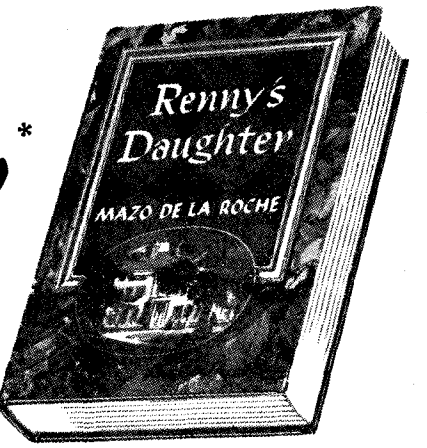

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cident with a Russian patrol. A drunken American private had wandered across the line and been arrested by the Russians. In retaliation the Americans had corralled a Russian sergeant, and there might have been shooting if the General had not walked up to the threatening Russian officer, brushed his Tommy gun aside, and slapped him good-naturedly on the tail. When the Pentagon orders the General home to be interviewed, they call in the radio commentator, Sidney Skelton, who had served with Goodwin briefly as a P.R.O.

The second point of the triangle is that week in February, 1945, when the General, whose Silver Arrow division had been conspicuous in the breakout at Saint-Lô, is roped in to explain the Battle of the Bulge to a visiting circus of American writers and publishers in Paris. Fresh from the front and rather full of himself, the General is a pushover for Dottie Peale, the most predatory and attractive lady present, and Sid Skelton, who has the circus in charge, has to be the discreet go-between in the affair. Those are two points and the third, of course, is General Goodwin's unknown destination after the notoriety has blown away. What if anything will Dottie do to Mel Goodwin's service record, and how human is a General supposed to be?

Skelton, who has done very well for himself in radio since the war, invites General and Mrs. Goodwin and the magazine writers to his new place in Connecticut from which the price tags have hardly been removed: the General takes over Savin Hill as his headquarters, and his story is pumped out of him partly in reminiscence, partly in what his wife Muriel confides to Sid, and partly by Sid's shrewd questioning. Sid's dry skepticism, a carry-over from his days on the newspaper, helps to keep things under control — especially when Dottie, determined on a reunion, begins telephoning from New York.

The process of opening up Mel Goodwin to see what makes a soldier is one Mr. Marquand enjoys at length. Perhaps at too great length, for I suspect that the filling in of the background will pall on some readers. The portrait is ironic at the outset when we hear the General spouting the old wheeze about "git thar fustest with the mostest men" and how the answer to everything is to estimate a situation and then take action, but the caricature fades and we begin to warm toward Mel as we see him through Muriel's eyes. The General's wife is very much of a strategist: "Muriel's never happy unless she's running something and usually it's me," says the General. "I ought to be on wheels and then she wouldn't have to push so hard." Her candor, matched with that fierce loyalty of a service wife, makes her in many ways the most important and interesting person in the book. In contrast to Mrs. Goodwin, Dottie is simply one of those avaricious, dissatisfied ("Oh God, I wish I'd ever been able to find a man!") female bandits Mr. Marquand loves to burn.

To try to judge the General is to tell too much of the story. At a time when our civil leaders are thrusting, some say, an immoral amount of responsibility upon our top brass and at a time when the standards at West Point are up for questioning, readers will naturally look into Mel Goodwin, and the system which produced him, for an answer as well as for entertainment.

The adventurers who jumped

Those Devils in Baggy Pants (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.00) is the racy, rough-and-tumble, idiomatic story of one battalion of the 504th Parachute Infantry as it was written and told by **Ross S. Carter,** one of the three survivors of his original platoon, to his brother, Professor Boyd G. Carter of the University of Nebraska. Having survived everything the "Krautheads" could throw at him in Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany, Ross, who had re-enlisted, went down under an infection in 1947. This is the record, as true as he could remember, of the reckless, tough-fibered, loyal men who died before he did.

The paratroopers were shock troops: they were keyed up for their jumps, which generally landed them behind the enemy's lines; they were trained to be resourceful and did their most spectacular fighting in small independent groups; they were merciless, expecting no mercy; they were picked for aggressiveness — not, like the Prussian Guard, for size — and when *en repos*, they fought each other — or any other available Americans — rather than be bored.

In a document like this the background is sketchy and disconnected. Ross Carter is concerned with the enlisted men, not the officers, and as the platoon is trained and toughened in North Africa and Sicily the individuals in it begin to show their idiosyncrasies and prowess: Big Rodgers, the Golden Gloves champion, who never drank or cursed and who prayed before going into battle; Old Duquesne (he was forty-three), the gray-haired lumberjack, who could really stomp when he got mad; little Finkelstein, the cockiest bantam in the regiment; the Virginian, nicknamed the Arab, who read Homer and broke into epic poetry when the gloom was thickest; the Master Termite, who had dug more foxholes than any man at Bragg; and Berkely, the author's best friend. At Salerno and in the cruel peak fighting in Italy they outlived a 200 per cent replacement in the company; and then, when they were ordered into the Battle of the Bulge, the sturdy band knew their numbers were up. Only four of the originals came out alive and two of them were wounded.

It is characteristic that six months of civilian life were all that Berkely and the author could abide; then back they went to re-enlist with the paratroopers. It was the only place to wait before they joined the long procession.

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Reader's Choice

BY

HARVEY BREIT

IN THAT excellent book, *Aspects of the Novel*, E. M. Forster refers to the novel as "that spongy tract." He intended no denigrative meaning. He had reference, rather, to its formidable mass, to its assumptive (but not presumptuous) powers. A novel, he said, was a fiction in prose. He continued: "And if this seems to you unphilosophic will you think of an alternative definition, which will include . . ." Forster then listed a number of disparate works, such as *Marius the Epicurean*, *The Magic Flute*, *The Journal of the Plague*, *Ulysses*, *Green Mansions*. Hence "spongy tract."

A reader, having second thoughts on the matter, will not quarrel with so rudimentary an approach. It is, I think, the only possible one; another, stricter approach would exclude too much. Though there did exist some brief fireworks around John Hersey's *The Wall*, we now think of it as a novel. We know it is a novel. The problem of what makes a novel is, at best, a confused by-product of the necessary issues that arise within the "formidable mass" itself; issues such as the division between realism and symbolism, the significance or insignificance of "the story," the weight we give to, or demand from, the social meanings and how we relate these to their formal realizations.

Obviously, that "spongy mass" creates a problem, a genuine and formidable one, for the critic. He has to account for an incalculable number of diverse fictional prose works, all of them novels. He has to account for, at the same time and with a minimum of predilection, the slender perfection of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and the monumental imperfection of *An American Tragedy*, the dark recalcitrance of *The Possessed* and the bright provocation of *Cakes and Ale*, the audacity of *The Red and the Black* and the scrupulousness of *Madame Bovary*, the catalytic bitterness of *The Sun Also Rises* and the infinite sadness of *Tender Is the Night*.

The critic, this month, has to account for the rich, ripe work of a contemporary master, Thomas Mann, and the large, ambitious, and expertly managed first novel of a 26-year-old author, William Styron. How is he to value them? What strictnesses and leniencies is he to bring to bear on each of these? Is he to suppress the notions he holds toward Mann's past performances because he holds none toward

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Styron's, since there aren't any? And is it desirable to suppress these notions, even if he can, which is doubtful? And hasn't it too often been that he has made more demands on the major work than he has on the minor? And so it is possible that he will become stricter toward Mann than he will toward Styron. On the other hand, mightn't he retain so keen an admiration for Mann's other work that he will tend to overestimate the new, or underestimate any non-Mann work he may read alongside it?

There is no easy answer. The critic obviously has to learn to see, has (it is Nietzsche's phrase) to allow things to come up to the eye, after which he can legitimately appropriate Forster's statement: "The final test of a novel will be our affection for it, as it is the test of our friends, and of anything else which we cannot define."

Let it be said at once, I hold enormous affection for **Thomas Mann's** newest novel, ***The Holy Sinner*** (Knopf, $3.50). It reads swiftly, and has an absorbing quality that makes you wish there were more — not because it is unsatisfactory but rather because it is so engaging and lovable. Why it is lovable (the book, after all, is concerned with the origins and nature, and only ultimately with the transformation, of evil) constitutes a triumph of Mann's art and skills.

The author tells us that his novel is based on the verse epos *Gregorius auf dem Steine* by the Middle High German poet Hartmann von Aue (c. 1165–1210). It is an Oedipus story with a fillip: Gregor, the abandoned offspring of an incestuous relationship, returns to his native land, becomes a hero, weds his Duchess, is the father of her two children, and only then discovers he is, as well, his own children's brother. Was it true, though, that only then did he make the discovery? Was it true that the Duchess had no inkling whatsoever that this boy resembled too closely her deceased brother-husband? Such questions, I think, are compatible with the spirit of Mann's investigation into the nature of evil. His answers, within the façade of the narrative, are deliberately ambiguous; the answers, within the logical and interior progression of the story, are unambiguous *nays*. Of course they knew, in those labyrinths of the mind and heart that Freud rescued from a nether dimension and Mann explored and exploited in his *Joseph* novels, as well as in his earlier ones.

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How Gregor attains salvation and becomes the great Pope Gregory is a miracle of story-telling. Within the story it is based on a miracle. This miracle is a lovely and crucial and tragic event, and I found myself admiring boundlessly the author's unembellished projection (and acceptance) of the phenomenon of Gregor's survival for seventeen years on a rock in the sea. There is, it is true, a muted metaphysical speculation, but you skip over it as Mann, you cannot help feeling, wants you to. For lo! it *is* a miracle, and it is sufficient. Obviously, Mann's art has had something to do with this alarmingly innocent state you find yourself in.

A good part of the art that makes this novel a minor masterpiece is the way in which Mann uses his narrator, the Irishman Clemens, an envoy from the cloister of Clonmacnoise. He is not only, as the author tells us, the spirit of story-telling; he is the spirit of story-hearing too. And as he informs us with zest, he listens with alarm; as he continues to narrate simply, he continues to hear complexly; and as the story-teller plunges boldly into the lurid parts, the story-hearer hides his eyes behind hands while yet peeping between fingers. This dual Clemens (made whole by his religion or perhaps by his art) is fascinated — not solely by the transfiguration, for he is story-teller as well as cleric. And being both it is proper, at the completion of his morality, to warn the reader: "Let him beware of saying to himself: 'Well then, be thou a jolly sinner. If it turned out so well with this lot, how then shalt thou be lost?' That is devil's whispering. First spend seventeen years on a stone, reduced to a hedgehog." And then Clemens says: "But truly it is wise to divine in the sinner the chosen one."

This is the text of *The Holy Sinner*, but I think it equally true that it is the theme, with minor variations, of the entire distinguished body of Thomas Mann's work, to which this newest novel makes a charming and altogether satisfactory addition.

Dissolution of a family

Since it was said at once that I had affection for Mann's novel, let me say at once that I have little affection and considerable admiration for **William Styron's** ***Lie Down in Darkness*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50). And lest this be regarded as a contradictory remark, I remind the reader that Forster was careful to qualify his "test"

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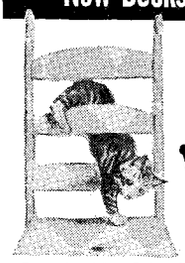

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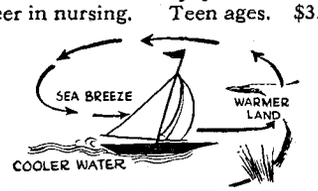

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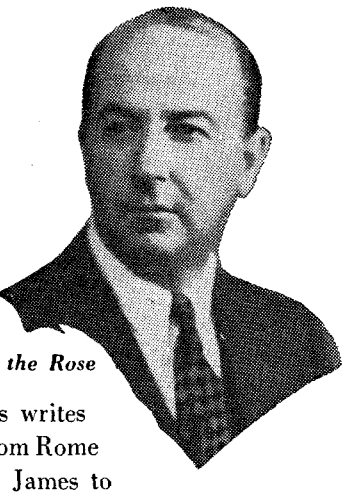
with the word "final." Let me also add that for the 25-year-old Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* I had more admiration than affection.

Lie Down in Darkness is an appallingly and terrifyingly effective (and sometimes even moving) novel. The author opens his story with a funeral. Milton Loftis, a prominent citizen of Port Warwick, Virginia, is waiting at the railroad station, with hearse, black limousine, and mistress, for the dead body of his beautiful daughter. As he waits, as he a little later almost succumbs to his need to escape the ordeal, as he still later rides to the cemetery in the mortuary car, the terrible, black, black story is unfolded in fragments. Put together, the fragments articulately and eloquently tell a story of the total dissolution of a family: Milton Loftis, his wife Helen, his two daughters, Peyton and Maudie (crippled, innocent, imbecilic, and dead years before her sister's insane leap from a toilet window onto a Harlem street).

The trouble in this one house has a number of excellent contributive factors. I think it would be fair to say that chief among them are the drinking and altogether self-indulgent habits of Milton, who loves Peyton and neglects Maudie, as against the ascetic and egocentric "style" of Helen, who protects Maudie and hates Peyton. One is the sin of sloth and the other the sin of pride. In the Loftis household it makes for a frightful warfare. But it is Peyton who is at the center of the novel and she is harder to understand. I would guess that what Styron has demonstrated is a simplified working out of Mendel's law: Peyton appears to have inherited the sin of each parent. It is the least convincing element of the book.

If there is a key word in the novel, it appears to me to be "need": people "need" each other, Milton needs Peyton, Peyton needs her husband, Helen needs Maudie. I don't mean that Styron isn't aware of this. At one point, Peyton's husband says he doesn't want her to need him, he wants her to love him. The point for me is an ironic one: I felt no "need" — no logical necessity really — for the story to evolve in the way that it does, for the relentless, perhaps willful, dirgelike monotone, not only unrelieved but given an additional turn of the screw in its last drawn-out section dealing with Peyton. It starts out a bleak and black book and it ends as one; there is no catalyst here. That



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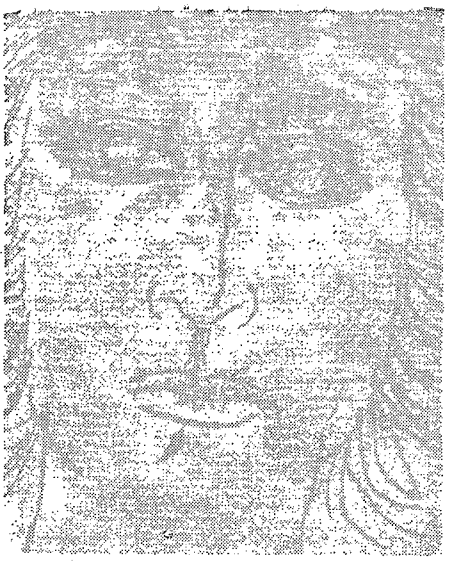
is why I can have no affection for it. I am profoundly aware, though, that in wanting to cite its perhaps inevitable defects, I have placed my criticism in an improper focus.

For example, the book is not bleakly written. On the contrary, it is richly and even (in the best sense) poetically written. If Peyton is improperly motivated, she is nevertheless a fascinating creature and her beauty, her fatal attraction, is visible and tactile and altogether sensory. If the parts seem to succeed each other with no apparent logic or dialectic, each part is brilliantly made and lovingly accomplished. If the long, terminal inner-soliloquy appears immature, there is so much else that is overwhelmingly adult. If, finally, there exists a fugitive sense that the author has gone to Joyce for his structure and to Faulkner for his rhetoric, it is only fugitive and consequently intelligent and probably assimilated. Not least among its virtues, the novel is deeply absorbing. It is a basically mature, substantial, and enviable achievement, powerful enough to stay with you after you have shut it out.

A man of genius

And now to switch it, how very different is **V. S. Pritchett.** Here, in ***Mr. Beluncle*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), one finds at first glance the uncluttered intelligence, the urbane speech, the satiric viewpoint, the swift prose of what has come to be familiarly known as British writing. The only thing is, it is most heartening to report, England's distinguished critic does not eschew what Oswald Spengler once called a depth dimension. The truth is that Pritchett manages this dimension with the deftness with which he manages everything else in his novel. Yet it is there, made up of insight, compassion, and tenderness, and all of it consonant with the brisk, mildly comic, no-nonsense air of the whole book. It's magic, that's what it is.

I don't know what Mr. Beluncle is though; he is, first of all, a madman. One isn't sure that he's a genius; one is sure, however, that he has genius. Just for what, would be anybody's guess. He has managed: a wife, a family of three boys (wonderful boys!), any number of homes, plenty of well-brushed clothes, a copartnership in a furniture firm, an auto (the firm's though). Mr. Beluncle's first genius is his ability to get money from women; he is, however, no Monsieur Verdoux.



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Mr. Beluncle's second genius is his belief in moving from one place to another and the ease with which he can uproot his family and literally send them packing. Mr. Beluncle's third genius is his poise, his unnatural ability to cope with any situation, his never once being at a loss for words — even though these contradict precisely what he had said a minute before. Mr. Beluncle's fourth genius — but one could go on indefinitely.

I don't know which I value more, the centrality of the book which is Mr. Beluncle's trials and triumphs, or the odds and ends of the book, which would include some of the doings of the Beluncle childers, the Beluncle wife, and the Beluncle mama; Lady Roads and nephew; the Parkinson Group and its schism; a small view of a Beluncle neighbor; a larger view of a courtship; or the incomparable Mr. Phibbs. I would vote for the odds and ends, mainly because I felt the novel to be inconclusive, to rush too hastily as it were toward its own end. One could put it another way: I would vote for the odds and ends for *now*, all the while hoping that *Mr. Beluncle* is the first novel of, at the very least, a trilogy.

The saddest story

At the age of 41, **Ford Madox Ford** sat down to show what he could do and came up with ***The Good Soldier***. That was around World War I. At first Ford was going to call it *The Saddest Story* — the novel begins, "This is the saddest story I have ever heard" — but his British publisher was worried because of the war and so it was named *The Good Soldier* and is now reissued by Knopf ($3.00).

In the twenties Ford was an exciting figure, a man of sensibility, Conrad's collaborator, a brilliant literary editor, and friend to the upcoming, such as Ezra Pound and Eliot, H.D. and Wyndham Lewis. For the first time, I think, Ford is getting a fair reading, divorced as he is now from auras and factions. And *The Good Soldier*, which the author regarded as his first attempt at "extending" himself, is a good book to sample. It is compact and carries an engrossing theme, it is not literary or esoteric.

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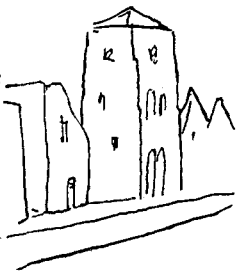

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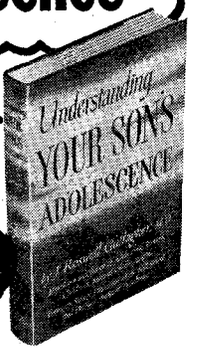

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Edward Ashburnham has been having an affair with the narrator's wife, who in turn, while apparently denying her husband, has committed a number of indiscretions. The American, Florence, as more bits of her become reflected, makes the flesh crawl; she is a nasty bit of baggage. Edward, as he becomes steadily reflected, gains an extra dimension.

The narrator is the complex key to the events, continuously reversing his own reactions to them, skating between how things appeared and how they truly were. He has had a shock of recognition, he has danced a fateful and tragic dance with evil. How is he to transmit the reality? He cannot simply say, this was evil and the evil was the reality. The point is, I think, that the reality was so thoroughly evil because the appearance was so thoroughly innocent, so convincing, and gave rise to so real a good and civilized time. How, then, is one to judge an appearance that, while it existed, created friendship and good spirit and that, in the light of a later time, has to be interpreted as an ugly thing?

Style, here, as craft, is impeccable, a less rarefied Jamesian. Means and ends are perfectly adjusted to each other. The language is an unostentatious delight. The skills are manifold and, above all, the knowledge and control of the materials are admirable. In spite of these multiple virtues, *The Good Soldier* is a skillfully ironic minor novel with a major flaw. The narrator's interpretations come in too frequently and regularly and, alas, make him something of a bore. I found myself, time and again, tempted to skip over his subjective funks and querulousnesses to pick up once again his objective and arresting chronicle.

First person singular

It is not irrelevant that Ford saw something of William Carlos Williams in Paris in the twenties, and later, in the States, started a Friends of William Carlos Williams club. Williams must have been a fine, fresh, indigenously American breath of air for the expatriates and collective upper Bohemia that wrote, painted, drank, and mostly talked in those Paris days. In ***The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams*** (Random House, $3.75), published on the 17th of last month, which was the author's sixty-eighth birthday, you see the autobiographer plainly. The book is immensely honest, reminding me, peculiarly, of Stendhal's *Memoirs of*

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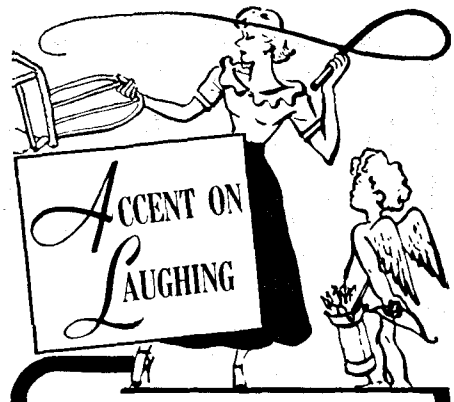
Egotism, in which that autobiographer promises the reader he will only put down honest lines.

The autobiography takes in Williams's childhood, boyhood, and youth, his efforts to become a doctor, his various internships, his in-the-meanwhile attempts to write, his eventual triumph as a first-rate doctor and a first-rate writer. It also includes, with complete naturalness, some of Williams's main esthetic ideas. The result is, first of all, refreshing; second of all, absorbing; and last of all, informative. Ezra Pound, a schoolboy chum of Williams, appears in the memoir frequently and always commands interest. Williams, by the way, has continued to see Pound at St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington. The partial record of these meetings is fascinating. For example, Williams reports that Pound refuses to entertain the idea of reopening his case, because "he knew he would be shot by an agent of the 'international crew' the moment he stood outside the hospital gates." And Williams adds: "Maybe he's right, for one thing is certain: he'd never stop talking."

The autobiography contains fascinating vignettes of Joyce (a memorable one, when Robert McAlmon says, "Here's to sin," in a half-drunken toast, and Joyce suddenly says, "I'll not drink to that"); of H.D. (sitting in the grass in the rain, "and I behind her feeling not inclined to join in her mood. And let me tell you it rained, plenty. It didn't improve her beauty or my opinion of her . . ."); of a hilarious Yeats-Gosse incident. Best of all, the memoir shows you the memoirist, an unembellished, honest man of letters, whose opinions you don't always agree with, but whose opinions you nevertheless value in themselves and because they are the product of a tough-minded, warm-hearted, intransigent, and wonderful human being.

Stark Young, perhaps the most serious and intellectual drama critic we ever had, has written his autobiography too. This one, though, is partial and fragmented. Strictly speaking, it isn't an autobiography. Young calls it ***The Pavilion***, and subtitles it *Of People and Times Remembered, Of Stories and Places* (Scribner's, $2.50). That's what it really is, a kind of associative reminiscence, in which the author, for example, will deal with a childhood event that took place in the



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The title may be considered misleading by readers with literal minds, who see in these pages a succession of husbands, bachelors and brothers outwitted by wives, spinsters and sisters, and who may well ask where the protection comes in. The answer is that knowledge is power, and forewarned is forearmed.

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deep South and, within that section, will recall and weave in some incident or person related to his later cosmopolitan life.

Young had a typical, tentacular deep-South family — there are uncles and aunts and cousins by the dozen, many of them amusing, some of them interesting. One wishes, though, that he had made a decision to contain them in a discreet section of the book. As it is, there is too little, say, about his relationship with other writers, including Faulkner, his meetings with the important players in the theater, and so forth. I would argue that Stark Young came to be known to us as a critic and author, and it is there that the interest of his memoir would lie. Apparently, Stark Young did not think so. I believe, unfortunately, his book is the loser.

Although I had looked forward to *The Pavilion* because I had read with delight and enlightenment his cultivated columns, I found the book disappointing. It is well written, of course; Stark Young couldn't help writing well. But the book is muted to the point of being muffled; the taste and elegance and cultivation are apparent only in wisps; the brilliancy exits before the powerful entrance of anonymity, though one may take away a possible consolation: in some ways this modesty is admirable, being perhaps a triumph of a form of secular grace. Even so, one wishes he'd take a short and temporary tumble.

Tender comedian

I suspect that ***Schnozzola, The Story of Jimmy Durante*** (Viking, $3.00), by **Gene Fowler,** is just about as good as you can get it. Durante's art is elusive. His comic genius, which is a mixture of gentleness, dismay, insanity, an uncanny rhythm and a canny timing, is difficult to convey. You either get it or you don't, you are either moved by him or you aren't. There isn't any halfway relationship between Durante and the spectator. Fowler obviously has a special feeling for him, though I think he holds an even more special one for the tough, shrewd Lou Clayton, once the hoofer of the incomparable team of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. Nevertheless Fowler has caught some of the mannerisms and gestures of the lovable clown, he has recorded with sensitivity the data of Jimmy's life, he has managed to catch the prohibition and

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gangster-ridden night-club life in which Jimmy was suckled. More than this I doubt that any biographer can do.

The legend of Jimmy's generosity has its basis in fact: Fowler has seen it, and I can corroborate it. The sensation of merely walking with Durante through a hotel is indescribably intoxicating. Strangers beam and shake his hand, the elevator girl throws her arms around him (He says: "So you waited for me, so you didn't get married!"), the cigarette girl seems to have every intention of hurdling the counter. The gentleness, the considerateness, the essential respect and love he feels for each individual life, the inexhaustible buoyancy, are a powerful and contagious preachment. He has an instinct for the right thing; I have seen him stand out against vulgarity when he didn't know what it was. Something of this lovely man Fowler lights up. The comic, tender artist, the piano player, the fellow who can touch you more deeply than anyone else when he walks up and down the stage in front of a line of girls singing his own special "recitative" — that has to be seen and heard — "in person."

(NOTE: ***How To Protect Yourself Against Women and Other Vicissitudes*** by **Charles W. Morton,** Associate Editor of the *Atlantic*, has just been published by Lippincott, $3.00. Parts of the book have appeared in our Accent on Living pages.)

Potpourri

SHADOWS MOVE AMONG THEM *by Edgar Mittelholzer.* Lippincott, $3.00.

On the advice of his psychiatrist to find a change of scene, a psychologically distraught young Englishman, Gregory Hawke, arrives at the jungled heart of British Guiana to visit his relatives, the Harmstons, and their four witching children. The remote native community of Berkelhoost, over which the Reverend Mr. Harmston exercises an adamant benevolent despotism, is a disturbing one, funny, sunny, and sinister by turns. The Reverend's dogmas and decrees are those of a cultist, and their odd particulars unfold in a kind of counterpoint to those of the inner temblors that tighten and tear the spirit of Hawke.

A recounting of the plot cannot suggest the multiple fascinations of Mr. Mittelholzer's narrative: the effective evocation of the jungle through its omnipresent sounds — the swishes, sighs, creaks, scut-

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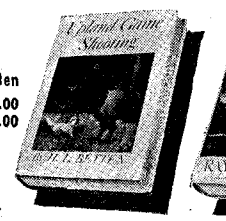

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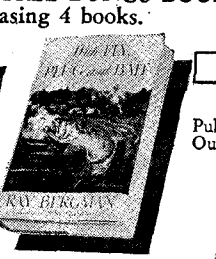

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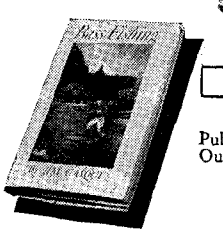

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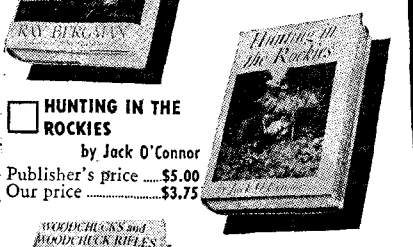

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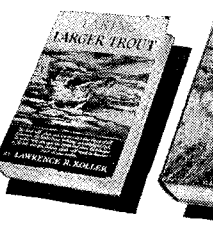

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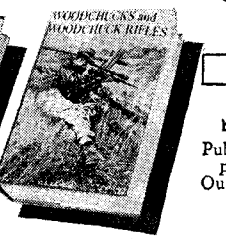

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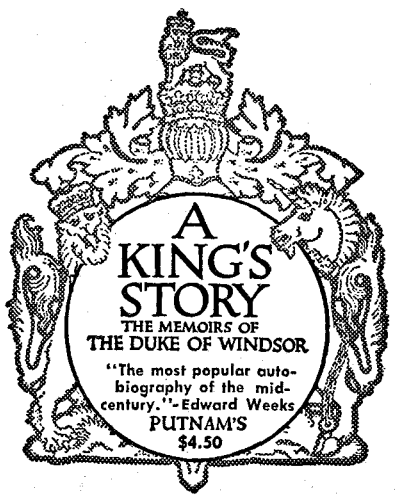

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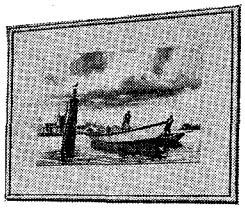

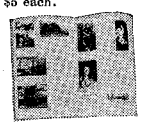

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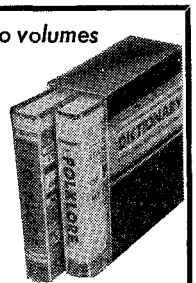

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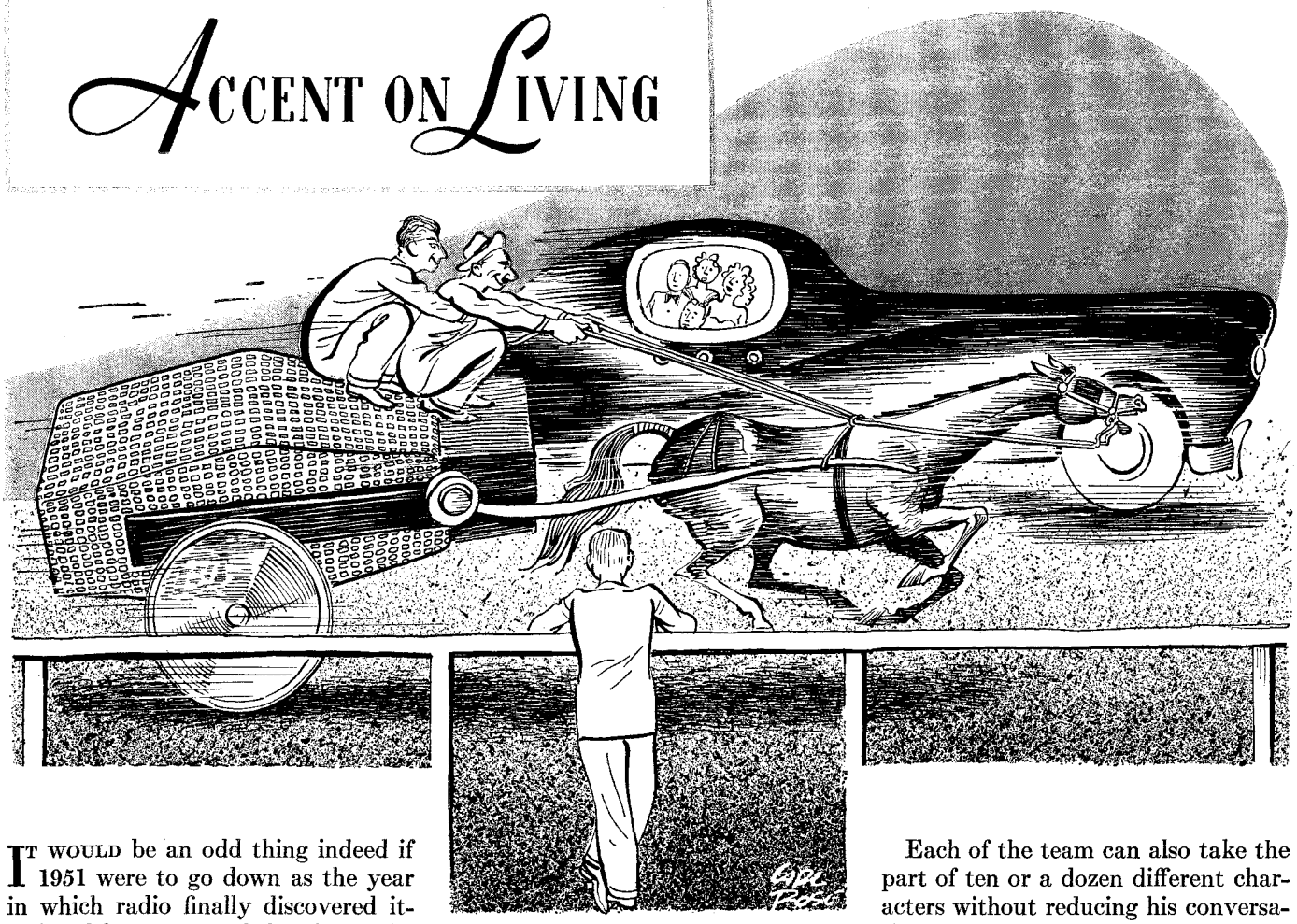

IT WOULD be an odd thing indeed if 1951 were to go down as the year in which radio finally discovered itself and became worth hearing. The appeal of radio in recent years has been about equal to that of the silent films. It continues to make familiar noises, yet its vitality has been ebbing daily. Radio this past year seemed plainly a curio, a completed episode, headed for the Smithsonian. To listen in accidentally on a Dr. I.Q. program, after exposure to the blast of television, was like waking up in the House of Burgesses in eighteenth-century Williamsburg and marveling at the quaintness of life in those days. The same was true of other standard radio perennials: it was unbelievable that such outmoded offerings could still command commercial support and an audience.

Yet during the summer just past, the National Broadcasting Company brought forward a new network feature — two comedians, of all things, named Bob and Ray — that very nearly constituted a one-program justification of radio. It was startling — a reminder that the content of entertainment was more important than the gadget that transmitted the show. Extraordinary. On that basis, a genuinely funny radio comedian could be more entertaining than a completely unfunny television performer. The whole idea was revolutionary. Even more disturbing was the obvious fact that Bob and Ray were taking advantage of new techniques in radio and that these techniques were a delight to hear, yet entirely without value for television.

Bob and Ray made it plain that radio had been overlooking some of the most effective tools in its kit — the use, for instance, of transcriptions in a "live" show. There would be no point in playing a transcription for TV, but ordinary recorded bits were caused by Bob and Ray to produce preposterous illusions via radio. The effect of suddenly slowing down the turntable, or speeding it up sharply, in the middle of an ornate trumpet solo, yielded wonderful implications for the listener, guided by low-pressure comment from Bob and Ray. They had been having trouble with the trumpeter — drinking perhaps, nerves, family discord. . . . Would he make it this time? . . . No . . . too bad . . . there he goes again!

Each of the team can also take the part of ten or a dozen different characters without reducing his conversational speed, and their version of a Small Business Men's Round Table — the tallest Small Business Man present being just 9½ inches — was a rich tangle of warring voices with a moderator and program announcer thrown in. It wound up with the shortest Small Business Man (4 inches) shouting through the honeyed sign-off of the "announcer": "Lift me down from this table, somebody!" — nothing for television, but a droll enough interval for the listener. So were the team's ruinous telephone conversations, both parties talking at once and with great earnestness.

They created hundreds of funny situations in those summer weeks; their material was wonderfully fresh and distinctive. How long they could continue to produce brilliantly at the vast rate of their summer consumption (five 15-minute programs plus a one-hour show every week) remained to be seen. Both men are capable actors, and their mimicry is subtle enough to prosper even with more commonplace subject matter. The fine gusto of their first burst into network radio smacked of durability.

CHARLES W. MORTON

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GREAT TO BE HOME

by WILLIAM EDMAN MASSEE

WILLIAM EDMAN MASSEE *was engaged in editorial work and writing before spending a year in France. He is now editor of the* Red Cross Magazine. *This is his first appearance in the* Atlantic.

My brother wrote us warning it would happen, and it did. "Nobody cares about your trip — you are just people with enlarged memories," he said. "Some people won't even know that you've been gone. Forget it." So we decided we wouldn't say anything until somebody asked, but we didn't like it.

After all, we brought back five bottles of Chartreuse for presents, and some gargoyles from Notre Dame, and a glass ball with the Tour Eiffel and snow inside. When you give somebody a present from a foreign land, you'd think that would provoke some questions, even if only "How much?" Curiosity killed a cat, Aunt Harriet used to say, but she never failed to ask me where I'd been, and with whom. People don't seem to be as interested in things as they used to be.

As the boat was docking, we agreed not to say a word unless requested, and then only something like "It was lots of fun." It didn't seem fair to go on with it unless somebody really wanted to know. Anyway, we counted a lot on the Chartreuse, so we weren't worried, really, just careful.

We had dinner with my cousin the first night, and she told us all about the water trouble up in the country — how the water table was dropping just as she'd always said it would, and the well digger in Croton was going to charge her six dollars a foot, but over in Danbury they had to go through solid rock, and it was only four dollars a foot. Not a word about us, or where we'd been. It was almost as if we'd just got out of jail and she was avoiding the subject so as not to hurt our feelings.

After dinner we presented her with a bottle of Charteuse Verte, and leaned back. I cleared my throat and nodded at Dorothy, smiling. My cousin patted the bottle admiringly. "Oh, I love this stuff. Let's have some right now." Then she told us about the applejack she used to get during prohibition. "You can't get real applejack any more," she said, and she gave us some recipes for marvelous cocktails made with the applejack you can't get any more.

The next afternoon we went uptown to a cocktail party — people we hadn't seen for a year, good friends, who used to want to know what was the matter if a week went by without a phone call. After all, you see cousins quite often, and you get to tell them, sooner or later. But we took along a bottle of Chartreuse, just in case. Jaune, this time.

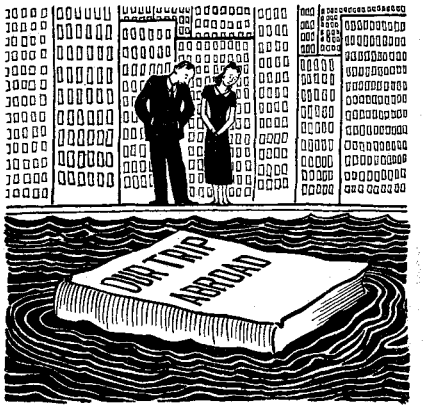
"It's 90 proof," I said, handing our hostess the bottle. "The green is 110 proof, but you always said you liked yellow." She said, "Down in Puerto Rico you can get rum that's 125 proof, and some people say it's 140. What do you know about Fort Sill, Oklahoma?"

I said, "Not much," and she told us about her Army brother-in-law in Panama, who was going up to Fort Sill and probably ride horses, and then she told us about all the trouble they had packing. Dorothy sat up straight, because we used big fiber sample cases that were too heavy to lift, but our host leaned forward and said, "I don't know what is going to happen to New York. The traffic is worse, and the *Sun* folded, and they still haven't fixed our leaky faucet. Drips twelve times a minute, plonk, plank." Then somebody else began telling about a faucet that went plink, plonk, and how the two ought to get together, and we went home right after that.

The next day I called up a friend in the magazine business and he said he had just got back from Jamaica and the rum was 140 proof. By this time I had no pride left. "I'll listen to you telling about Jamaica if you'll listen to me telling about France," I said. "Hell," he said, "I've had to write about the lovely Caribbean all week. I only want to know one thing. Do you say ca-*rib*-ion or cara-*bee*-un?" I said I said the first, but was probably affected, what with just having got back from France, where they have no vichyssoise. "Everybody knows that," he said, and hung up.

That afternoon Dorothy went up to the country with some ash trays we bought in Paris, mostly saying things like "Don't make love on Saturday because you won't have anything to do on Sunday." The sayings were in French, but the ash trays were made in Italy, and people who live in the country always need more ash trays.

When I went up Friday night, she told me about Bob, the carpenter, and his wife, Ann, who described how sick she'd been all winter and how their daughter had skipped a year and was taking her pre-med course now. And Dorothy told about Helen and Tib, who raise apples, and explained about their European trip twenty years ago. And then Dorothy told about Dr. Smith, the dentist, who got



two thousand rat heads in the mail last year and did research on them all winter, but now he was studying some hamsters, and did she know that if you give rats doses of magnesium they become motherly, and if you cut out magnesium they lose all their mother love, and Russia has lots of magnesium, which is why they want to be the mother of us all, maybe.

And that's the way it's gone. We find we're drinking more than we're used to, which is not good for us because wine is so much lighter, alcoholically. And smoking more, too. Wine came up once, in a conversation over cocktails, but everybody looked at us and began talking — fast.

I guess we're just too late on the whole thing. Anybody want to hear about helping French girls climb trees in Aix-en-Provence, or the corky bottle at Laperouse? How about the time we had everything but the entree at La Pyramide? Or that little incident about the vitamin pills at Zenna? You've switched brands again? What kind are you smoking now?

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THE AMAH PROBLEM

by NANCY PENCE BRITTON

NANCY PENCE BRITTON *was born in Madison, Wisconsin, and is a graduate of Northwestern University. She is the wife of an RAF officer, who has been stationed for the past year in Singapore.*

THE only uniformity about all the amahs we have had is that they have been uniformly terrible. The first gave notice once too often (the fourth time, it was) and we got her out of the house two days later. Then for a week we had Ah Tai, who was almost exactly like Bea Lillie pretending to be a ghastly maid, except that she wasn't as good-looking.

She was a Cantonese who spoke English (if you could call it that) with a faint Swedish accent. Because she kept the electric cooker going all day long brewing putrid stews for her own meals, she had hardly any time left for us. When I protested strongly about what the bills would be, she said proudly that her previous *mem* had paid $300 a month for electricity. I could well believe it.

Finally, one evening in the middle of dinner she announced suddenly, as she was clearing the table, that she was leaving the next afternoon. I said, "No, you're not. You're leaving tomorrow morning." Next morning she said she didn't want to go because it was raining, and would be willing to stay on for a day or two. I told her it might rain for a week, for all I knew, and I couldn't risk it. I got her out by sheer will power, and half an hour later the sun was shining brilliantly.

Then we had one Ah Kam for just under twenty-four hours. Both she and Ah Tai had wonderful references. Ah Kam was chiefly memorable because, when we asked her for whom she had worked before, she said, "Kim Soon." We naturally assumed this was some Chinese gentleman, but it was Lady Gimson, wife of the Governor of Singapore.

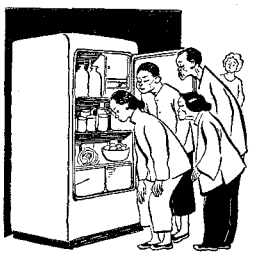
Government House is a big place, but I should hardly have thought it was big enough to hold Lady Gimson *and* Ah Kam. Our house is slightly smaller. Ah Kam and I locked horns within the first few hours. We had a battle of will powers before breakfast the following morning and she fortunately gave me notice, so we saved paying her bus fare back to Singapore.

At that point we decided we were bored with Chinese amahs, and I was only too delighted to do the housework myself. However, a couple of evenings later our Malay gardener brought along a fourteen-year-old Javanese girl for us to try. They certainly mature rapidly in the tropics. Her name was Mina and she made Dorothy Lamour look humdrum. It was with real regret that we threw her out after tea the next afternoon. She was utterly useless, but she would have added such tone to our parties.

She appeared at 7 A.M. in an ankle-length green satin sarong and a lot of gold bracelets and earrings and shoulder-length black curls and a fair amount of mascara. She didn't work hard enough to soil this get-up, but at lunchtime she went home and changed into an even dressier pink satin sarong and jade jewelry. The deciding factor in booting her out was not so much that she went about her work chewing on a whole loaf of bread and occasionally leaving it absent-mindedly on our desk or dressing table, as that she was such a deeply religious type that she not only would not cook ham, bacon, or pork, or anything cooked in bacon fat, but even refused to wash any dishes or forks or pans that pork products had touched. However, I wouldn't have missed that twenty-four hours for anything.

Up to this point we had been getting our Chinese amahs from the tony agency in Singapore where you pay $5 and their taxi fare. On a whim I barged along one morning to the government labor exchange south of the river in a pretty unsalubrious district. There was a row of about fifteen amahs sitting on a bench, most of them terrible. I was the only employer so early in the morning.

In that chamber of horrors, little



Ah Khee was like a peony, with her nice pink cheeks and dewy look. She has a long black braid that hangs to her waist in back and a very demure smile. I dragged my husband there after lunch to have a look at her. He was taken with her too, and she liked us.

Two large relatives were upset at her taking a job on her own (they'd been a team of three before) but Ah Khee was firm with them. They and other relatives swarmed out to our home to look the place over, and more came the next day. I could hear them opening the refrigerator and peering inside, and one of them looked behind the bathtub! I was wondering if I'd be able to stand it, but they haven't been near the place for some time now (knock on wood), and Ah Khee is still with us.

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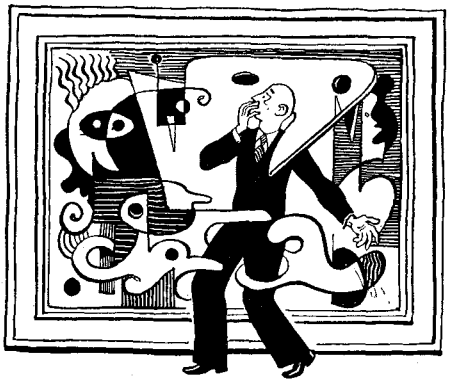

DUFFER'S DEFI

by RIXFORD KNIGHT

Readers will remember RIXFORD KNIGHT, *who has appeared in the* Atlantic *on several occasions. He is a resident of Jamaica, Vermont.*

FOR a long time I had known I was falling behind on recent developments in science and philosophy, and in order to catch up on them I went to the public library and drew from there a book by Mr. Eddington called *The Nature of the Physical World*. There were things in this book that I did not understand, exactly, so I took it back and exchanged it for one by Mr. Whitehead. This too I returned to the library and drew in its place *Science and Sanity* by Mr. Korzybski. After a decent interval I also handed this back to the librarian.

By this time I was beginning to see how things stood with me. Milton has been called a poets' poet. Morgan was known as a bankers' banker. I myself once underwent a financial experience with a doctors' doctor and I have suffered humiliation at the hand of a checker players' checker player. I saw now that what I had done was to get myself tangled up with a scientists' scientist and a philosophers' philosopher. In the case of Mr. Korzybski I felt he might be even a degree or two higher than that.

But although it was probably a good thing to know where I stood with respect to these three eminent thinkers, my experience with them was disillusioning just the same. I had always considered myself an intellectual. Now it seemed that recent developments in intellectual fields were getting out of my range.

But this was not all. I have also considered myself a devotee of the finer, the richer, the nobler things of life. Things like poetry, music, and art. Yet here too I have had chastening experiences.

I have always appreciated art. That is, I appreciated that art was something to be appreciated and I was glad that it was. My status was that of an appreciators' appreciator. But recent developments in art are baffling to me.

I am aware that real art does not lie in photographic depiction of a subject or model. The artist must put something of himself into his work, and whenever I appreciate art I always make allowances for this. But lately it has seemed to me that the more of himself the artist puts into his work the less room there is left for his subject. As a result I have great difficulty in telling what his subject is. In an effort to help myself in this difficulty I have devised certain methods of appreciating art.

One of these I call my transubstantiation method. I stand before the painting or sculpture with my eyes half closed, my mouth half open, and my mind as void as I can make it. I have concluded that the mind has very little to do with what goes to make up modern art. It is the soul of the artist I must commune with if I am to discover what it is that the artist does when he puts himself into his work. So I try to do with my own soul what a ventriloquist does with his voice: to put it into the body of another, the creator of the work of art. I try to see what the artist sees through the artist's eyes.

I cannot say definitely that this method has ever brought me truly *en rapport* with any great master. Sometimes I think it does. Other times I am sure it does not. If I sustain my position long enough I get a peculiar feeling. But I am never certain that this peculiar feeling is what constitutes a real appreciation of art. Consequently I often resort to my second method.

This is my will-power method. Here I tense my muscles, firm my jaw, and cause my eyes to scan rapidly but sharply the details of the work of art — not searching for hidden faces, as in a child's picture puzzle, but hoping just the same that something will turn up if I try hard enough. I nearly always get results from this method. But I know very well that the results I get are not those the creator of the work of art intended I should get. I generally give it up and try my third method.

This is my Coué method. I do not like it very well. But it is the method used by many connoisseurs of the finer things of life and I must perforce, and by definition, have confidence in it. In my Coué method I stand before the work of art with my head slightly tilted. Then I say, "Ah, yes." After this I pause for a time, tilt my head to the other side, and say, "Remarkable composition." When this has soaked in well I add, "Exquisite portrayal of the emotions." Strangers, observing me in the throes of this method, have commented on my appreciation of art. But I myself am skeptical. I have begun to suspect that in order to appreciate the modern forms of art one has to be an artist himself. It seems a big price.

Poetry is something of which I also have considerable appreciation. I may not care to appreciate all poems, particularly the longer ones; but a short poem with a good swing to it I am always glad to appreciate. If occasion required I would be able to make long and short dashes under the syllables of it showing I understand such things as iambic pentameter.

But in recent years a great change has come over poetry. Modern poets have dropped the pentameter and use only vertical columns of iambics. You have to be a poet to fill in the other four bars. The new poetry seems to be written by poets' poets.

When it comes to music my situation ought to be better. I play the piano myself. There is one lively piece in particular that my friends are always enthusiastically urging me to play. But when I try to appreciate the work of a master I find myself in trouble. If I know that the name of the piece being played is "Wind Amongst the Trees," I can hear the wind and I can see the trees. But if I hear the piece first and learn its name

afterward, it always happens that the things I heard and saw are not the same as those heard and seen by the piece's composer. There has been no meeting of minds. Musicians' musicians have pre-empted the field.

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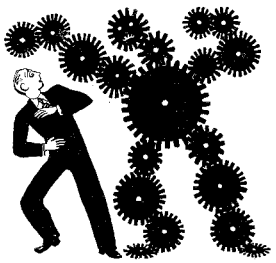
It is quite a comedown for one of my intellectual and cultural pretensions to have to admit that the things that make life worth while are over his head. But even that is not all.

I have always prided myself on being a practical man. Whenever anything about the place got out of order and the family was huddled in consultation about whom to call up to get it fixed, I would enter and say, "Wait, I will fix it. There is no need to pay someone to take care of this." But now the experts' experts have taken even this satisfaction away from me. They have dogged me right into my driveway.

It used to be, if the car acted up, that I would raise the hood and ground each of the four plugs with a wooden-handled screwdriver. I usually found out the trouble. Of late years, however, the experts have engineered me into such a state that I would as soon lift the lid off Pandora's box as raise the hood of a modern car. The designers' designers have got me where I can do very little but pay for repairs.

I spend my life pushing buttons designed by experts, buying things prepared by experts, and voting for programs offered by experts. I don't even have a specialty of my own I can hide behind. I don't know what goes on anywhere any more. About all I am, it turns out, is a duffers' duffer.



A HOLLYWOOD CHILD STAR'S GARDEN OF VERSES. IV

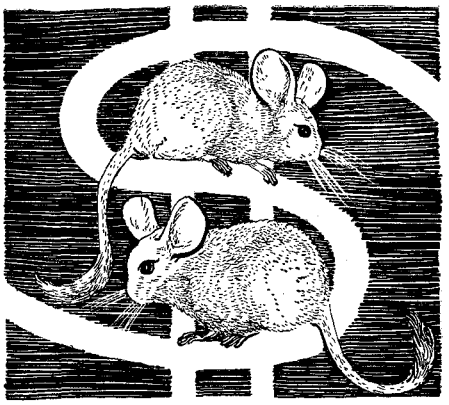
(Apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson)

by EDMUND J. KIEFER

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill.
"You'll be late for work," he said.
So I answered: "Aw, drop dead."

* * *

WHEN I was down beside the sea,
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore;
With cameras grinding, I would stoop,
That messy sand to scoop and scoop —
Oh, brother, what a bore!



CHINCHILLAS

by ALEX FAULKNER

ALEX FAULKNER *is the New York correspondent of the London* Daily Telegraph. *This is his second appearance in the* Atlantic.

IN the cellar of a small roadside establishment in New Jersey, not far from New York, is the equivalent of a fortune in live chinchillas. Wire cages are stacked high along the walls and wedged into the corners of the cellar, and in each cage chinchillas disport themselves.

The day I visited the place, babies had arrived in several of the cages only a few minutes before I got there, and were being dried out with heat lamps. Chinchillas are born with their eyes open and a substantial covering of fur, and within an hour they are exploring their quarters.

It felt rather cold in the cellar, in contrast with the mild weather outside. There was scarcely a trace of smell from the cages. A woman in a white uniform was looking after the chinchillas, and it was obvious that she enjoyed her work. She described with enthusiasm their attractive traits.

Chinchillas are lively little animals, full of fun, and have the closest thing to a sense of humor that I have ever seen in a nonhuman. One of their most fascinating features is their long whiskers, which keep moving in a most expressive manner. Their fur is one and a half inches long and is very soft, fine, and silky. It is gray on the surface and a deep bluish gray nearer the body. They eat grains, greens, dried fruits, and an occasional twig, all in small quantities.

Many of the animals at the place I visited, it turned out, were the property of people who had succumbed to the "buy chinchilla" urge. At $1200 a pair one does not take a purchase of this kind home and give it to the children. It is more like a stock certificate, which one locks up in the safe deposit at the bank. For a fee of $5 a month the place provides bed and board for the valuable couple, and does everything else calculated to promote healthy "dividends" in the form of baby chinchillas. And, like a good broker, it helps to find purchasers for the young ones as they come along.

Like any investment, a chinchilla purchase is a calculated risk, and on the day of my visit I was told that a statistician on the staff of a business magazine had just bought three pairs after spending a few days working out the probable yield.

At first glance it looks like a good thing. In theory there is a reasonable chance that within eight months of making your initial investment of $1200 you increase your holdings by one or two chinchillas (one to three young are produced in each litter). Chinchillas will breed two or three times a year under ideal circumstances, but the careful investor will not bank on obtaining half a dozen young a year. According to the Department of Agriculture, which has issued a very useful leaflet on chinchilla raising, a general average of two young a year for all females kept is considered good production.

It was formerly believed that these animals could only be mated in pairs, but in recent years polygamous mating has been tried with increasing success on some large ranches, and it has the advantage of reducing the number of males needed. Inexperienced breeders, however, are advised to stick to the more usual practice of relying exclusively on monogamous unions.

Taking two young a year as the safe average for chinchillas, within twelve months one may expect to increase one's holdings to four. Within two years the number should be increased to eight, and within three years to sixteen, with a value, if they all reach maturity, of $9600. The original pair may continue to breed for fifteen years and more.

If the litters are larger, and if whelping takes place every eight months, the herd will be considerably larger than this at the end of the three years. If an abnormal number of deaths occur, it may be smaller. These are speculative elements which for many people make the whole undertaking much more exciting.

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Among the adverse factors is the average rate of chinchilla mortality; it has now been brought down to only 8 per cent, but as recently as 1933 it was 50 per cent. Another is the tendency to sterility. In spite of these and other risks, many hardheaded

businessmen have decided that chinchilla stock is a buy.

One of the reasons may be that some investors like seeing and even caring for what they buy. It is the peculiarity of this rodent from South America that it fares best when it is looked after by someone who gives individual attention to his charges. Although there are a number of ranches with a chinchilla population running into the hundreds, chinchillas are owned to an astonishing degree in small lots by people who like being personally responsible for them, both because the prospects of financial gain seem good and because chinchillas are extraordinarily attractive. For many people they are as much a hobby as a source of income.

As one of them put it: "If you like animals, it's a good business that leads to peace of mind." At his wife's urging, this investor gave up a contracting and decorating business in 1943 and spent $7200 for six pairs of chinchillas. Now he has 300 of them.

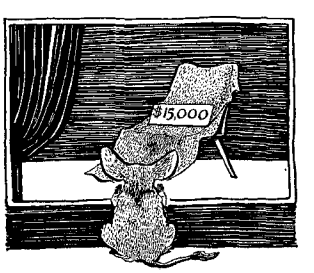
The chinchilla population of the United States has grown from some 10,000 ten years ago, and some 75,000 last year, to more than 100,000. There are believed to be about 5000 in Canada, and perhaps another 20,000 in other countries. It has been estimated that as many as 6000 or 7000 people are engaged in raising them, some in city cellars or suburban back yards.

The most remarkable thing about all this is that chinchillas, despite the value of skins, are at present worth considerably more alive than dead. The people who are breeding them would not think, at this stage, of killing them for their pelts. For perhaps another five years they will be produced mainly as breeding stock.

This situation is the result of the almost complete extinction of chinchillas a few decades ago. In the early part of the century the skins were being shipped to the United States by the bale, and coats and wraps made from those old skins are sometimes found, in excellent condition, stowed away in family attics. Chinchillas had been trapped for centuries by Indians, and later by Spanish conquistadores; and still later they had been hunted by foxes exported to South America by British sportsmen. But by 1920 the number of wild specimens had been reduced to such an extent that chinchilla skins were bringing as much as $400 apiece.

It was at this stage that an American engineer, M. F. Chapman, who had been working in the Andes mines, decided to search for some of the remaining chinchillas and, if possible, rescue them. Aided by Indians he found eighteen, all at heights of over 10,000 feet, and he then undertook the long and difficult task of bringing them down to sea level and entirely different climatic conditions. Over a period of nearly four years they were moved down from the mountains by easy stages and then started on the journey to the United States.

Only seven males and four females survived the crossing of the equator and the long trip to Chapman's home in California. Subsequently such South American countries as Chile and Peru passed laws prohibiting the exportation of live chinchillas or chinchilla pelts, although later on permission was obtained to make some additional shipments. Most of the chinchillas in the United States, however, are descendants of those brought north by Chapman.



As there is not yet a large and steady market for pelts, their value is rather uncertain, but today they are worth perhaps $50 each, and it takes about 250 of them to make a full-length coat, which may cost anything from $25,000 to $100,000. Chinchilla skins are considered more satisfactory for loose wraps, capes, jackets, neckpieces, and muffs than for fitted coats.

Only two chinchilla shawls were known to be for sale in New York last winter, and the prices asked for them were $5000 in one case and $15,000 in the other.

There are not yet enough chinchillas to ensure the regular yearly supply of pelts the fur trade would need before it could start using these skins as it uses those of other animals. Chinchilla for the time being is a luxury and a rarity. Chinchilla breeders and such organizations as the National Chinchilla Breeders of America, Inc. (P.O. Box 1806, Salt Lake City, Utah), are preparing for the time, five years hence or more, when production is raised to the point where a steady market can be established and kept supplied. It is not expected that this will happen before the chinchilla population passes the half-million mark. Until then chinchilla on the paw is worth more than on the ladies' backs.

TRISTE

by DAVID McCORD

I DUG beneath an apple tree
And spaded up a piece of Spode,
Two Pine-Tree shillings, and the free
Translation of a runic ode.

I dug again, and in the clod
Appeared an artifact, a shell,
An inlaid toothpick, and some odd
Rude smelling salts without the smell.

They say that when the moon is white
As blossoms on that apple tree,
A man is digging all the night.
The legend doesn't mention me.

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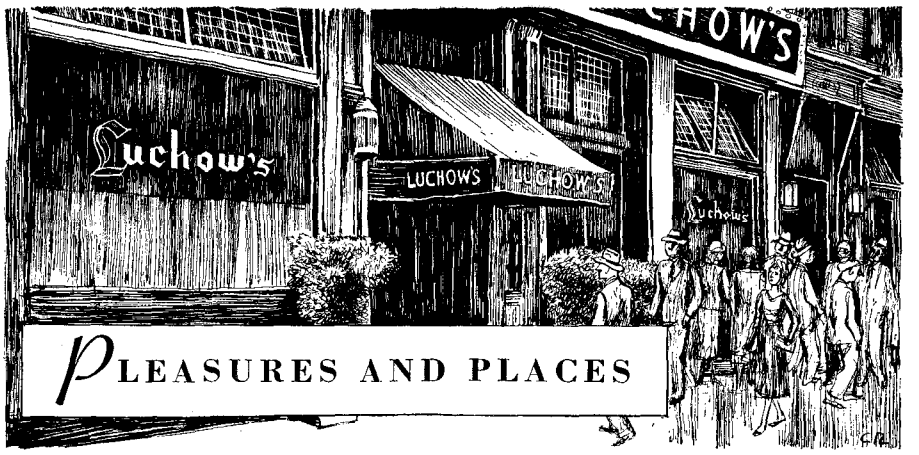

PLEASURES AND PLACES

LUCHOW'S

by LEONARD JAN MITCHELL

Restaurants and their specialties vary widely in so broad a land as ours. It would be hard to find two Americans who would agree on a "best" eating place. Regional cookery, with its diverse national origins, is always interesting, but what is typical? In what sort of place would most Americans find a meal most to their liking?

We believe the American taste is for simple, hearty food of high quality. The greater the assortment, the better. Prices should be middling — stiff, provided the intrinsic cost justifies them — and not grandiose. All comers must fare equally well — the stranger, celebrity, the regular patron, the individualist, and the easy to please. On this basis, a first-rate restaurant must be fairly large, for it will make many friends, yet it must withstand popularity. It must prosper — that is, be shrewdly managed — in order to keep itself at par. It must be hospitable, comfortable, and feasible for many moods and occasions.

Of all restaurants which meet these requirements most successfully, Luchow's, in our opinion, heads the list. Well patronized by one generation of New Yorkers after another since its establishment in 1882, Luchow's stands today as a mellow landmark of good living. There was great concern among its friends two years ago when its venerable proprietor, Victor Eckstein, announced the sale of the restaurant. But the new owner, LEONARD JAN MITCHELL, *has demonstrated that Luchow's, in a changing world, remains intact. Still in his thirties, a native of Sweden, Mr. Mitchell gained hotel and restaurant experience in Stockholm, Zurich, and Washington, D.C. At our request, he has set down some of the standards which govern a good restaurant.* — THE EDITOR

WHEN the *Atlantic* asked me to explain some of the responsibilities of a restaurant proprietor, I did not know where to begin. I am not sure that I know where to end either, because everything, large or small, in a good restaurant is important. Here, at any rate, are some of the considerations which come foremost to my mind.

First, it seems to me, is the buying of food of the very best quality available. The core of food purchases is always meat. A buyer must make sure that the loins, ribs, and other beef products are of prime quality and proper age. (Three and one-half weeks is considered the proper age — the meat is just getting tender without acquiring a gamy flavor.) He sees to it, also, that the eye is large and properly marbled.

As to veal, it has to be Detroit white veal out of milk-fed baby calves. Lamb is corn-fed spring lamb only. Pork we buy from a supplier who has served Luchow's for thirty years and who knows our specifications. He remembers, for instance, that our pigs' knuckles must weigh 1½ pounds each — a cut that is slightly more than a knuckle and includes part of the shoulder, which is the most tender part. In buying smoked pork loins our man makes sure that they are lean, because the meat has more flavor than the fat portion when smoked.

Game is another essential item. I find the fresh-killed Canadian hare to be the best, but it has to be delivered packed in ice rather than frozen. We prefer the Wisconsin deer, as they are properly fed and the meat lends itself well to aging, which is most important. The domestic partridge is more desirable than the English partridge. Guinea hens are selected by the color of the meat: if it looks bluish, the hen is usually tough. Our geese come from the Far Western states, as they have to be stall-fed stuffed geese which cannot be developed in the state of New York. The liver from these geese we use for our homemade *pâté de foie gras*, for which there is no substitute.

We buy the ducks and chickens according to the season and from various parts of the country. The best chickens are those raised in Scroon Lake. They are kept on wire mesh and are not allowed to run around on the ground. They have only white meat. The Long Island ducklings are best at 5½ pounds, and the buyer must be sure that they do not have excess fat at the expense of meat.

We never let frozen fish come into the house — only fresh fish: though it is 25 per cent more expensive, there is no comparison in taste. Our salmon are sent in by air express from Gaspé, Canada; the crabs from Maryland; brook trout from Colorado; red snapper and pompano from Florida; English sole direct from the British Isles. Once a week I go to New Jersey to select the fresh-water eels to be smoked for one of our specialties. And in buying Nova Scotia salmon and sturgeon, we select only center cuts from young fish. We always go to the Fulton Fish Market ourselves and pick out the fresh local fish rather than order by phone. When in season, the carp that is most suitable weighs 6 pounds, and these are kept alive in our own basins. For our Herring in Dill Sauce the best size is the six to a pound.

Every lobster shipment is checked on arrival to make certain that all the lobsters are alive: all that are not kicking viciously are boiled immediately, and never, never is a dead lobster used in any form.

Next in importance are the vegetables, and there are many grades for each item. Asparagus from California is the most tender and most tasty; the next best comes from Pennsylvania. That from Jersey is tougher and sandier — the sand almost seems to grow into the stalk. String beans have to be flat and green. Carrots are sweeter from the West Coast, and that is also true of the iceberg lettuce. We get large onions from New Mexico and Texas. The Southern Virginia spinach is preferable. For potatoes, always of course the Idahos, and other kinds according to the season in various parts of the country. We purchase apples, berries, and other fruits also according to season. For serving fresh, the best always seem to come from the West Coast — particularly the strawberries, which are much more expensive but which are in a class by themselves.

Cheeses are purchased according to the age of the individual cheese, and each is tasted to make sure it is

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just right. As for groceries, their quality is determined largely by size, weight, and taste.

We import many foodstuffs — brislings from Norway, smoked hams from Westphalia, Senfgurken from Bavaria, lingenberries from Sweden,

cepes from Normandy, sardines from the Mediterranean.

Many hours of the day are spent in buying supplies; it also takes a considerable amount of time to check them in. We have to be at the delivery entrance to see that the merchandise delivered is exactly what was bought. We then weigh everything and check the prices on the invoices to see that they correspond with those quoted. This process fills a good hour and a half each day.

After this sort of work, the restaurant man goes to the butcher shop, to the fish butcher, to the vegetable preparation room, to the cold kitchen preparation, to the actual ranges, and sees that the right cuts are being used for each dish that is being made. He makes certain that the spinach is soaked and washed at least three times; that the hamburgers contain no fat and gristle; that the Sauerbraten gravy has just the right body. In other words, he keeps tasting foods all day long — a constant job every hour of the day. One of his duties in the morning hours is to check the bake shop; and at times he samples the mixes before they are poured into the bake pans and judges the quality of the mix and whether any other ingredient is needed. He will have to pay particular attention to the preparation of the house specialties — the Rote Gruetze, the Hazelnut Tart, the Apfel Strudel.

There are various yearly festivals of special interest to the patrons of Luchow's — the Bock Beer Festival, the May Wine Festival, the Venison Festival, the Goose Festival, and others. My own work obliges me to watch for these occasions and for all holidays; all require special foods and special beverages, and we have to give a lot of advance notice abroad and in this country for the deliveries to come in on time.

Luchow's is always associated in the minds of its patrons with beer. August Luchow introduced to this country the Wuerzburger Hofbrau in 1884, and the slogan "Down Where the Wuerzburger Flows" was composed in honor of the restaurant. We now carry seven kinds of draught beer and fifteen of domestic and imported bottled beers. Each week we use one hundred barrels of draught beer, maintained at a cellar temperature of forty degrees. When our draught Wuerzburger comes in direct from Bavaria, we do not start drawing it immediately but rest it for three days in the cooler.

Cleanliness of pipes through which beer is drawn is most essential, and the coil system has been taken out because of the difficulty in cleaning coils; the pipe system is used exclusively. Each draught beer has its own set of pipes, because different pressures are needed for each type of beer. For instance, beers which are imported are of greater age and have a natural froth; the older the beer the greater the froth. In setting up the correct amount of pressure for the pipes, all these factors must be considered, including the correct length for the pipes of each beer. Our pressures vary from sixteen to eighteen pounds, depending upon the type of beer.

Our pipes are cleaned by running water through them until the water is clear, then running through a cleaning solution made especially for us, which is left in the pipes one hour. Again water is run through until it is clear; then the pipes are blown out with fifty pounds of pressure. Our tanks are cleaned by hand, as this has proved the most effective way. The success of the pipe system and our cleaning system has been proved by tests of not drawing one beer for three days, and when drawing the test beer finding it in perfect condition. In less effective systems and methods of cleaning coils and pipes the beer will not stand more than twenty-four hours without becoming dark and cloudy.

One of the pre-prohibition beers that were a specialty at Luchow's was Salvator — known also as October beer, for the month it first is drawn in Germany each year. This beer was reinstated at Luchow's last year and was served from the Venison Festival in November through the Christmas holidays. This beer has a particularly strong and tangy flavor and is very popular.

The direct supervision of employees, which has to be handled with some skill and knowledge of human nature, makes heavy demands on the restaurateur's time. With 165 employees on the staff, he has to deal with 165 individuals. Although all know their work, without the proper superintendence mistakes would occur. Since most things are cooked to order, the chef is in front of the range at all times to ensure the proper timing of the preparation and the pickup of the dishes by the waiters. Just as essential is the supervision of the dishwashing department — if too many dishes pile up during rush hours there will be considerable breakage, and if the machine is overfed the dishes will not come out dry. The restaurateur checks the underside of the dishes to see that there are no spots, and if there are any they will have to be soaked overnight. He checks the silver room and sees that, in collecting the silver for polishing, nothing is overlooked — sometimes a few pieces of silver are hiding in a drawer, and if these get into circulation with the freshly polished pieces they are unpleasantly conspicuous.

The proprietor makes sure that all the cold food is served only on chilled plates and that hot food comes out sizzling hot from the kitchen; that if an extra piece of parsley or lettuce is needed to make the plate perfect in

appearance it is added; that no waiter loiters around the kitchen while the food on his tray gets cold. Everything is checked in the iceboxes each day and no leftovers are placed in them. Although practically all our foods are prepared to order, if any prepared food is left on the ranges it is offered as a choice to the employees for their

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meals and never utilized as a left-over.

The cleanliness of the house is a

constant concern. The restaurant man must look under and on the tops of shelves for dust and watch for water or grease spilled on the floor, so that it may be taken up immediately, for spilled water or grease is one of the greatest causes of accidents. He checks temperatures in the kitchen to see that the ventilation is adjusted for the comfort of the kitchen employees. He watches for the possibility of running out of any dish listed on the menu and sees that it is listed on the kitchen blackboard before it does run out, so that no customer will be disappointed after ordering it.

He must be certain that the help's shower rooms are kept in spotless condition. He makes sure that the laundry is counted, that the pots and pans are scrubbed and shined, that the coffee is freshly ground, that the motors in the building are running all right, that the repair and maintenance work which is constantly going on is progressing as it should — along with the countless other tasks necessary to keep the back of the house in smooth working order.

A good part of his day the proprietor spends in his office discussing publicity and advertising, deciding which charities are worthy of requested donations, checking bills, okaying weekly and monthly statements, studying his food and liquor costs.

During his office hours he makes up menus with the chef, offering not only popular dishes on the table d'hôte menu, but surprise out-of-season items as well, shipped perhaps from Cuba, Brazil, Germany, or Holland. He also makes up the menus for banquets. Always in mind is the fact that in a restaurant seating a thousand persons, service must be carefully planned to prevent overlapping. Banquets and family gatherings are often arranged a year in advance. Parties celebrating birthdays must have a surprise birthday cake or a bottle of champagne sent to the table. (Often our musicians play a dozen "Happy Birthdays" in an evening.) Telegrams and gifts go to old patrons who are celebrating birthdays elsewhere.

The proprietor also plans Christmas presents for patrons and employees, selecting them with thought for individual tastes. He works out a system of employee bonuses, based on seniority and importance of position, in such a way that no one is offended. He must spend time with his accountants, negotiate union contracts, keep appointments with representatives of supply houses for china, silver, stainless steel equipment, glassware, and so on. He will sometimes have to settle quarrels between employees. With all these details, he must plan his days in advance and sometimes be aloof, because as many as three dozen butter-and-egg dealers can descend on him in one day.

There is a heap of correspondence, including many requests for recipes, to which he must reply. He will have to watch the payroll constantly, seeing to it that all stations are covered but that no stations overlap, for the payroll these days can quickly eat up potential profits.

During the main rush hours the proprietor has to spend time in the kitchen and dining room and bars, and this means a lot of walking. In both the bars and the kitchen he sees that the waiter does not have to wait for his orders. He supervises the food and bar checkers, so there is no possibility of collusion. He checks the service of the waiters and sees that the customer is happy and enjoying his food. He observes what foods are not completely consumed by the patron and decides whether the portion was too large for that particular patron or not to his liking.

The proprietor must be very strict about the service of the waiters, making certain that patrons are always

served from the left and that the waiter never reaches in front of them; the waiter must never touch a glass on the rim, and silver is to be touched at the handle only. The waiter's clothes must be clean, his trousers in good press, and he must wear a fresh shirt for each meal, with a crisp white tie. The proprietor sees that the bus boys are constantly removing soiled dishes and that the patron never has to wait for butter service. Complaints are few, but if there is an item which does not please the customer it is to be replaced immediately and without questioning. The captains and not the waiters take the patrons' orders, and sometimes when the reservation phone keeps ringing because everyone is too busy to answer it the proprietor has to go to the headwaiter's desk and take the reservations himself.

I should perhaps explain my own entrance into the restaurant field in the United States. While visiting

Washington, D.C., in 1940, I patronized Olmsted's and liked it so much that I was prompted to inquire about the ownership. I learned that it belonged to an estate and was managed by an attorney, and that it could be bought. Negotiations were started which ended in my acquiring the place, and it all worked out very comfortably.

I first visited Luchow's nineteen years ago and was much impressed by its decoration, size, menus, and clientele, and I kept coming back to it through the years after that. After the war I asked Victor Eckstein, the proprietor, if he would eventually want to retire. In the latter part of 1949 he told me he had decided to do so. When we had agreed upon terms — and the stockholders, who were determined that the tradition of the establishment should be preserved, were satisfied, after their rather rigid examination of my ability as an operator — I purchased Luchow's and I have been happy ever since.

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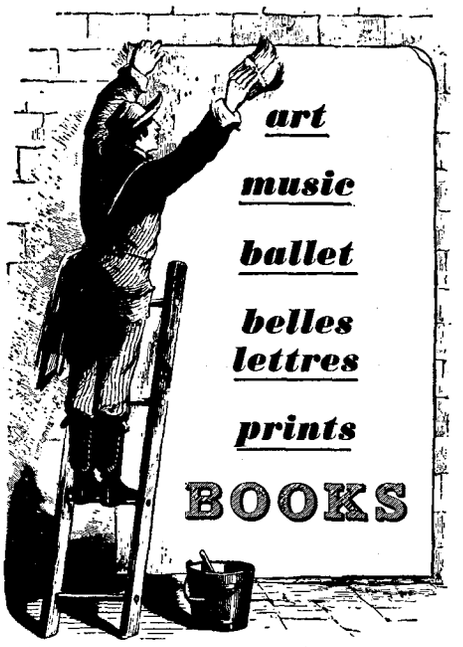

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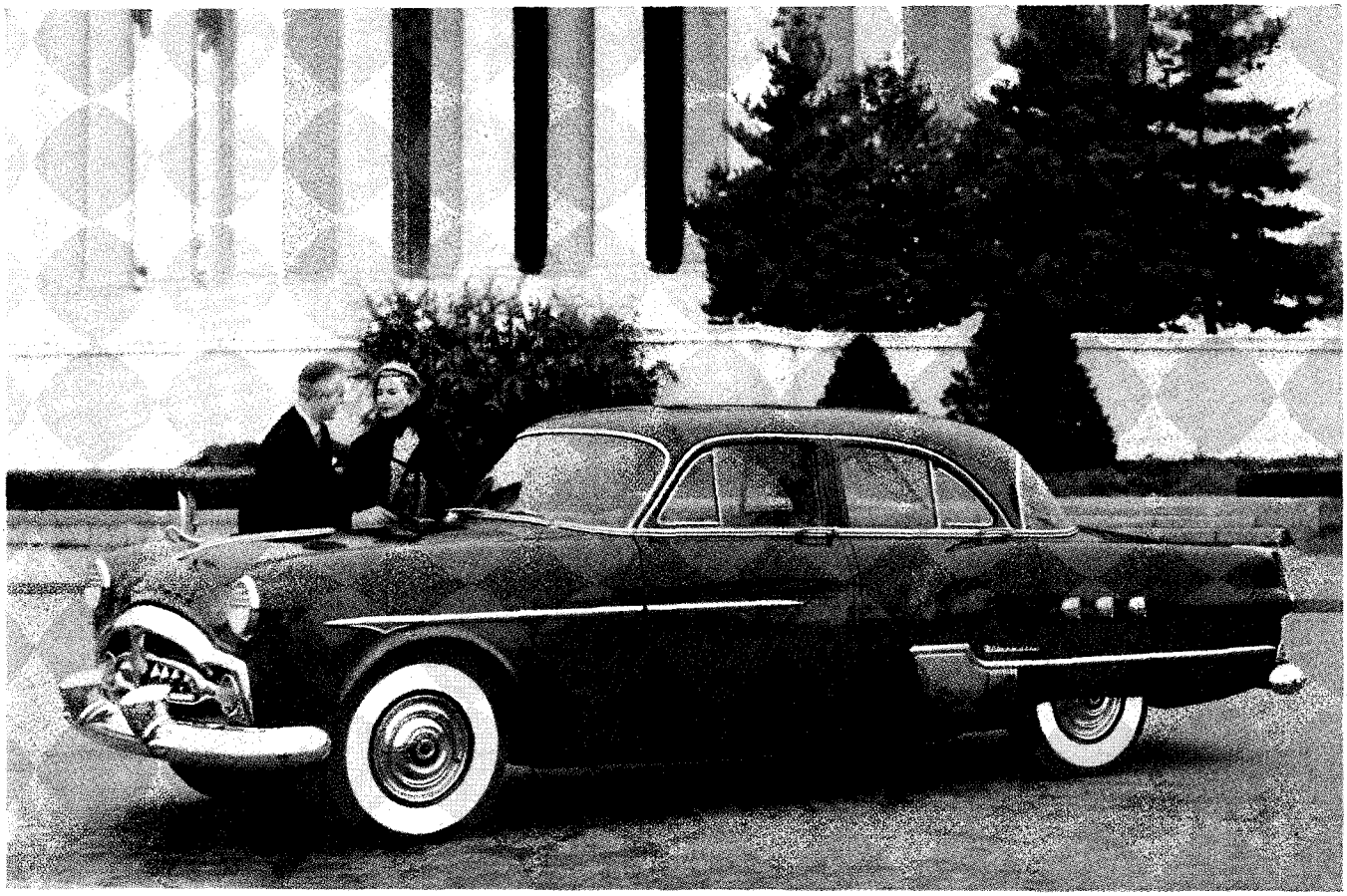

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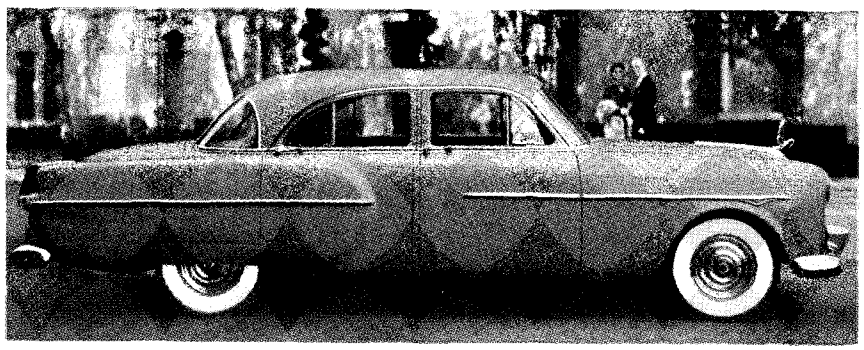

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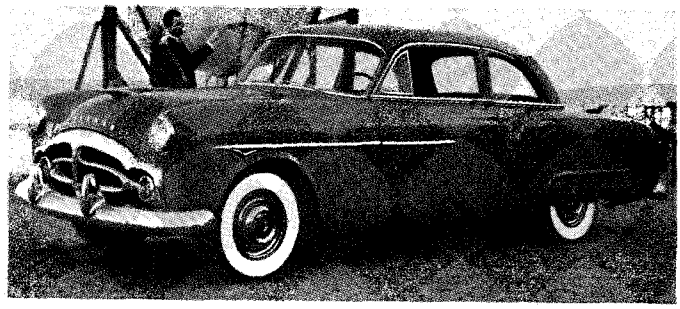

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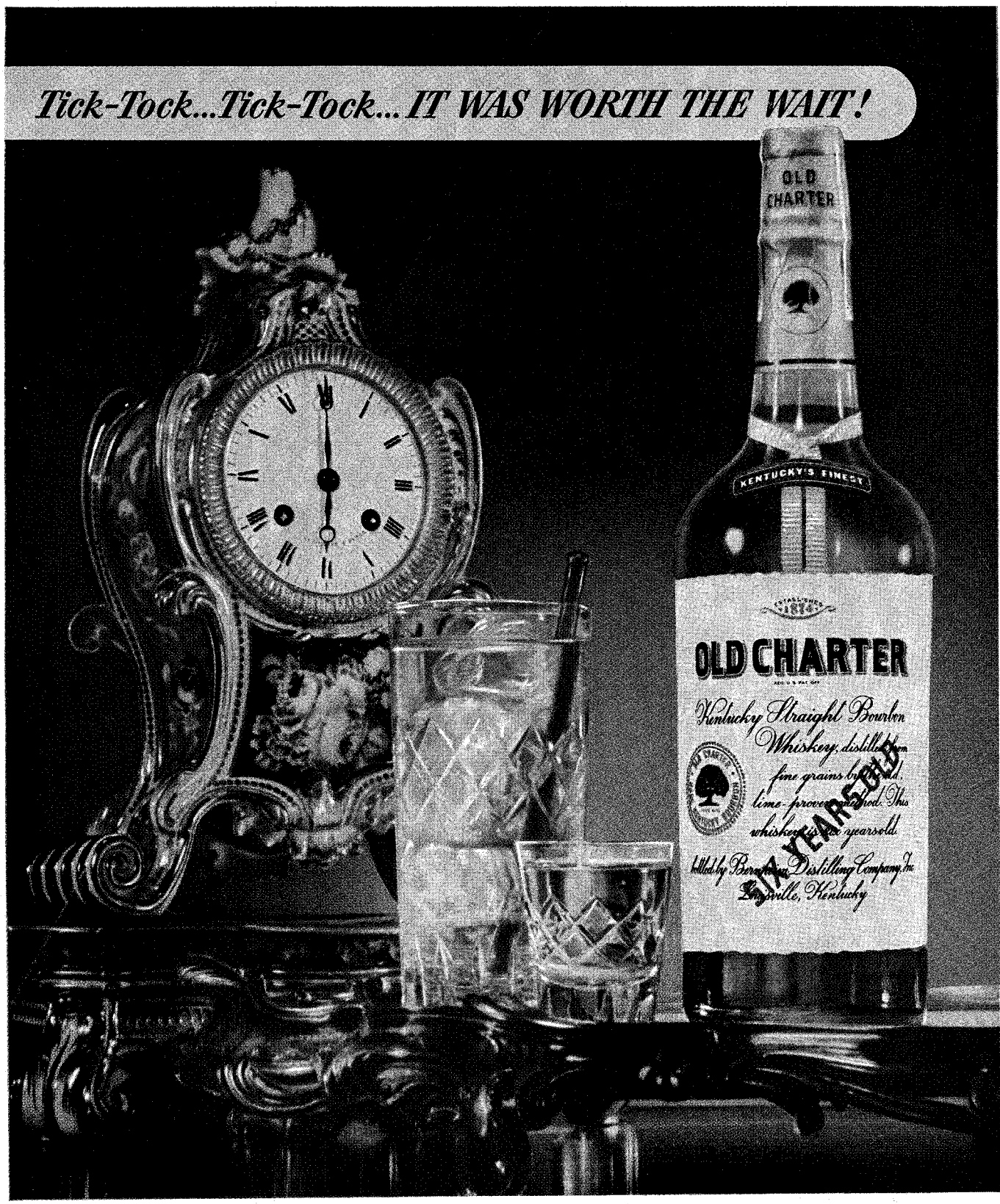

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